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THE
WORKS
OF
HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

WITH
AN ESSAY
ON
HIS LIFE AND GENIUS,

BY
ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION, IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for F. C. and J. Rivington; J. Cuthell; Cadell and Davies; Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; J. Nunn; Lackington and Co; J. Booker; Scatcherd and Letterman; E. Jeffery; S. Bagster; Baynes and Son; Black and Co; J. Mawman; J. Asperne; J. Bohn; R. H. Evans; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; G. Greenland; Lloyd and Son; Newman and Co; J. Robinson; Sherwood, Neely, and Jones; I. Sheldon; G. and W. B. Whittaker; T. Tegg; R. Saunders; G. Mackie; T. and J. Allman; and Stirling and Slade, and A. Black, Edinburgh.

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To stand distinguished from the common race of mankind, and, by the efforts of extraordinary virtues breaking out into acts of magnanimity and public spirit, or by a vigorous exertion of the faculties of the mind, enriching human life with the invention of arts, or the graces of elegant composition; to attain that point of eminence, to which succeeding times shall look back with gratitude and admiration, is a lot assigned but to very few. The generality of people seem to be called into this world for no higher purposes, than to breathe, to gaze at the sun, to eat and drink, to sleep and expire. When little more than a century has rolled away, and a whole generation of men have passed from nature to eternity, as the Poet solemnly expresses it, how few names, out of that wonderful multitude, stand re-

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also to the arduous difficulty of serving mankind by public conduct, or performing any thing in the arts either elegant or useful, and so bequeathing to posterity a lasting legacy.

To the number of those, who by the vigour of their talents, and the vivacity of their wit, seem to have enlarged the bounds prescribed, in the common course of things, to the memory of Man, and gained a passport to future ages, may be added the late HENRY FIELDING, whose works will be admired, while a taste for true humour remains in this country. The materials of his own monument he has left behind him, scattered indeed without arrangement, and dispersed about the world: These, in justice to so eminent an author, Mr. Millar has determined to collect together; that the Public may have, in one body, a good and valuable edition of writings, whose merit is so universally acknowledged.

In the progress of this design, it naturally occurred, that our author would be followed by the same kind of curiosity, which ever attends on those, who have made themselves conspicuous in their time; which, with solicitude and an attachment to their memories, loves to inform itself of the minutest circumstances relating to them, where they were born, of what stature they were, of what temper of mind, what difficulties they met with in life, and with what disposition they met those difficulties, whether with despondency or fortitude, with gaiety or moroseness; what sort of companions they were; with other anecdotes of the same nature. That the generality of readers, even though our author's memory is still recent in the minds of many, would expect to be gratified in these particulars, was a very obvious remark; and therefore it was resolved to prefix to this

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latter end of George I. or the beginning of George II. He was grandson to an Earl of Denbigh; nearly related to the Duke of Kingston, and many other noble and respectable families. His mother was daughter of Judge Gold, the grandfather of the present Sir Henry Gold, one of the Barons of the Exchequer. By these his parents he had* four sisters, Catharine, Ursula, Sarah, and Beatrice; and one brother, Edmund, who was an officer in the marine service. Sarah Fielding, his third sister, is well known to the literary world, by the proofs she has given of a lively and penetrating genius, in many elegant performances, particularly *DAVID SIMPLE*, and the letters, which she afterwards published, between the characters introduced, into that work. The reader will see a very just criticism on these performances, at the end of the fifth volume of these works; where, though the affection of the brother appears, yet the author shows himself the friend of truth as well as his sister. Our author's mother having paid her debt to nature, Lieutenant-General Fielding married a second time, and the issue of that marriage were six sons, George, James, Charles, John, William, and Basil, all dead excepting John, who is at present in the commission of the peace for the counties of Middlesex, Surry, Essex, and the Liberties of Westminster, and has lately been raised to the honour of knighthood by his Majesty, in reward of that zeal and spirited assiduity, with which he serves his country, as a public magistrate.

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To the same motive we must ascribe the multiplicity of his plays, and the great rapidity with which they

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when his strength was yet unimpaired by illness, and when young in life, curiosity was eager to know the world, and his passions were ready to catch at every hook pleasure had baited for them? It is no wonder that, thus formed and disposed for enjoyment, he launched wildly into a career of dissipation. Though under age, he found himself his own master, and in London: *Hoc fonte derivata clades!* From that source flowed all the inconveniencies that attended him throughout the remainder of his life. The brilliancy of his wit, the vivacity of his humour, and his high relish of social enjoyment, soon brought him into high request with the men of taste and literature, and with the voluptuous of all ranks; to the former he was ever attentive, and gladly embraced all opportunities of associating with them; if the latter often ensnared him, and won from him too great a portion of his time, it cannot be wondered at, considering the greenness of his years, the sensibility of his temper, and the warmth of his imagination. His finances were not answerable to the frequent draughts made upon him by the extravagance which naturally followed. He was allowed two hundred pounds a-year by his father, which, as he himself used to say, "any body might pay that would."

THE fact was, General Fielding, with very good inclinations to support his son in the handsomest manner, very soon found it impracticable to make such appointments for him as he could have wished. He had married again soon after the death of our author's mother, and had so large an increase of family, and that too so quick, that, with the necessary demands of his station for a genteel and suitable expence, he could not spare out of his income any considerable disbursements for the maintenance of his eldest son. Of this truth Henry Fielding was sensible, and he was therefore, in whatever difficul-

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seizing every gay prospect, and, in his worst adversities, filled him with sanguine hopes of a better situation. To obtain this, he flattered himself that he should find his resources in his wit and invention, and accordingly he commenced a writer for the stage in the year 1727, being then about twenty years of age.

His first dramatic piece soon after adventured into the world, and was called *Love in several Masques*. It immediately succeeded the *Provoked Husband*, a play, which, as our Author observes, for the continued space of twenty-eight nights, received as great and as just applauses, as ever were bestowed on the English stage. “*These*, says Mr. Fielding, *were difficulties, which seemed rather to require the superior force of a Wycherley or a Congreve, than a raw and unexperienced pen (for I believe I may boast that none ever appeared so early upon the stage).*” Notwithstanding these obstacles, the play, we find, was favourably received: and, considering that it was his first attempt, it had, no doubt, the marks of promising genius. His second play, the *Temple Beau*, appeared the year after, and contains a great deal of spirit and real humour. Perhaps, in those days, when audiences were in the æra of delicate and higher comedy, the success of this piece was not very remarkable; but surely pieces of no very superior merit have drawn crowded houses within our own memory, and have been attended with a brilliancy of success; not but it must be acknowledged that the picture of a Temple Rake, since exhibited by the late Dr. Hoadly in the *Suspicious Husband*, has more of what the *Italians* call *Fortunato*, than can be allowed to the careless and hasty pencil of Mr. *Fielding*. It would lead a great way from the intention of this Essay, should we attempt to analyse the several dramatic compo-

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its first appearance; and the wit and humour of the parodies were undoubtedly very high-flavoured. But has it not lost its relish at present? and does not the whole appear a wild *caricatura*, which very few can refer to any original objects? However, its traditional fame still procures for it a fashionable prejudice in its favour; and for the sake of having the favourite actor, who performs the part of *Bayes*, continually before the eye, we crowd to it still, whenever it is acted, and we laugh, and applaud, and roar, and ‘wonder with ‘a foolish face of praise.’ What Mr. Dryden has said concerning this celebrated performance, is but a mild judgment from one, who might have used more exasperated language. ‘I have answered not the Rehearsal,’ says he, ‘because I knew ‘the author sat to himself, when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce. ‘Because also I know that my betters were more ‘concerned than I was in that satire; and, lastly, ‘because Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson, the main ‘pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen ‘in their conversation, that I could liken them ‘to nothing but their own relations, those noble ‘characters of men of wit and pleasure about the ‘town.’

But sense survived when merry jests were past, as his generous rival has sung since; and Dryden is now the admiration of his country. The *Pasquin* of *Fielding* came from the pen of an author in indigence; or, as the late *Colley Cibber* has contumeliously called him, a broken wit; and therefore, though its success was considerable, it never shone forth with a lustre equal to its merit; and yet it is a composition that would have done honour to the Athenian stage, when the Middle Comedy, under the authority of the laws, made use of fictitious names to satirize vice and folly, however dignified by honours and employments. But

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notes wild are heard from its branches, and it is exactly in the state described by *Lucan* :

*Trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram**.

But it may be asked, are the players to be judges of the king's ministers? Shall grimace and mimicry

* What precedes and follows this curious imagery was the cant of the green-room and of Grub-street, at the time of passing the very salutary act for restraining the licentiousness of the stage, and was probably not quite out of fashion when Mr. Murphy wrote this *Life* ; but it is rather singular that an author of so much taste, and so highly favoured by the public on account of his dramatic productions, should not have been convinced by experience, that these complaints were utterly destitute of all reasonable foundation. He appears, however, desirous to represent his friend as a martyr to liberty, and is unwilling to lose the benefit of those specious arguments which his imagination had suggested, and which were very popular at the time he wrote, however opposite to the share he took in political controversy. 'The true idea of liberty,' he informs us, 'consists in the free and unlimited power of doing whatever shall not injure the civil and religious institutions of the state, nor be deemed invasive of the peace and welfare of our fellow-subjects; but,' he adds, 'dramatic authors are so circumstanced at present, that this invaluable blessing is withdrawn from them.' If this means any thing, it means that dramatic authors are deprived of the power of doing whatever shall not injure the civil and religious institutions of the state, &c. an absurdity too gross for assertion or belief; and yet the only inference that can be drawn. As we proceed, we find him plunging into another inconsistency. He observes, that the Greek lawgivers, 'when they resolved to give a check to indecorum, left a free and unbounded scope to the *New Comedy*, which consisted in agreeable and lively representations of manners, passions, virtues, vices, and follies, from the general volume of Nature, without giving to any part of the transcript the peculiar marks or singularities of any individual.' Have the English lawgivers, we may surely ask, taken away this 'free and unbounded scope?' But without farther exposing the many contradictions in this lamentation over the enslaved muses, it may be sufficient, in point of fact, to state, that at the time the licencing act was passed, the immorality of the drama was notorious, and the most indecent, seditious, and blasphemous

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‘ the mace and purse. Thus, it being the representation, and not the object represented, which strikes the fancy, vice and virtue must fall indifferently before it.’

IF such were the effects of private mimicry, public drolls would undoubtedly be found of more pernicious consequence. Away with them, therefore; they are illiberal, they are unworthy; let licentiousness be banished from the theatres, but let the liberty of the free-born Muse be immortal! The true idea of liberty consists in the free and unlimited power of doing whatever shall not injure the civil and religious institutions of the state, nor be deemed invasive of the peace and welfare of our fellow-subjects; but dramatic authors are so circumstanced at present, that this invaluable blessing is withdrawn from them; the Muses are enslaved in a land of liberty; and this at least should excuse the poets of the age for not rising to nobler heights, till the weight is taken off, which now depresses their strongest efforts. It must be allowed that, in restraining the licentiousness of the theatre, our legislature very wisely imitated the good sense of the Athenian magistracy, who by law interdicted the freedoms of the MIDDLE COMEDY; but it is to be wished, that they had also imitated the moderation of the Greek lawgivers, who, when they resolved to give a check to indecorum, yet left a free and unbounded scope to the *New Comedy*, which consisted in agreeable and lively representations of manners, passions, virtues, vices, and follies, from the general volume of Nature, without giving to any part of the transcript the peculiar marks or singularities of any individual. Thus poets were only hindered from being libellers, but were left in full possession of useful and general satire, and all avenues of access to the Public were generously thrown open to them. As we have at

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THESE remarks, from the pen of so accurate and sensible a writer, will evince that our author’s farces very justly make a part of this edition. The mock tragedy of TOM THUMB is replete with as fine parody as, perhaps, has ever been written: the LOTTERY, the INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID, and the VIRGIN UNMASKED, besides the real entertainment they afford, had, on their first appearance, this additional merit, that they served to make early

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such a wonderful whole, that, as Mr. Pope expresses it, *it shall always stand at the top of the sublime character, to be gazed at by readers with an admiration of its perfection, and by writers, with a despair that it should ever be emulated with success.* There can be no manner of doubt, but Homer, from the fecundity of his own fancy, enriched his poetry with many noble descriptions and beautiful episodes, which had never presented themselves to any of his predecessors, but as the models of many passages are still extant in the records of antiquity, it must be allowed that he possessed two sorts of invention; one, primary and original, which could associate images never before combined; the other, secondary and subordinate, which could find out for those ideas, which had been assembled before, a new place, a new order and arrangement, with new embellishments of the most harmonious and exalted language. From this observation arises the true idea of INVENTION; and whether a poet is hurried away into the description of a fictitious battle, or a grand council of gods or men, or employs himself in giving poetic colourings to a real system of *Mysteries* (as Virgil has done in the sixth *Æneid*), there is invention in both cases; and though the former may astonish more, the latter will always have its rational admirers; and from such a commentary as the Bishop of Gloucester's, instead of losing from its influence, will appear with a truer and more venerable sublime, than when it was considered as the mere visionary scheme of a poetic imagination. Thus, then, we see the two provinces of INVENTION; at one time it is employed in opening a new vein of thought; at another, in placing ideas, that have been pre-occupied, in a new light, and lending them the advantages of novelty, by the force of a sublimer diction, or the turn of delicate composition. There is a poetic touch, that

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the VIRTUE and VENUS of ORDER, which he has given to them, was his own ; the apt allusion which illustrates, the metaphor which raises his language into dignity, the general splendour of his diction, the harmony of his numbers, and, in short, the poetic turn of his pieces, were all his own ; and all these, surely, were the work of INVENTION, and as this INVENTION glows equally through all his poetry, it is not easy to conceive upon what principle it can be said, that, upon the single strength of the *Rape of the Lock*, he will rank as a poet with posterity. Can it be said that INVENTION solely consists in describing imaginary beings ? or that, where there is not what the critics call a fable, that is to say, an unity of action, with all the various perplexities and incidents which retard or accelerate the progress of that action, together with a proper degree of marvellous machinery, INVENTION must be proscribed, and declared to have no hand in the work ? Even in this way of reasoning, the DUNCIAD will be an everlasting instance of Mr. Pope's INVENTION, and will, perhaps, constitute him a poet, in a degree superior to the *Rape of the Lock*. however exquisite it be in its kind. But these two pieces (if we except the latter part of the fourth Dunciad, which is in its subject important, and in its execution sublime) seem to be but the sportive exercise of the poet's fancy ; or, as he himself, talking of the *Batrachomyomachia*, has expressed it, they are ' a beautiful raillery, in which a great writer might ' delight to unbend himself ; an instance of that ' agreeable trifling which generally accompanies ' the character of a rich imagination ; like a vein ' of mercury running mingled with a mine of gold.' The Essay on Man will always stand at the top of the sublime character : a noble work, indeed, where we find the thorny reasonings of philosophy blooming and shooting forth into all the flowers of poetry ; *feret et rubus asper amomum !* To give

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A LOVE of imitation very soon prevailed in Mr. Fielding's mind. By Imitation, the reader will not understand that illegitimate kind, which consists in mimicking singularities of person, feature, voice, or manner ; but that higher species of representation, which delights in just and faithful copies of human life. So early as when he was at Leyden, a propensity this way began to exert its emotions ; and even made some efforts towards a comedy, in the sketch of *Don Quixotte* in England. When he left that place, and settled in London, a variety of characters could not fail to attract his notice, and of course to strengthen his favourite inclination. It has been already observed in this Essay, that distress and disappointments betrayed him into occasional fits of peevishness and satiric humour. The eagerness of creditors, and the fallacy of dissembling friends, would for a while sour his temper ;

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WHEN I call our Author a COMIC GENIUS, I would be understood in the largest acceptation of the phrase; implying humorous and pleasant imitation of men and manners, whether it be in the way of fabulous narration, or dramatic composition. In the former species of writing lay the excellence of Mr. Fielding: but in dramatic imitation, he must be allowed to fall short of the great masters in that art; and how this hath happened to a COMIC GENIUS, to one eminently possessed of the talents requisite in the humorous provinces of the drama, will appear, at the first blush of the question, something unaccountable. But several causes concurred to produce this effect. In the first place, without a tincture of delicacy running through an entire piece, and giving to good sense an air of urbanity and politeness, it appears to me that no comedy will ever be of that kind, which, Horace says, will be particularly desired, and seen, will be advertised again. I know that the influence of a favourite performer may, for a time, uphold a middling production; but, when a *Wilks* leaves the stage, even a *Sir Harry Wildair* will be thrown by neglected. The idea of delicacy in writing, I find so well explained in an ingenious essay on that subject, now on the table before me, that I shall transcribe the passage. ‘*Delicacy,*’ says this polite author, ‘*is good sense; but good sense refined; which produces an inviolable attachment to decorum, and sanctity as well as elegance of manners, with a clear discernment and warm sensibility of whatever is pure, regular, and polite; and, at the same time, an abhorrence of whatever is gross, rustic, or impure; of unnatural, effeminate, and overwrought ornaments of every kind. It is, in short, the Graceful and the Beautiful, added to the Just and the Good.*’ By snatching the grace here defined and described, the late Colly Cibber has been able, in a few of his plays, to vie with, and almost out-

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ers of harsh features, attached more to subjects of deformity than grace; whose drawings of women are ever a sort of *Harlot's Progress*, and whose men, for the most part, lay violent hands upon deeds and settlements, and generally deserve informations in the King's Bench. These two celebrated writers were not fond of copying the amiable part of human life; they had not learned the secret of giving the softer graces of composition to their tablature, by contrasting the Fair and Beautiful, in characters and manners, to the Vicious and Irregular, and thereby rendering their pieces more exact imitations of Nature. By making Congreve his model, it is no wonder that our Author contracted this vicious turn, and became faulty in that part of his art, which the painters would call DESIGN. In his style, he derived an error from the same source: he sometimes forgot that humour and ridicule were the two principal ingredients of comedy; and, like his master, he frequently aimed at decorations of wit, which do not appear to make part of the *ground*, but seem rather to be embroidered upon it. It has been observed*, that the plays of Congreve appear not to be legitimate comedies, but strings of repartees and sallies of wit, the most poignant and polite, indeed, but unnatural and ill-placed. If we except the *Old Batchelor*, *Foresight*, and *Sir Sampson Legend*, there will hardly, perhaps, be found a character in this lively writer exempt from this general censure. The frequent surprises of allusion, and the quickness and vivacity of those sudden turns, which abound in Mr. Congreve, breaking out where you least expected them, as if a train of wit had been laid all around, put one in mind of those fire-works in a water-piece, which used formerly to be played off at *Cuper's Gardens*; no sooner one tube, charged with powder, raised itself above the sur-

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*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*—

To these causes of our Author's failure in the province of the drama, may be added that sovereign contempt he always entertained for the understandings of the generality of mankind. It was in vain to tell him, that a particular scene was dangerous, on account of its coarseness, or because it retarded the general business with feeble efforts of wit; he doubted the discernment of his auditors, and so thought himself secured by their stupidity, if not by his own humour and vivacity. A very remarkable instance of this disposition appeared, when the comedy of the *Wedding Day* was put into rehearsal. An actor who was principally concerned in the piece, and, though young, was then, by the advantage of happy requisites, an early favourite of the Public, told Mr. Fielding he was apprehensive that the audience would make free with him in a particular passage; adding, that a repulse might

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farce, it is well known, by many of his friends now living, that he would go home rather late from a tavern, and would, the next morning, deliver a scene to the players, written upon the papers which had wrapped the tobacco, in which he so much delighted.

NOTWITHSTANDING the inaccuracies, which have arisen from this method of proceeding, there is not a play, in the whole collection, which is not remarkable for some degree of merit, very striking in its kind; in general, there prevails a fine idea of character; occasionally, we see the true Comic, both of situation and sentiment; and always we find a strong knowledge of life, delivered indeed with a caustic wit, but often zested with fine infusions of the Ridiculous: so that, upon the whole, the plays and farces of our Author are well worthy of a place in this general edition of his works; and the reader, who peruses them attentively, will not only carry away with him many useful discoveries of the foibles, affectations, and humours of mankind, but will also agree with me, that inferior productions are now successful upon the stage.

As it was the lot of Henry Fielding to write always with a view to profit, it cannot but mortify a benevolent mind to perceive, from our Author's own account (for he is generally honest enough to tell the reception his pieces met with), that he derived but small aids towards his subsistence from the treasurer of the playhouse. One of his farces he has printed, as it was *damned* at the theatre-royal in Drury-Lane; and that he might be *more generous to his enemies than they were willing to be to him*, he informs them, in the general preface to his *Miscellanies*, that for the *Wedding Day*, though acted six nights, his profits from the house did not exceed fifty pounds. A fate not much better attended him

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pleasure consisting in society and convivial mirth, hospitality threw open his doors, and in less than three years, entertainments, hounds, and horses, entirely devoured a little patrimony, which, had it been managed with economy, might have secured to him a state of independence for the rest of his life; and, with independence, a thing still more valuable, a character free from those interpretations, which the severity of mankind generally puts upon the actions of a man, whose imprudences have led him into difficulties: for, when once it is the fashion to condemn a character in the gross, few are willing to distinguish between the impulses of necessity, and the inclinations of the heart. Sensible of the disagreeable situation he had now reduced himself to, our Author immediately determined to exert his best endeavours to recover, what he had wantonly thrown away, a decent competence; and, being then about thirty years of age, he betook himself to the study of the law. The friendships he met with in the course of his studies, and, indeed, through the remainder of his life, from the gentlemen of that profession in general, and particularly from some, who have since risen to be the first ornaments of the law, will for ever do honour to his memory. His application, while he was a student in the Temple, was remarkably intense; and though it happened that the early taste he had taken of pleasure would occasionally return upon him, and conspire with his spirit and vivacity to carry him into the wild enjoyments of the town, yet it was particular in him, that, amidst all his dissipations, nothing could suppress the thirst he had for knowledge, and the delight he felt in reading; and this prevailed in him to such a degree, that he has been frequently known, by his intimates, to retire late at night from a tavern to his chambers, and there read, and make extracts from, the most abstruse authors, for several hours before he went to bed; so power-

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to a great degree of eminence; more especially in crown-law, as may be judged from his leaving two volumes in folio upon that subject. This work remains still unpublished in the hands of his brother, Sir John Fielding; and by him I am informed, that it is deemed perfect in some parts. It will serve to give us an idea of the great force and vigour of his mind, if we consider him pursuing so arduous a study under the exigences of family distress; with a wife and children whom he tenderly loved, looking up to him for subsistence; with a body lacerated with the acutest pains; and with a mind distracted by a thousand avocations; and obliged, for immediate supply, to produce, almost extempore, a play, a farce, a pamphlet, or a newspaper. A large number of fugitive political tracts, which had their value when the incidents were actually passing on the great scene of business, came from his pen: the periodical paper, called the *Champion*, owing its chief support to his abilities; and though his essays, in that collection, cannot now be so ascertained, as to perpetuate them in this edition of his works, yet the reputation arising to him at the time of publication, was not inconsiderable*. It does not appear that he ever wrote much poetry: with such talents as he possessed, it cannot be supposed that he was unqualified to acquit himself handsomely in that art; but correct versification probably required more pains and time than his exigences would allow. In the preface to his *Miscellanies*, he tells us, that his poetical pieces were mostly written when he was very young, and were productions of the heart rather than of the head. He adds, that this branch of writing is what he very little pre-

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AN EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

WHILE at the helm of state you ride,
Our nation's envy and its pride ;
While foreign courts with wonder gaze,
And curse those councils which they praise ;
Would you not wonder, Sir, to view
Your hard a greater man than you ?
Which that he is, you cannot doubt,
When you have read the sequel out.

You know, great Sir, that ancient fellows,
Philosophers, and such folks, tell us.
No great analogy between
Greatness and happiness is seen.
If then, as it might follow straight, .
Wretched to be, is to be *great* ;
Forbid it, Gods, that you should try
What 'tis to be so great as I !

The family, that dines the latest,
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest ;
But latest hours must surely fall
'Fore him, who never dines at all.

Your taste in architect, you know,
Hath been admir'd by friend and foe ;
But can your earthly domes compare
With all my castles—in the air ?

We're often taught, it doth behove us
To think those greater, who're above us ;
Another instance of my glory,
Who live above you, twice two story ;

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THIS piece, it appears, was written in the year 1730; and it shews at once our Author's early acquaintance with distress, and the firmness of mind which he supported under it. Of his other works (I mean such as were written before his genius was come to its full growth) an account will naturally be expected in this place; and fortunately he has spoken of them himself, in the discourse prefixed to his *Miscellanies* (which is not reprinted in the body of this edition), in terms so modest and sensible, that I am sure the reader will dispense with any other criticism or analysis of them.

'THE *Essay on Conversation*,' says Mr. Fielding, 'was designed to ridicule out of society one of the most pernicious evils which attends it, *viz.* pampering the gross appetites of selfishness and ill-nature, with the shame and disquietude of others; whereas true good-breeding consists in contributing to the satisfaction and happiness of all about us.'

'THE *Essay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men* exposes a second great evil, namely, hypocrisy; the bane of all virtue, morality, and goodness; and may serve to arm the honest, undesigning, open-hearted man, who is generally the prey of this monster, against it.'

'For instance: when you rashly think
No Rhymer can like Welsted sink,
His merits balanc'd you shall find,
That Fielding leaves him far behind.'

'Little did Swift imagine,' says Dr. Wharton, 'that this very Fielding would hereafter equal him in works of humour, and excel him in drawing and supporting characters, and in the artful conduct and plan of a *Comic Epopée*.' It appears by Richardson's *Correspondence*, that he and Aaron Hill cajoled each other into an opinion that Pope and Fielding would soon be known no more! C.

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OUR Author proceeds to give a further account of this work, in a strain which shews, however conversant he might be in the characters of men, that he did not suffer a gloomy misanthropy to take possession of him, as to make him entertain depreciating ideas of mankind in general, without exceptions in favour of a great part of the species. Though the passage be long, I shall here transcribe it, as it will prove subservient to two purposes : it will throw a proper light upon the History of *Jonathan Wild* ; and it will do honour to Mr. Fielding’s sentiments. ‘ I solemnly protest,’ says he, ‘ that I do by no means intend, in the character of
‘ my hero, to represent human nature in general,
‘ such insinuations must be attended with very
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‘ good, men should wade through difficulty and
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‘ iety to the purchases of guilt, whilst it adds dou-
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‘ And though, perhaps, it sometimes happens, con-
‘ trary to the instances I have given, that the vil-
‘ lain succeeds in his pursuit, and acquires some
‘ transitory, imperfect honour or pleasure to himself
‘ for his iniquity; yet, I believe, he oftener shares
‘ the fate of *Jonathan Wild*, and suffers the pu-
‘ nishment, without obtaining the reward. As I
‘ believe it is not easy to teach a more useful lesson
‘ than this, if I have been able to add the Pleasant
‘ to it, I might flatter myself with having carried
‘ every point. But, perhaps, some apology may
‘ be required of me, for having used the word
‘ *greatness*, to which the world has annexed such
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‘ tuous a light. Now if the fact be, that the great-
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‘ that kind, which I have here represented, the

‘ judged to be his due. Nothing seems to be more
‘ preposterous, than that, while the way to true ho-
‘ nour lies so open and plain, men should seek faults
‘ by such perverse and rugged paths ; that, while it
‘ it is so easy, and safe, and truly honourable to be
‘ good, men should wade through difficulty and
‘ danger, and real infamy, to be *great*, or, to use
‘ a synonymous word, *villains*. Nor hath good-
‘ ness less advantage, in the article of pleasure,
‘ than of honour, over this kind of greatness. The
‘ same righteous judge always annexes a bitter anx-
‘ iety to the purchases of guilt, whilst it adds dou-
‘ ble sweetness to the enjoyments of innocence and
‘ virtue ; for fear, which, all the wise agree, is the
‘ most wretched of human evils, is, in some degree,
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‘ mains: of which passion goodness hath always
‘ appeared to me the only true and proper object.
‘ On this head, it may be proper to observe, that
‘ I do not conceive my good man to be absolutely
‘ a fool or a coward; but that he often partakes
‘ too little of parts or courage, to have any pre-
‘ tension to greatness. Now as to that greatness,
‘ which is totally devoid of goodness, it seems to me
‘ in nature to resemble the *false sublime* in poetry;
‘ where *bombast* is, by the ignorant and ill-judging
‘ vulgar, often mistaken for solid wit and eloquence,
‘ whilst it is in effect the very reverse. Thus pride,
‘ ostentation, insolence, cruelty, and every kind of
‘ villainy, are often construed into true greatness
‘ of mind, in which we always include an idea of
‘ goodness. This *bombast greatness*, then, is the
‘ character I intend to expose; and the more this
‘ prevails in, and deceives the world, taking to
‘ itself not only riches and power, but often honour,
‘ or at least the shadow of it, the more necessary
‘ it is to strip the monster of these false colours,
‘ and shew it in its native deformity; for, by suf-
‘ fering vice to possess the reward of virtue, we do
‘ a double injury to society, by encouraging the for-
‘ mer, and taking away the chief incentive to the
‘ latter. Nay, though it is, I believe, impossible
‘ to give vice a true relish of honour and glory, or,
‘ though we give it riches and power, to give it
‘ the enjoyment of them; yet it contaminates the
‘ food it cannot taste; and sullies the robe, which
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third, when the same genius, grown more cool and temperate, still continued to cheer and enliven, but shewed at the same time, that it was tending to its decline; like the same sun abating from his ardour, but still gilding the western hemisphere.

To these three epochas of our Author's genius, the reader will be beforehand with me in observing, that there is an exact correspondency in the *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, and *Amelia*. Joseph Andrews, as the preface to the work informs us, was intended for an imitation of the style and manner of *Cervantes*: and how delightfully he has copied the humour, the gravity, and the fine ridicule of his master, they can witness who are acquainted with both writers*. The truth is, Fielding, in this performance, was employed in the very province for which his talents were peculiarly and happily formed; namely. the fabulous narration of some imagined action, which did occur, or might probably have occurred, in human life. Nothing could be more happily conceived than the character of Parson Adams for the principal personage of the work; the humanity and benevolence of affection, the goodness of heart, and the zeal for virtue, which come from him upon all occasions, attach us to Mr. Adams in the most endearing manner; his excellent talents, his erudition, and his real acquirements of knowledge in classical antiquity, and the sacred writings, together with his honesty, command our esteem and respect; while his simplicity and innocence in the ways of men, provoke our smiles by the contrast they bear to his real intellectual character, and conduce to make him in

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ration for *Æschylus* as Parson Adams; the overflowings of his benevolence were as strong, and his fits of *reverie* were as frequent, and occurred too upon the most interesting occasions. Of this last observation a singular instance is given by a gentleman who served during the last war, in Flanders, in the very same regiment to which Mr. Young was chaplain. On a fine summer's evening, he thought proper to indulge himself in his love of a solitary walk: and accordingly he sallied forth from his tent: the beauties of the hemisphere, and the landscape round him, pressed warmly on his imagination; his heart overflowed with benevolence to all God's creatures, and gratitude to the Supreme Dispenser of that emanation of glory, which covered the face of things. It is very possible that a passage in his dearly beloved *Æschylus* occurred to his memory on this occasion, and seduced his thoughts into a profound meditation. Whatever was the object of his reflections, certain it is that something did powerfully seize his imagination, so as to preclude all attention to things that lay immediately before him; and, in that deep fit of absence, Mr. Young proceeded on his journey, till he arrived very quietly and calmly in the enemy's camp, where he was, with difficulty, brought to a recollection of himself, by the repetition of *Qui va là?* from the soldiers upon duty. The officer, who commanded, finding that he had strayed thither in the undesigning simplicity of his heart, and seeing an innate goodness in his prisoner, which commanded his respect, very politely gave him leave to pursue his contemplations home again. Such was the gentleman, from whom the idea of Parson Adams was derived; how it is interwoven into the History of Joseph Andrews, and how sustained with unabating pleasantry to the conclusion, need not be mentioned here, as it is sufficiently felt and acknowledged. The whole work indeed abounds

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the *Georgics*, working his way against the stream ; and, if he should by chance remit from his labour, he is rapidly carried back, and loses from the progress he had made :

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Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.

These occasional relaxations of industry Mr. Fielding felt, and he also felt the inconveniences of them ; which was the more severe upon him, as voluntary and wilful neglect could not be charged upon him. The repeated shocks of illness disabled him from being as assiduous an attendant at the bar, as his own inclination, and patience of the most laborious application, would otherwise have made him. Besides the demand for expence, which his valetudinarian habit of body constantly made upon him, he had likewise a family to maintain ; from business he derived little or no supplies, and his prospects, therefore, grew every day more gloomy and melancholy. To these discouraging circumstances, if we add the infirmity of his wife, whom he loved tenderly, and the agonies he felt on her account, the measure of his afflictions will be well nigh full. To see her daily languishing and wearing away before his eyes, was too much for a man of his strong sensations ; the fortitude of mind, with which he met all the other calamities of life, deserted him on this most trying occasion ; and her death, which happened about this time, brought on such a vehemence of grief, that his friends began to think him in danger of losing his reason. When the first emotions of his sorrow were abated, philosophy administered her aid ; his resolution returned, and he began again to struggle with his fortune. He engaged in two periodical papers successively, with a laudable and spirited design of rendering service to his country. The

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which, in its progress, foams amongst fragments of rocks, and for a while seems pent up by unsurmountable oppositions; then angrily dashes for a while, then plunges under ground into caverns, and runs a subterraneous course, till at length it breaks out again, meanders round the country, and with a clear, placid stream, flows gently into the ocean. By this artful management, our Author has given us the perfection of fable; which, as the writers upon the subject have justly observed, consists in such obstacles to retard the final issue of the whole, as shall at least, in their consequences, accelerate the catastrophe, and bring it evidently and necessarily to that period only, which, in the nature of things, could arise from it; so that the action could not remain in suspense any longer, but must naturally close and determine itself. It may be proper to add, that no fable whatever affords, in its solution, such artful states of suspense, such beautiful turns of surprise, such unexpected incidents, and such sudden discoveries, sometimes apparently embarrassing, but always promising the catastrophe, and eventually promoting the completion of the whole. *Vida*, the celebrated critic of Italy, has transmitted down to us, in his Art of Poetry, a very beautiful idea of a well-concerted fable, when he represents the reader of it in the situation of a traveller to a distant town, who, when he perceives but a faint shadowy glimmering of its walls, its spires, and its edifices, pursues his journey with more alacrity, than when he cannot see any appearances to notify the place to which he is tending, but is obliged to pursue a melancholy and forlorn road, through a depth of vallies, without any object to flatter or to raise his expectation.

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In this consists the specific quality of fine writing ; and thus, our Author being confessedly eminent in all the great essentials of composition, in fable, character, sentiment, and elocution ; and as these could not be all united in so high an assemblage, without a rich invention, a fine imagination, an enlightened judgment, and a lively wit, we may fairly here decide his character, and pronounce him the ENGLISH CERVANTES.

It may be added, that in many parts of the *Tom Jones* we find our Author possessed the softer graces of character-painting, and of description ; many situations and sentiments are touched with a delicate hand, and throughout the work he seems to feel as much delight in describing the amiable part of human nature, as in his early days he had in exaggerating the strong and harsh features of turpitude and deformity. This circumstance breathes an air of philanthropy through his work, and renders it *an image of truth*, as the Roman Orator calls a comedy. And hence it arose, from this *truth of character* which prevails in *Tom Jones*, in conjunction with the other qualities of the writer above set forth, that the suffrage of the most learned critic* of this nation was given to our Author, when he says ‘ Mons. de Marivaux ‘ in France, and Mr. Fielding in England, stand ‘ the foremost among those, who have given a faithful and chaste copy of *life and manners*, and, by ‘ enriching their romance with the best part of the ‘ comic art, may be said to have brought it to perfection.’ Such a favourable decision from so able

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nescivit quod benè cessit, relinquere, but continues touching and retouching, till his *traits* become so delicate, that they at length are without efficacy, and the attention of the connoisseur is tired, before the diligence of the artist is wearied. But this refinement of *Marivaux* is apologized for by the remark of the Ethic Poet, who observes that this kind of enquiry is

Like following life thro' insects we dissect;
We loose it in the moment we detect.

If therefore he sometimes seems over curious, it is the nature of the subject that allures him; and, in general, he greatly recompenses us for the unwillingness he shews to quit his work, by the valuable illustrations he gives it, and the delicacy with which he marks all the finer features of the mind. His diction, it must not be dissembled, is sometimes, but not often, far-fetched and strained: and it was even objected to him in the speech, already mentioned, of the *Archbishop of Sens*, that his choice of words was not always pure and legitimate. Each phrase, and often each word, is a sentence; but he was apt to be hazardous and daring in his metaphors, which was observed to him, lest his example, and the connivance of the Academy, which sits in a kind of legislative capacity upon works of taste, should occasion a vicious imitation of the particulars in which he was deemed defective. This criticism *Marivaux* has somewhere attempted to answer, by observing, that he always writes more like a man than an author, and endeavours to convey his ideas to his readers in the same light they struck his own imagination, which had great fecundity, warmth and vivacity. The *Paysan Parvenu* seems to be the *Joseph Andrews* of this Author; and the *Marianne* his higher work, or his *Tom Jones*. They are both,

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WHILE he was planning and executing this piece, it should be remembered, that he was distracted by that multiplicity of avocations, which surround a public magistrate; and his constitution, now greatly impaired and enfeebled, was labouring under attacks of the gout, which were, of course, severer than ever. However, the activity of his mind was not to be subdued. One literary pursuit was no sooner over, than fresh game arose. A periodical paper, under the title of *The Covent Garden Journal*, by Sir - Alexander Drawcansir, Knight, and Censor General of Great Britain, was immediately set on foot. It was published

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HENRY FIELDING was in stature rather rising above six feet; his frame of body large, and remarkably robust, till the gout had broke the vigour of his constitution. Considering the esteem he was in with all the artists, it is somewhat extraordinary that no portrait of him had ever been made. He had often promised to sit to his friend Hogarth, for whose good qualities and excellent genius he always entertained so high an esteem, that he has left us in his writings many beautiful memorials of his affection: unluckily, however, it so fell out

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IN

SEVERAL MASQUES.

A COMEDY.

FIRST ACTED IN 1727.

Nec Veneris Pharetris macer est, nec Lampade fervet;
Inde faces ardent; veniunt a dote sagittæ. Juv. Sat. 6.

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TO THE
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MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

MADAM,

YOUR Ladyship's known goodness gives my presumption the hopes of a pardon, for prefixing to this slight work the name of a Lady, whose accurate judgment has long been the glory of her own sex, and the wonder of ours: especially, since it arose from a vanity, to which your indulgence, on the first perusal of it, gave birth.

I would not insinuate to the world, that this play past free from your censure; since I know it not free from faults, not one of which escaped your immediate peneration. Immediate indeed! for your judgment keeps pace with your eye, and you comprehend almost faster than others overlook.

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These were difficulties which seemed rather to require the superior force of a WYCHERLY, or a CONGREVE, than of a raw and unexperienced pen (for I believe I may boast that none ever appeared so early on the stage). However, such was the candour of the audience, the play was received with greater satisfaction than I should have promised myself from its merit, had it even preceded the PROVOKED HUSBAND.

But after having returned thanks to the spectators, I cannot rest till I have been in some measure grateful to the performers. As for MR. WILKS and MR. CIBBER, I cannot sufficiently ac-

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PROLOGUE,

OCCASIONED BY THIS COMEDY'S SUCCEEDING THAT OF
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SPOKEN BY MR. MILLS.

As when a RAPHAEL's master-piece has been,
By the astonish'd judge, with rapture seen ;
Shou'd some young artist next his picture show,
He speaks his colours faint, his fancy low ;
Though it some beauties has, it still must fall,
Compar'd to that, which has excell'd in all.

So when, by an admiring, ravish'd age,
A finish'd piece is 'plauded on the stage,
What fate, alas ! must a young author share,
Who, deaf to all intreaties, ventures there ?
Yet, too, too certain of his weaker cause,
He claims nor equal merit nor applause.
Compare 'em not : should favour do its most,
He owns, by the comparison, he's lost.

Light, airy scenes, his comic muse displays, }
Far from the buskin's higher vein he strays, }
By humour only catching at the bays :
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Indecency's the bane to ridicule,
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Which they might blush to hear, or blush to say.
No private character these scenes expose,
Our bard at vice, not at the vicious, throws.
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Why did he bear the mark within his heart ?
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L O V E

IN

SEVERAL MASQUES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Piazza.*

MERITAL, MALVIL.

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MR. Malvil, good morrow; I thought the spirit of champagne wou'd have lengthen'd your repose this morning.

Malv. No, Sir, the spirit of something else disturbs my mind too much: an unfortunate lover and repose are as opposite as any lover and sense.

Mer. Malapert simile! What is there in life? what joys, what transports, which flow not from the spring of love? The birth of love is the birth of happiness, nay even of life; to breathe without it is to drag on a dull phlegmatic insipid being, and struggle imperfect in the womb of nature.

Malv. What in the name of fustian's here?

Mer. Did you not see the lady Matchless last night? what ecstasies did she impart, even at a distance, to her beholders!

LOVE

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a jealous Spaniard keeps his wife, or a city usurer his treasure ; and is now brought to town to be married to that gay knight, Sir Apish Simple.

Malv. You have a rival then, there's one difficulty.

Mer. Ay, and many difficulties, which, in love, are so many charms. In the first place, the young lady's guardian, Sir Positive Trap by name, is an old, precise knight made up of avarice, folly, an ill-bred surliness of temper, and an odd, fantastic pride built on the antiquity of his family, into which he enrolls most of the great men he ever heard of. The next is his lady, who is his absolute empress ; for though he be monstrously morose to the rest of the world, he is as foolishly easy and credulous to his wife.

Malv. And she, I suppose, is as easy to the rest of the world, as imperious to him.

Mer. Then my mistress is made up of natural spirit, wit, and fire ; all these she has improved by an intimate conversation with plays, poems, romances, and such gay studies, by which she has acquired a perfect knowledge of the polite world without ever seeing it, and turned the confinement of her person into the enlargement of her mind. Lastly, my rival,—but his character you know already. And these are my obstacles.

Malv. But what objection does the old knight make to your pretensions ?

Mer. Several. My estate is too small, my father was no baronet, and I am——no fool.

Malv. Those are weighty objections, I must confess : to evade the first you must bribe his lawyer, to conquer the second, purchase a title—and utterly to remove the last, plead lover.

Mer. Kindly advised. But what success are you like to reap from that plea with Vermilia ?

Malv. Why faith ! our affair is grown dull as a chancery suit ; but, if it be much more prolix, my stock of love will be so far exhausted, that I shall

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Mer. Ay, and many difficulties, which, in love, are so many charms. In the first place, the young lady's guardian, Sir Positive Trap by name, is an old, precise knight made up of avarice, folly, an ill-bred surliness of temper, and an odd, fantastic pride built on the antiquity of his family, into which he enrols most of the great men he ever heard of. The next is his lady, who is his absolute empress; for though he be monstrously morose to the rest of the world, he is as foolishly easy and credulous to his wife.

Malv. And she, I suppose, is as easy to the rest of the world, as imperious to him.

Mer. Then my mistress is made up of natural spirit, wit, and fire; all these she has improved by an intimate conversation with plays, poems, romances, and such gay studies, by which she has acquired a perfect knowledge of the polite world without ever seeing it, and turned the confinement of her person into the enlargement of her mind. Lastly, my rival,—but his character you know already. And these are my obstacles.

Malv. But what objection does the old knight make to your pretensions?

Mer. Several. My estate is too small, my father was no baronet, and I am——no fool.

Malv. Those are weighty objections, I must confess: to evade the first you must bribe his lawyer, to conquer the second, purchase a title—and utterly to remove the last, plead lover.

Mer. Kindly advised. But what success are you like to reap from that plea with Vermilia?

Malv. Why faith! our affair is grown dull as a chancery suit; but, if it be much more prolix, my stock of love will be so far exhausted, that I shall

Mer. And you are a sort of anglers ever fishing for prudes, who cautiously steal, and pamper up their vanity with your baits, but never swallow the hook.

Malv. But hast thou then discovered any thing in Vermilia's conduct, that——

Mer. That makes me confident you will never gain her, so I advise you to raise the siege; for you must carry that garrison by storm, and, I know, you have not so much bravery in love——Ha, amazement! is not that Wisemore?

SCENE II.

WISEMORE, MERITAL, MALVIL.

Wisem. Mr. Merital, Mr. Malvil, your humble servant; I am fortunate, indeed, at my first arrival, to embrace my friends.

Malv. Dear Wisemore, a thousand welcomes; what propitious wind has drove thee to town?

Wisem. No wind propitious to my inclination, I assure ye, gentlemen; I had taken leave of this place long ago, its vanities, hurries, and superficial, empty, ill digested pleasures.

Mer. But you have seen your error, and, like a relenting nun, who had too rashly taken leave of the world, are returned to enjoy thy pleasures again.

Wisem. No, 'tis business, business, gentlemen, that drags me hither; my pleasures lie another way, a way little known to you gentlemen of the town.

Malv. Not so little known as you imagine, Ned, nor have you been supposed alone these three years in the country. 'Tis no secret that you have had the conversation of——

Wisem. ——The wise, the learned, the virtuous. Books, Sir, have been mostly my companions, a society preferable to that of this age. Who would converse with fools and fops, whilst they might enjoy a Cicero or an Epictetus, a Plato or an Aris-

Mer. And you are a sort of anglers ever fishing for prudes, who cautiously steal, and pamper up their vanity with your baits, but never swallow the hook.

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Mer. Or are you in law, and have been rid down this morning by a fat serjeant or solicitor?

Malv. He has been writing philosophy, and is come to town to publish it.

Wisem. I have been studying folly, and am come to town to publish it. I know that title will sell any productions, or some of your modern poets, who hardly merit that name by their works, wou'd merit it by starving.

Mer. But they deal not so openly with the world, for they promise much tho' they perform little. Nay, I've sometimes seen treatises where the author has put all his wit in the title page.

Wisem. Why, faith, and politic enough; for few readers now look farther than the title page.

Mer. But pr'ythee what is this errand of folly, as you are pleased to term it?

Wisem. O beyond conception; I shudder with the apprehension of its being known. But why do I fear it? folly or vice must be of a prodigious height to overtop the crowd; but if it did, the tall, overgrown monster would be admired, and, like other monsters, enrich the possessor. I see your women have gone through with the transformation and dress like us, nay, they frequent coffee-houses too; I was frightened from one just now by two girls in paduasuy coats and breeches.

Malv. Ha, ha, ha! these were two beaus, Ned.

Wisem. So much the greater transformation, for they had, apparently, more of the woman than the man about them. But, perhaps, by them this amphibious dress may be a significant calculation; for I have known a beau with every thing of a woman but the sex, and nothing of a man besides it.

Malv. They will esteem you for that assertion.

Wisem. Why ay, it may recommend them to the tea tables. For the natural perfections of our sex, and the unnatural acquisitions of her own, must be a rare compound to make a woman's idol.

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Mer. You know, Harry, Malvil allows the sex no virtues.

Rattle. That's because they allow him no favours. But to express my mistress's worth, in a word, and prove it too—She is the lady Matchless.

Wisem. Ha! [*Aside.*

Mer. But what hopes can you have of succeeding against the multitudes which swarm in her drawing-room?

Rattle. Pugh! Tom, you know I have succeeded against greater multitudes before now—and she is a woman of excellent sense.

Wisem. You fix your hopes on a very sound foundation, Sir; for a woman of sense will, undoubtedly, set a just value on a laced coat, which qualification is undeniably yours.

Rattle. Sir, as I take it, there are other qualifications appertaining to——

Wisem. But none preferable in the eyes of some women, and the persons of some men, Sir.

Rattle. I believe she will find some preferable in the person of your humble servant, Sir.

Wisem. Say you so! then know, Sir, I am your rival there.

Rattle. Rival, Sir! and do you think to supplant me, Sir?

Wisem. I think to maintain my ground, Sir.

Mer. And is this the folly you are come to town to publish? For a philosopher to go a widow-hunting, is a folly with a vengeance.

Wisem. [*Aside.*] Am I become a jest? I deserve it. Why did I come hither, but to be laught at by all the world! my friends will deride me out of love, my enemies out of revenge; wise men from their scorn, and fools from their triumph to see me become as great a fool as themselves. [*To them.*] I see, by your mirth, gentlemen, my company grows tedious, so I'm your humble servant.

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Malv. And to publish them so well, that had you been so and known it, your supposed father wou'd have known his blessing, and the world his title.

Rattle. But why shou'd you think I can't keep a secret? Now, upon my honour, I never publish any one's intrigues but my own.

Malv. And your character is so public, that you hurt nobody's name but your own.

Rattle. Nay, curse take me, if I am ashamed of being publicly known to have an affair with a lady, at all.

Malv. No? but you should be ashamed of boasting of affairs with ladies, whom it is known you never spoke to.

Mer. There you are too hard on him, for Rattle has affairs.

Rattle. And with women of rank.

Malv. Of very high rank, if their quality be as high as their lodgings are.

Rattle. Pr'ythee, Malvil, leave this satirical, ill-natur'd way, or, upon my word, we pretty fellows shall not care to be seen in your company.

Mer. You must excuse him, he is only envious of your success; and as the smiles of a mistress raise your gaiety, so the frowns of a mistress cause his spleen.

Rattle. Do they? But you and I, Tom, know better: for, curse me, if it be in the power of the frowns of the whole sex to give me an uneasy moment. Neither do I value their smiles at a pinch of snuff. And yet, I believe, I have as few of the first, and as many of the last, as——

Mer. How! how! not value the widow's smiles?

Rattle. Humph! they are golden ones.

Malv. Here's a rogue would persuade us he is in love, and all the charms he can find in his mistress are in her pocket.

Rattle. Agad, and that opinion is not singular. I have known a fine gentleman marry a rich

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Mer. You will find me in the Mall, or at St. James's.

SCENE V.

MERITAL, LORD FORMAL.

Mer. Ha! here's a fool coming, and he is unavoidable. My lord, your humble servant; to see you at this end of the town is a miracle, at so early an hour.

L. Form. Why, positively, Mr. Merital, this is an hour wherein I seldom make any excursions farther than my drawing-room. But, being a day of business, I have rid down two brace of chairmen this morning. I have been, Sir, at three milleners, two perfumers, my bookseller's, and a fan-shop.

Mer. Ha, ha, ha! a very tiresome circuit.

L. Form. It has exagitated my complexion to that exorbitancy of vermeille, that I shall hardly reduce it to any tolerable consistency under a fortnight's course of acids.

Mer. I think, my lord, it is hardly worth while to be concerned about natural colours, now we are arrived at such a perfection in artificial.

L. Form. Pardon me. We have, indeed, made some progress in red, but for your pale colours, they must be acquired naturally; your white washes will not subdue cherry cheeks.

Mer. O if that be the malady, I wou'd prescribe to the gentlemen a course of rakery, and to the ladies a course of vapours.

L. Form. Well, positively, going into a bookseller's shop is to me the last of fatigues, and yet it is a necessary one: for since the ladies have divided their time between cards and reading, a man, to be agreeable to them, must understand something of books, as well as quadrille.

Mer. I am afraid, if this humour continue, it

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Mer. This from you, my lord, is surprising. Sure, you will allow some women to be virtuous.

L. Form. O yes. I will allow an ugly woman to be as virtuous as she pleases, just as I will a poor man to be covetous. But beauty in the hands of a virtuous woman, like gold in those of a miser, prevents the circulation of trade.

Mer. It is rather like riches in the possession of the prudent. A virtuous woman bestows her favours on the deserving, and makes them a real blessing to the man who enjoys her; whilst the vicious one, like a squandering prodigal, scatters them away; and, like a prodigal, is often most despised by those to whom she has been most kind.

L. Form. This from the gay Mr. Merital, is, really, very surprising.

Mer. Yes, my lord, the gay Mr. Merital now stands candidate for a husband. So you cannot wonder that I wou'd persuade the ladies of my good principles, which may engage some or other to chuse me.

L. Form. It will as soon engage a country borough to chuse you parliament-man. But I must take an abrupt leave. For the sweetness of your conversation has perfumed my senses to the forgetfulness of an affair, which being of consequential essence, obliges me to assure you that I am your humble servant.

SCENE VI.

MERITAL *alone.*

Prince of coxcombs! 'sdeath! 'tis in the mouths of such fellows as these, that the reputations of women suffer; for women are like books. Malice and envy will easily lead you to the detection of their faults: but their beauties good judgment only can

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Verm. You have opportunities enough of revenge, and objects enough to execute it upon ; for, I think, you have as many slaves in your assemblies, as the French king in his galleys.

La. Match. Why, really, I sometimes look on my drawing-room as a little parliament of fools, to which every different body sends its representatives. Beaus of all sorts. The courtly lord, who addresses me with a formal, well-bred dissimulation. The airy Sir Plume, who always walks in the minuet-step, and converses in recitativo.

Verm. And is a Narcissus in every thing but beauty.

La. Match. Then the robust warrior, who proceeds by way of storm or siege. The lawyer, who attacks me as he would a jury, with a cringe, and a lie at the tip of his tongue. The cit, who would cheat me by way of bargain and sale. And—your settling country 'squire, who would put my life into half his estate, provided I would put his whole family's into all mine.

Verm. There is a more dangerous, tho' a more ridiculous fool than any of these, and that is a fine gentleman, who becomes the disguise of a lover worse than any you have named.

La. Match. O, ay ; a man of sense acts a lover, just as a Dutchman wou'd a harlequin. He stumbles at every straw we throw in his way, which a fop wou'd skip over with ease.

Ver. But pray, my dear, what design have you in view from all these lovers ?

La. Match. The very design nature had when she formed them, to make fools of them.

Verm. But you will not be surprised, if I admire that you give the least encouragement to the finest gentlemen.

La. Match. Indeed, I approve your remark. Why, it proceeds from this reason ; that of love, like other fevers, is only dangerous to a rich con-

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Verm. Be not too confident, for I have heard military men say, that a garrison, to be secure, shou'd have its works well mann'd as well as strong.

SCENE II.

To them CATCHIT.

Catch. Madam, your ladyship's coach is at the door.

La. Match. Come, my dear, by this, I believe, the Park begins to fill.

Verm. I am ready to wait on you, my dear. Catchit, if Mr. Malvil comes, you may tell him where I'm gone.

Catch. Yes, Madam.

SCENE III.

CATCHIT alone.

Well, sure nature has not a more ridiculous creature than a jealous lover. Never did a lady in my profession get more by forging smiles and favourable expressions from a mistress, than I, by making Mr. Malvil believe mine values him less than she does. He has promised me a diamond ring to discover his rival. Ay, but how shall I discover his rival, when he has none? Hum! suppose I make him one! Ay, but that may make mischief; well, but that must make for me. Well then. But who shall this rival be? Ha! Mr. Merital is a favourite of my lady, and is often here. There is an appointment too between him and Helena to meet here at five——my lady will be at home too. Now if I cou'd but persuade Malvil that that assignation was meant with him!

[Stands considering.]

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then, Catchit, (says she) don't you think him an angel? Hum! a very dark one (says I). Did you ever see such eyes, such teeth, such a mouth? (says she). In my opinion, they are all very poor (says I). Then such a shape! such an air (says she)! Why, ay, the man wou'd do for a dancing-master (says I). Lud! Madam, (says I) wou'd you wou'd think of poor Mr. Malvil. (And, to be sure, the tears stood in my eyes when I said it.) O no (says she), I will think of none but Merital. Then (says I)——

Malv. Torments and furies! Merital!

Catch. My mistress doats on him, and has appointed to meet him.

Malv. How? where? when?

Catch. Here, at five.

Malv. 'Sdeath! 'tis impossible.

Catch. It may be impossible, perhaps; but it is true.

Malv. Merital a villain! Vermilia a jilt, then the whole world's an allusion.

[Walks and speaks disorderly.]

D'ye hear; do not disclose a word of this to any one.

Catch. You may depend on me, Sir.

Malv. But where's Vermilia?

Catch. Gone to the Park with Lady Matchless.

Malv. Be secret, and be diligent, and you shall not repent your pains.

Catch. Not whilst you have jealousy in your head, and money in your pocket, Signior. Well, how this affair will end I know not; but I am sure the beginning has been good. *[Kisses the ring.]*

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La. Trap. Do you think you have so much beauty then, Miss?

Hel. I think I have enough to do so small an execution; and, I am sure, I have enough to please myself, and him I desire to please; let the rest of the world think what they will, 'tis not worth my care; I have no ambition to be toasted in every company of men, and roasted in every assembly of women: for the envy of the women is a necessary consequence of the admiration of the men.

SCENE VI.

To them, SIR POSITIVE TRAP.

Sir Pos. What lie are you telling? ha!

La. Trap. Justify me, deary, justify me; your niece says I have an indecent passion for your whole sex.

Sir Pos. That I will, by the family of the Traps. So far from that, hussy, she hates our whole sex; she has hardly a decent passion for her own husband, because he's a man.

Hel. You have hit the nail on the head, my dear uncle.

Sir Pos. Hussy, hussy, you are a disgrace to the family of the Traps. I can hardly believe Sir Nicodemus Trap to have been your grandfather, Sir Gregory your father, and Sir Positive your uncle.

Hel. Surfeiting genealogy! ha, ha, ha!

Sir Pos. Do you ridicule your ancestors, the illustrious race of Traps?

Hel. No, Sir: I honour them so far, that I am resolved not to take a fool into the family.

Sir Pos. Do you mean Sir Apish, minx? Do you call a baronet a fool, and one of so ancient a house? Hussy, the Simples and the Traps are the two ancientest houses in England. Don't provoke

La. Trap. Do you think you have so much beauty then, Miss?

Hel. I think I have enough to do so small an execution; and, I am sure, I have enough to please myself, and him I desire to please; let the rest of the world think what they will, 'tis not worth my care; I have no ambition to be toasted in every company of men, and roasted in every assembly of women: for the envy of the women is a necessary consequence of the admiration of the men.

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To them, SIR POSITIVE TRAP.

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for you, Madam, to-morrow's your wedding-day ; I have said it, and I am positive.

Hel. Yes. But know, uncle of mine, that I am a woman, and may be as positive as you ; and so your servant.

La. Trap. After her, honey ; don't leave her to herself in this rage.

Sir Pos. I'll bring her to herself, by the right-hand of the Traps.

SCENE VII.

LADY TRAP *alone.*

If Helena be Sir Simple's to-morrow, I have but this day for my design on Merital. Some way he must know my love : But shou'd he reject it and betray me ! why, if he does, 'tis but denying it bravely, and my reserv'd behaviour has raised me such a reputation of virtue, that he wou'd not be believed. Yet how to let him know ! Shou'd I write ! that were too sure a testimony against me ; and yet that's the only way. My niece goes to Lady Matchless's this evening. I'll make him an assignation, in her name, to meet by dark, in the dining-room. But how to make it in her name---
[*Pauses.*

Ha ! I have thought of a way, and will about it instantly.

SCENE VIII.

HELENA, *and* SIR POSITIVE TRAP.

Hel. Don't teaze me so, dear uncle. I can never like a fool, I abhor a fop.

Sir Pos. But there are three thousand pounds a year, and a title. Do you abhor those, hussy ?

Hel. His estate I don't want, and his title I despise.

for you, Madam, to-morrow's your wedding-day; I have said it, and I am positive.

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‘ say no more, than at six this evening, you will
 ‘ find, in the dining-room, yours,

‘ HELENA.

‘ P. S. I shall be alone, and in the dark ;
 ‘ ask no questions, but come up directly’

But, deary, this is not her hand.

La. Trap. Do you think, child, she would not disguise it as much as possible?

Sir Pos. I smell it. I see it. I read it. ’Tis her hand with a witness. See here, thou vile daughter of Sir Gregory. An assignation to a man.

Hel. Insupportable! to confront me with a forgery!

Sir Pos. Your own forgery, hussy.

La. Trap. But, really, it does not look very like her hand.

Sir Pos. Let me see, hum! ’tis not exactly, very, very like. Methinks, ’tis not like at all.

[*Looking through spectacles.*]

La. Trap. This may be some counterfeit. I wou’d engage my honour she is innocent. Copy it over before your uncle, my dear, that will be a conviction.

Sir Pos. Copy it over before Sir Positive, hussy.

Hel. Bring pen, ink, and paper there. You shall not have the least pretence to accuse me.

Sir Pos. I would not have thee guilty for the world. I wou’d not have such a disgrace fall on our noble and ancient family. It might render us ridiculous to every upstart.

[*Here a servant brings pen, &c. Helena writes.*]

La. Trap. O horrible! write to a man! had I held a pen, at her age, with that design, my hand wou’d have shook so, that I should have spilt my ink with the bare apprehension.

Hel. Now, Sir, be convinced, and justify me.

[*Giving the letter with the copy to Sir Pos.*]

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‘ find, in the dining-room, yours,

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[*Giving the letter with the copy to Sir Pos.*

La. Match. But I am resolved not to be alarmed with threats. Let me see a gallant fairly swinging—And then—I'll say, poor Strephon, alas! he did love.

Mer. You might justly say, he had more love than reason.

Verm. Why do you attempt then to persuade us into so despicable an opinion of your reason?

Mer. Malvil says, that's the surest way to your love: and that the lower we are in your opinion of our sense, the higher we are in your favour. He compares those to two scales, of which as the one rises the other falls.

La. Match. And, upon my word, he is in the right: for who expects wit in a lover, any more than good music in an English opera, or common sense in an Italian one!—They are all three absolute farces—Not but I wou'd have the creature be a little rational, and able to divert one in the sullenness of a monkey or a paroquet. So as to sing half a favourite song, or read a new play, or fill up a party at quadrille.

Mer. As a chair does at a country dance, or a country-justice a chair at a quarter-sessions.

La. Match. Right. A lover, when he is admitted to cards, ought to be solemnly silent, and observe the motions of his mistress. He must laugh when she laughs, sigh when she sighs. In short, he shou'd be the shadow of her mind. A lady, in the presence of her lover, shou'd never want a looking-glass; as a beau, in the presence of his looking-glass, never wants a mistress.

Mer. Since a lover is such a ridiculous thing, Madam, e'en turn one into a husband.

La. Match. Ah! the very name throws me into the vapours——

Rattle. It is a receipt, which has cured many a vapoured lady of my acquaintance.

Mer. But, Lady Matchless, what wou'd you say

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Mer. But, Lady Matchless, what wou'd you say

with my love to Merital? He has as many virtues as thou hast blemishes. The proudest of our sex might glory in his addresses, the meanest might be ashamed of thine. Go, curse thy fate, and nature, which has made thee an object of our scorn: but thank thy jealousy, which has discovered to thee that thou art the derision of a successful rival, and my aversion.

SCENE II.

MALVIL, CATCHIT, [*Malvil stands as in amaze.*]

Catch. O gemini! Sir, what's the matter? I met my mistress in the greatest rage.

Malv. You know enough not to have asked that. Here, take this letter, and when Merital comes to his appointment, you will find an opportunity to deliver it him. Be sure to do it before he sees your mistress; for I have contrived a scheme in it that will ruin him for ever with her.—You will deliver it carefully?

Catch. Yes, indeed, Sir.

Malv. And learn what you can, and come to my lodgings to-morrow morning—take this kiss as an earnest of what I'll do for you.

SCENE III.

CATCHIT *alone.*

Catch. Methinks, I long to know what this scheme is. I must know, and I will know. 'Tis but wafer-sealed. I'll open it and read it. But here are the ladies.

SCENE IV.

LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

La. Match. Ha, ha, ha! and so the creature has taken a fit of jealousy into his head, and has

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La. Match. Ha, ha, ha! and so the creature has taken a fit of jealousy into his head, and has

Verm. When he mistakes the disease, his advice is not like to be safe. And, I assure you, I never was less in the vapours than now.

La. Match. That's a dangerous symptom: for when a sick lady thinks herself well, her fever must be very high.

Rattle. Pox take her, wou'd she was dead: for she's always in my way. [*Aside.*

Verm. This is acting physicians, indeed, to persuade me into a distemper.

Rattle. I believe, Madam, you are in very little danger. But, widow, the whole town wonders you are not surfeited with so much courtship.

Verm. Courtship, Mr. Rattle, is a dish adapted to the palate of our sex.

Rattle. But there is a second course more agreeable, and better adapted to a lady's palate. Courtship is but a long, dull grace to a rich entertainment, both equally banes to sharp-set-appetite, and equally out of fashion; the beau-monde say only *Benedicite*, and then fall on.

La. Match. No; courtship is to marriage, like a fine avenue to an old falling mansion beautified with a painted front; but no sooner is the door shut on us, than we discover an old, shabby, out-of-fashion'd hall, whose only ornaments are a set of branching stag's horns——lamentable emblems of matrimony.

SCENE VI.

LADY MATCHLESS, LORD FORMAL, VERMILIA, RATTLE.

L. Form. Ladies, I am your most obedient, and obsequious humble servant. Mr. Rattle, I am your devoted.

Rattle. That's an over-strain'd compliment, my lord: we all know you are entirely devoted to the ladies.

Verm. When he mistakes the disease, his advice is not like to be safe. And, I assure you, I never was less in the vapours than now.

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Verm. Has your lordship published this book? It must be mightily read, for it promises much—And then the name of the author—

Rattle. [*Aside.*] Promises nothing.

L. Form. Why, I am not determined to print it at all: for there are an ill-bred set of people called critics, whom I have no great notion of encountering.

SCENE VII.

To them SIR POSITIVE TRAP, SIR APISH SIMPLE,
HELENA.

Sir Pos. Ladies, your humble servant; your servant, gentlemen.

La. Match. You are a great stranger, Sir Positive.

Sir Pos. Ay, cousin, you must not take our not visiting you oftener amiss, for I am full of business, and she there, poor girl, is never easy but when she is at home. The Traps are no gadding family, our women stay at home and do business.

Rattle. [*Aside.*] Their husbands' business, I believe.

Sir Pos. They are none of our fidgeting, flirting, flaunting lasses, that sleep all the morning, dress all the afternoon, and card it all night. Our daughters rise before the sun, and go to bed with him: The Traps are house-wives, cousin. We teach our daughters to make a pie instead of a curtsie, and that good old English art of clear-starching, instead of that heathenish gambol called dancing.

L. Form. Sir, give me leave to presume to ask your pardon.

Sir Apish. Why, Sir father of mine, you will not speak against dancing before the ladies. Clear-starching, indeed! you will pardon him, Madam, Sir Positive is a little *à la Campagne*.

Sir Pos. Dancing begets warmth, which is the parent of wantonness. It is, Sir, the great grandfather of cuckoldom.

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Sir Pos. How, Sir! do you detract from the nobility of my coat of arms? If you do, Sir, I must tell you, you labour under a deficiency of common sense.

La. Match. O fie, Sir Positive! you are too severe on his lordship.

Sir Pos. He is a lord then! and what of that? an old English baronet is above a lord. A title of yesterday! an innovation! who were lords, I wonder, in the time of Sir Julius Cæsar? And it is plain he was a baronet, by his being called by his Christian name.

Verm. Christen'd name! I apprehended, Sir, that Cæsar lived before the time of Christianity.

Sir Pos. And what then, Madam? he might be a baronet without being a Christian, I hope. But I don't suppose our antiquity will recommend us to you: for women love upstarts, by the right hand of the Traps;

SCENE VIII.

To them WISEMORE.

Wisem. Ha! grant me patience, Heaven. Madam, if five months absence has not effaced the remembrance of what has passed between us, you will recollect me with blushing cheeks. Not to blush now were to forsake your sex.

La. Match. You have forsaken your humanity, Sir, to affront me thus publicly.

Wisem. How was I deceived by my opinion of your good sense! but London would seduce a saint. A widow no sooner comes to this vile town, than she keeps open house for all guests. All, all are welcome. Your hatchments were at first intended to repel visitants; but they are now hung out for the same hospitable ends as the bills, 'Lodgings to let;' with this difference only, that

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nish from you these knaves, these vultures ; wolves are more merciful than they. What is their desire, but to riot in your plenty ? to sacrifice your boundless stores to their licentious appetites ? to pay their desponding creditors with your gold ? to ravage you, ruin you ; nay to make you curse that auspicious day which gave you birth !

L. Form. This is the rudest gentleman that ever offended my ears since they first enjoyed the faculty of hearing. [*Aside.*

Verm. This is very unaccountable, methinks.

La. Match. Lord, my dear, don't you know he has been formerly a beau ? and was, indeed, very well received in his time ; 'till going down into the country, and shutting himself up in a study among a set of paper-philosophers, he, who went in a butterfly, came out a book-worm. Ha, ha, ha !

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

Wisem. When once a lady's raillery is set a running, it very seldom stops till it has exhausted all her wit.

Rattle. Agad, I would advise you to wade off before the stream's too high ; for your philosophy will be sure to sink you.

Sir Pos. Ay, ay, sink sure enough : for, by the right hand of the Traps, a lady's wit is seldom any thing but froth.

Rattle. I have seen it make many a wise esquire froth at the mouth before now.

Verm. That must be a very likely sign of a lover, indeed.

Wisem. O very, very likely ; for it is a certain sign of a madman.

L. Form. If those are synonymous terms, I have long since entered into a state of distraction.

Wisem. If I stay, I shall be mad, indeed. Madam, farewell ; may Heaven open your eyes before you are shut into perdition !

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L. Form. Her ladyship is indebted to my instructions; for 'tis well known, before I had the honour of her acquaintance, she has publicly spoke against that divine collection of polite learning written by Mr. Gulliver: but now, the very moment it is named, she breaks out into the prettiest exclamation, and cries, O the dear, sweet, pretty, little creatures! Oh, gemini! wou'd I had been born a Lilliputian.

La. Match But methinks, Sir Apish, a lady who has seen the world should be more agreeable to one of your refined taste: besides, I have heard you say you like a widow.

Sir Apish Ah! l'amour! a perfect declaration! she is in love with me, mardie! [*Aside.*]—Ah! Madam, if I durst declare it, there is a certain person in the world, who, in a certain person's eye, is a more agreeable person than any person, amongst all the persons, whom persons think agreeable persons.

La. Match. Whoever that person is, she, certainly, is a very happy person.

Sir Apish. Ah! madam, my eyes sufficiently and evidently declare, that that person is no other person than your ladyship's own person.

La. Match. Nay, all this I have drawn on myself.

L. Form. Your ladyship's eyes are two loadstones that attract the admiration of our whole sex: their virtues are more refined than the loadstone's; for you, madam, attract the golden part.

Rattle. Come, gentlemen, are you for the opera?

L. Form. Oh! by all means. Ladies, your most humble servant.

Sir Apish. Your ladyship's everlasting creature.

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La. Match But methinks, Sir Apish, a lady who has seen the world should be more agreeable to one of your refined taste: besides, I have heard you say you like a widow.

Sir Apish Ah! l'amour! a perfect declaration! she is in love with me, mardie! [*Aside.*—Ah! Madam, if I durst declare it, there is a certain person in the world, who, in a certain person's eye, is a more agreeable person than any person, amongst all the persons, whom persons think agreeable persons.

La. Match. Whoever that person is, she, certainly, is a very happy person.

Sir Apish. Ah! madam, my eyes sufficiently and evidently declare, that that person is no other person than your ladyship's own person.

La. Match. Nay, all this I have drawn on myself.

L. Form. Your ladyship's eyes are two loadstones that attract the admiration of our whole sex: their virtues are more refined than the loadstone's; for you, madam, attract the golden part.

Rattle. Come, gentlemen, are you for the opera?

L. Form. Oh! by all means. Ladies, your most humble servant.

Sir Apish. Your ladyship's everlasting creature.

Catch. Why, madam, I had heard that Mrs. Helena was to be here at five, and so I sent word to Mr. Merital; and Mr. Malvil coming in at that time (which was when your ladyship went to the Park this morning), I dropt a word or two about meeting a mistress here; and so, I suppose, he thought it was your ladyship; and so, this afternoon he gave me a letter, which, I must own, my curiosity——

Verm. Very fine, indeed!

La. Match. I have a thought just risen, which may turn this accident into a very lucky scene of diversion. Mistress Catchit, can you not change the name of Merital on the superscription, into that of Wisemore?

Catch. O, madam, I am dexterous at those things.

La. Match. Come in, then, and I'll tell you farther. Give me your hand, Vermilia: take my word for it, child, the men are very silly creatures; therefore let us laugh at mankind,

And teach them, that, in spite of all their scorn,
Our slaves they are, and for our service born.

SCENE XIII.

SCENE, SIR POSITIVE TRAP'S *House*.

LADY TRAP *discovered, and then* MERITAL.

La. Trap. Every thing is prepared; now is the happy hour. I hear some steps; 'tis surely he. Who's there? my love?

Mer. My life! my soul! my joy!

La. Trap. Soft, my aunt will hear us.

Mer. Oh, name her not. She is a perfect antidote to love. Let these blessed moments be spent in nothing but soft caresses. Oh! let me breathe out my fond soul on thy lips, and let thine own inform thee what I'd say. It will, I know, be tender as my thoughts.

Catch. Why, madam, I had heard that Mrs. Helena was to be here at five, and so I sent word to Mr. Merital; and Mr. Malvil coming in at that time (which was when your ladyship went to the Park this morning), I dropt a word or two about meeting a mistress here; and so, I suppose, he thought it was your ladyship; and so, this afternoon he gave me a letter, which, I must own, my curiosity——

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madam, she has nothing agreeable to me but her fortune. Wou'd you manage wisely, you might secure yourself a gallant, and your gallant an estate.

La. Trap. Could I believe you, Sir, it were an affront to my virtue.

Mer. Ah! madam, whom did you expect just now, when, with a languishing sigh, you cried, Who's there? my love? that's not a name for a husband.

La. Trap. Since I am discovered, I will own—

Mer. Let me kiss away the dear word.—Brandy and assafoetida, by Jupiter. [*Aside.*]

La. Trap. But will you be a man of honour?

Mer. [*Aloud.*] For ever, madam, for ever, whilst those bright eyes conquer all they behold. The devil's in it if this does not alarm somebody. [*Aside.*]

La. Trap. Softly, Sir, you will raise the house.

Mer. [*Aside.*] I am sure I never wanted relief more——

La. Trap. Ha! I am alone, in the dark, a bed-chamber by, if you shou'd attempt my honour, who knows what the frailty of my sex may consent to? Or, if you shou'd force me, am I, poor weak woman, able to resist? Ay, but then there is law and justice; yet you may depend too fatally on my good nature.

Mer. Consider, madam, you are in my power; remember your declaration. I had your love from your own dear lips. Consider well the temptation of so much beauty, the height of my offered joys, the time, the place, and the violence of my passion. Think on this, madam, and you can expect no other than that I should this moment seize on all my transports.

La. Trap. If you shou'd—Heav'n forgive you.

Mer. [*louder still.*] Yet, to convince you of my generosity, you are at your liberty. I will do nothing without your consent.

La. Trap. Then to shew you what a confidence I repose in your virtue, I vow to grant whate'er you ask.

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SCENE XV.

SCENE, WISEMORE'S *lodgings*.

WISEMORE *alone*.

How vain is human reason, when philosophy cannot overcome our passions! when we can see our errors, and yet pursue them. But if to love be an error, why should great minds be the most subject to it? No, the first pair enjoyed it in their state of innocence, whilst error was unborn.

SCENE XVI.

To him, servant with a letter.

Serv. A letter, Sir.

WISEMORE *reads*.

‘SIR,

‘You who are conscious of being secretly my rival in the midst of an intimate friendship, will not be surprised when I desire that word may be cancelled between us, and that you would not fail me to-morrow at seven in Hyde-park.

‘Your injured MALVIL.’

What can this mean? Ha! here's a postscript.

‘P. S. Your poor colourings of love for another woman, which you put on this morning, has confirm'd, not baffled, my suspicion. I am certain you had no mistress to meet at Lady Matchless's but Vermilia.’

Who brought this letter?

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Who brought this letter?

SCENE II.

To them WISEMORE.

La. Match. I do pity you, indeed, for sure to be in love——

Wisem. Is to be foolish, mad, miserable—To be in love is to be in hell. [*Advancing from behind.*

La. Match. Do you speak from experience, Sir?

Wisem. From sad experience—I have been in love—so monstrously in love, that, like a bow over bent, I am now relaxed into an opposite extreme—and heartily hate your whole sex.

La. Match. Poor Cardenio! ha, ha, ha! be not so disconsolate, you may yet find your Lucinda.

Wisem. No, she has lost herself—and in a wilderness.

La. Match. How, in a wilderness?

Wisem. Ay, in that town! that worst of wildernesses! where follies spread like thorns; where men act the part of tygers, and women of crocodiles; where vice lords it like a lion, and virtue, that phoenix, is so rarely seen, that she is believed a fable—But these sentiments do not please you, so, pray leave me.

Verm. Our company, Sir, was your own choice.

La. Match. And now you have raised our curiosity, you shall lay it.

Wisem. I would have raised the devil sooner, and sooner wou'd I have laid him—Your curiosity, Madam, is a sort of a hydra, which not even Hercules can tame; so, dear ladies, leave me, or I shall pull off your sham-faces——

La. Match. You would repent it, heartily, if you did.

Wisem. Perhaps so.—I believe, indeed, you shew the best part of you.

La. Match. You wou'd give half your soul to see the best part of me.

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Turkish yawl at an onset, the Irish howl at a funeral, or the Indian exclamation at an eclipse, are all soft music to that single noise.—It has no likeness in nature but a rattle-snake: the noise as odious, and the venom as dangerous.

La. Match. But, like a rattle-snake, it gives you warning, and if you will front the danger, you must blame your own prowess if you smart for it.

Wisem. The serpent practises not half your wiles. He covers not his poison with the cloak of love. Like lawyers, you gild your deceit, and lead us to misery, whilst we imagine ourselves pursuing happiness.

La. Match. Ha, ha, ha! Piqued malice! you have lost an estate for want of money, and a mistress for want of wit.

Wisem. Methinks, either of those possessions shou'd be maintained by juster titles.—In my opinion, the only title to the first shou'd be right, and to the latter, merit, love, and constancy.

La. Match. Ha, ha, ha! then know, thou romantic hero, that right is a sort of knight-errant, whom we have long since laughed out of the world. Merit is demerit, constancy dulness, and love an out-of-fashion Saxon word, which no polite person understands—Looke, Sir, pull out your purse to a lawyer, and your snuff-box to a lady, and I warrant you carry your point with both.

Wisem. The purse may, indeed, win the lawyer, but for the other, you must depend on chance. You may as well teach us a certain method to gain that fickle, airy, imaginary mistress, Fortune, whose emblems you are. For your favours are as blindly bestowed, as fickle in their duration—and, like Fortune, you often curse him most to whom you seem most kind.

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vast share of wit, and a very little share of modesty.

Verm. Impudence! In what, pray, have I discovered my want of it?

Mabv. In your pretension to it, child; and, faith! that's better than the real possession. What is modesty, but a flaming sword to keep mankind out of Paradise? It is a Jack-with-a-lanthorn, that misleads poor women in their roads to happiness. It is the contempt of all society; lawyers call it the sign of a bad cause, soldiers of cowardice, courtiers of ill-breeding, and women—the worst sign of a fool. Indeed, it has, sometimes, made a good cloak for the beauteous, tawdry outside of a lady's reputation. But, like other cloaks, it is now out of fashion, and worn no where but in the country.

Verm. Then to silence your impertinence at once, know, Sir, that I'm a woman of fashion rigidly virtuous, and severely modest.

Mabv. A blank verse, faith! and may make a figure in a fustian tragedy. Four fine sounding words, and mean just nothing at all.

Verm. I suppose these are the sentiments of you modern fine gentlemen. The beaux of this age, like the critics, will not see perfections in others which they are strangers to themselves. You confine the masterly hand of nature, to the narrow bands of your own conceptions.

Mabv. Why what have we here? Seneca's morals under a masque!

Verm. I hope that title will prevent your farther perusal.

Mabv. I'll tell you a way to do it.

Verm. O name it,

Mabv. Unmasque then. If I like your face no better than your principles, Madam, I will immediately take my leave of both.

Verm. That's an uncertainty, I'm afraid, considering the sentiments you just now professed.—

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Malv. That I had, indeed.

Wisem. Death and the devil! did you invite me here to laugh at me?

Malv. Are you mad, or in a dream?

Wisem. He who denies to day what he writ yesterday, either dreams, or worse. Your monstrous jealousy, your challenge, and your present behaviour, look like a feverish dream.

Malv. Invite! jealousy! challenge! what do you mean?

Wisem. [*Shows a letter.*] Read there, then ask my meaning?

Malv. [*Reads.*] Ha! my letter to Merital! villainous jade! she has alter'd the name too on the superscription. I am abused, indeed!

Wisem. Well, Sir!

Malv. Wisemore, be assured my surprise is equal to yours. This letter, I did, indeed, write, but not to you.

Wisem. How!

Malv. Believe me, on my honour, I did not send it you. His name to whom I designed it is erased, and yours superscribed, I suppose, by the person to whom I entrusted the delivery. And, be assured, you was not the enemy I wished to meet here.

Wisem. What novel's this?

Malv. Faith! it may be a pleasant one to you, and no less useful to me. But the morning is late; you shall go home, and breakfast at my lodgings, and, in the way, I will let you into the whole story.

Wisem. Whatever it be which clears my friend from the imputation of so wild a delusion, must be agreeable to me.

Malv. And now we will have our swing at satire against the sex.

Wisem. I shall be as severe, as a damned poet is on the age.

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SCENE VII.

To them, SIR APISH.

Sir Pos. Sir Apish Simple, your humble servant. You are early. What, you have not slept a wink. I did not sleep for a week before I was married to my lady.

Sir Apish. You had a very strong constitution then, Sir Positive.

Sir Pos. Ay, Sir, we are a strong family, an Herculean race! Hercules was a Trap by his mother's side. Well, well, my niece there has given her consent, and every thing is ready. So take her by the hand——and——

Sir Apish. Upon my word, Sir Positive, I cannot dance a step.

Sir Pos. How! when I was as young as you, I cou'd have danc'd over the moon, and into the moon too, without a fiddle. But come, I hate trifling. The lawyer is without with the deeds, and the parson is drest in his pontificalibus.

Sir Apish. The parson! I suppose he is a Welch one, and plays on the violin, ha, ha, ha!

Hel. I see my cousin has been as good as her word. *[Aside.*

Sir Pos. Sir Apish, jesting with matrimony, is playing with edged tools.

Sir Apish. Matrimony! ha, ha, ha! Sir Positive is merry this morning.

Sir Pos. Sir, you will put me out of humour presently.

Sir Apish. Sir, I have more reason to be out of humour; for you have invited me to breakfast, without preparing any.

Sir Pos. Is not my niece prepared, Sir?

Sir Apish. Sir, I am no cannibal.

Sir Pos. Did not you come to marry my niece, Sir?

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other obligation on me by your presence; for I am resolved to expose her.

Wisem. I am to meet a serjeant-at-law hard by—but will return with all possible expedition, and then—if I can be of service.

Malv. If you return before the hour, you will find me at Tom's, if not here.

Wisem. Till then, farewell—How am I involving myself in other men's affairs, when my own require my utmost diligence! what course shall I take? I cannot resolve to leave her, and, I am sure, she has given me no hopes of gaining her. Yet she has not shewn any real dislike, nor will I ever imagine her inclination's leaning to any of those fops she is surrounded with.

SCENE IX.

MERITAL, WISEMORE.

Mer. So thoughtful, Wisemore? What point of philosophy are you discussing?

Wisem. One that has puzzled all who ever attempted it——Woman, Sir, was the subject of my contemplation.

Mer. Ha! hey! what point of the compass does the widow turn to now?

Wisem. A very frozen one.—Foppery.

Mer. Let me advise thee, Ned, to give over your attack, or change your method. For, be assur'd, widows are a study you will never be any proficient in, till you are initiated into that modern science which the French call *Le Bon Assurance*.

Wisem. Ay, ay, we may allow you gentlemen of professed gaiety those known turns of raillery, since they were the estate of your forefathers: there is an hereditary fund of little pleasantries which the beaux of every age enjoy, in a continual succession.

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Wisem. No, no, to that of law.

Mer. Success attend you——why, I have been forgetful too. But fortune, I see, is so kind as to remind me.

SCENE X.

SIR APISH, MERITAL.

Mer. Sir Apish, your humble servant.

Sir Apish. Dear Tom, I kiss your button.

Mer. That's a pretty suit of yours, Sir Apish, perfectly gay, new, and *Alamode*.

Sir Apish. He, he, he! the ladies tell me I refine upon them. I think I have studied dress long enough to know a little, and I have the good fortune to have every suit liked better than the former.

Mer. Why, indeed, I have remarked that, as your dull pretenders to wisdom grow wiser with their years, so your men of gaiety, the older they grow, the finer they grow. But come, your looks confess there is more in this. The town says it too.

Sir Apish. What, dear Tom?

Mer. That you are to be married, and to a Yorkshire great fortune.

Sir Apish. He, he, he! I'll make you my confident in that affair. 'Tis true, I had such a treaty on foot, for the girl has ten thousand pounds, which would have patched up some breaches in my estate; but a finer lady has vouchsafed to throw a hundred into my lap, and so I have e'en dropt the other.

Mer. What, are you in actual possession?

Sir Apish. Of her heart, Sir, and shall be, perhaps, of every thing else in a day or two. Ah! she's a fine creature, Tom; she is the greatest beauty, and the greatest wit——Pshaw, can't you guess whom I mean.

Mer. No——for I know no orange-wench of such a fortune. [*Aside.*

Wisem. No, no, to that of law.

Mer. Success attend you——why, I have been forgetful too. But fortune, I see, is so kind as to remind me.

SCENE X.

SIR APISH, MERITAL.

Mer. Sir Apish, your humble servant.

Sir Apish. Dear Tom, I kiss your button.

Mer. That's a pretty suit of yours, Sir Apish, perfectly gay, new, and *Alamode*.

Sir Apish. He, he, he! the ladies tell me I refine upon them. I think I have studied dress long enough to know a little, and I have the good fortune to have every suit liked better than the former.

Mer. Why, indeed, I have remarked that, as your dull pretenders to wisdom grow wiser with their years, so your men of gaiety, the older they grow, the finer they grow. But come, your looks confess there is more in this. The town says it too.

Sir Apish. What, dear Tom?

Mer. That you are to be married, and to a Yorkshire great fortune.

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Mer. No——for I know no orange-wench of such a fortune.

[*Aside.*]

would raise a hundred jealousies on this occasion ; but it shall be ever my sentiments of a mistress, in all doubtful cases—

That if she's true, time will her truth discover ;
But if she's false, I'll be as false a lover.

SCENE XI.

SCENE, LADY MATCHLESS's *House*.

LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

La. Match. Ha, ha, ha ! love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.

Verm. The best embitterers, you mean ; but, in my opinion, scandal is the sweetest of the two, and least dangerous.

La. Match. Love is not so dangerous to our sex as you imagine. It is a warfare wherein we always get the better, if we manage prudently ; men are perfect empty bullies in it ; and, as a certain poet says—

“Swift to attack, and swift to run away.”

Verm. Well, but what do you intend by your assignation ?

La. Match. Only to get an excuse for discarding a troublesome lover. Lookee, Vermilia, you shall attack him for me ; I am afraid of a discovery myself. If you can but bring him to terms, that is, if you can procure his consent to a second treaty, I shall be very handsomely disengaged of mine.

Verm. You banter, sure. But, if you are in earnest, I must advise you to get another proxy ; for I heartily hate mankind, and will forswear any conversation with them.

La. Match. Nay, but you shall force your inclinations to serve your friend.

Verm. And, pray, what has caused this sudden revolution in your temper, since, if I am not

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ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, SIR POSITIVE'S *House*.

SIR POSITIVE, HELENA.

SIR POSITIVE.

I SAY, it was your own plot, your own contrivance, your own stratagem. You threaten'd him to—Hey! and he was fool enough to believe you!

Hel. He was wise enough to believe me; for I threaten'd no impossibilities. But don't put on that severe aspect, dear uncle; for I protest, it makes you look so like one of the Cæsar's heads in our long gallery.

Sir Pos. Very likely, there may be a resemblance, indeed; for Julius Cæsar, by his great grandfather's wife's great grandmother, was a Trap.

Hel. Ha, ha, ha! I am afraid we can hardly call him cousin. But pray, did he leave any legacy to us?

Sir Pos. A swinging legacy! abundance of honour!

Hel. And pray, what will all that honour sell for?

Sir Pos. Your right honour is not to be bought nor obtained: it is what a man brings into the world with him. He is as much an upstart who gets his own honour, as he who gets his own estate. Take it for a maxim, child, no one can be a great man, unless his father has been so before him. Your true old English honour, like your English oak, will not come to any maturity under a hundred years. It must be planted by one generation for the good of another.

Hel. But if I were to chuse a husband, I shou'd be more forward to inquire into his own merits, than those of his ancestors.

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SCENE II.

LADY TRAP, HELENA.

La. Trap. I am fatigued to death.—Oh! your servant, miss; but, perhaps, I ought to say, mistress; your husband may have changed your title since I saw you.

Hel. And your ladyship may have changed your husband's title.—But that change has been made long ago.

La. Trap. What do you mean, madam?

Hel. Ha, ha, ha! dear aunt, the world knows the use of china-shops, tho' Sir Positive does not.

La. Trap. You seem to know, madam, I think, more than is consistent with your years.

Hel. And you seem to practise, madam, more than is consistent with yours. The theory becomes my age much better than the practice does yours.

La. Trap. Your age! marry come up; you are always boasting of that youth and beauty which you have.

Hel. That's more excusable than to boast of that youth and beauty which we have not.

La. Trap. I know whom you reflect on.—I thank my stars, indeed, I am no girl; and as for beauty, if my glass be allowed a judge——

Hel. A very corrupt judge: for a glass is so well-bred a thing, that it tells every woman she is a beauty. O! it is the greatest flatterer in the world to our faces; but the reverse in one thing, for it never disparages us behind our backs.

La. Trap. Malapert creature! A girl is now a-days no sooner out of her leading strings than she sets up for a toast. And as the girls are women before their time, so the men are children all their lives; for they will be devouring the green fruit.

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Sir Apish. [*Apart to Lady Trap.*] If you'd leave Miss a few minutes with Mr. Parson here, I wou'd engage for his success.—He is a noted match-maker.

La. Trap. Niece, pray be attentive to that reverend gentleman; he will convince you of your errors.—Come, Sir Apish, we'll take a turn in the dining-room; Sir Positive will not be long.

[*Apart to Sir Apish.*

[*These two speeches spoke together.*]

Hel. [*Aside.*] Sir Positive is safe, I'm sure, till I give him an opportunity to sneak off; so I've a reprieve at least.

SCENE IV.

HELENA, MERITAL.

Hel. What, gone?—Ha!

Mer. Be not frightened, dear madam; for I have nothing of sanctity but the masque, I assure you. [*discovering himself.*

Hel. I believe it, nor of any other virtue.

Mer. Very prettily frowned.—I know some ladies who have practised a smile twenty years, without becoming it so well.—But, come, we have no time to lose.

Hel. No, to upbraid you were loss of time, indeed; for the remonstrances of an injured woman have but little weight with such harden'd sinners.

Mer. Hum! the sight of a gown has not inspired you, I hope: you don't intend to preach; but if you do, the wedding, you know, is always before the sermon,—which is one of the chief things wherein hanging and matrimony disagree. [*Aside.*

Hel. Mr. Merital, I lik'd your raillery well enough whilst I believed you innocent. But as that gaiety in dress, which gives a bloom to beauty, shews deformity in its worst light; so that mirth and humour, which are vastly amiable in the innocent, look horrid in the guilty.

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Mer. Nay, if there be a mystery in it, and I am guilty of undeserved reproaches, your justice cannot, shall not pardon me, 'till I have atoned for it with a ten years' service. Yet impute what I have said to the sincerity of my love; my passions sympathize with yours; and if one wild delusion has possessed us, let us partake the equal joy of its discovery.

Hel. That discovery is too long to be made now; but there is a riddle in that letter which will surprise you.

Mer. Let then those lovely eyes re-assume their sweetness, and, like pure gold, rise brighter from the flames.

Hel. Well, well, you know your own terms, a ten years' siege, and then——

Mer. Ah! but will not the garrison be starved in that long time? and I shall shut it up with a very close blockade—So you had best surrender now on honourable conditions.

Hel. Well, but you'll allow the garrison to make a sally first.—Sir Positive, uncle, ha, ha, ha! come and help me to laugh.—The same worthy gentleman who came after your wife last night, is now come after your niece.

SCENE V.

To them SIR POSITIVE from the closet.

Sir Pos. A brave girl, a very brave girl! Why, why, why, what a pox do you want here, Sir?

Hel. Bless me, how he stares! I wonder he is not confined: I'm afraid he will take away somebody's life.

Sir Pos. I believe his intention is to give somebody life: such as he oftener increase families than diminish them.

Hel. Or perhaps the poor gentleman is an itinerant preacher. Did you come to preach to us, Sir?

Mer. Nay, if there be a mystery in it, and I am guilty of undeserved reproaches, your justice cannot, shall not pardon me, 'till I have atoned for it with a ten years' service. Yet impute what I have said to the sincerity of my love; my passions sympathize with yours; and if one wild delusion has possessed us, let us partake the equal joy of its discovery.

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Mer. Indeed!

Sir Pos. Ay, indeed; for do not we upbraid the son whose father was hanged; whereas many a man who deserves to be hanged, was never upbraided in his whole life.

Mer. Oons! how am I jilted! [*Aside.* Lookee, Sir Positive, to be plain, I did come hither with a design of inveigling your niece; but she shall now die a maid for me. I imposed on Sir Apish, as I would have done on you; but you see I have failed: so you may smoke on in your easy chair, Sir Trap.

Sir Pos. So, so, I began to suspect Sir Apish was in the plot; but I'm glad to find my mistake.

SCENE VII.

SIR POSITIVE, LADY TRAP.

Sir Pos. O, my dear lady, are you come? I have such a discovery! such a rare discovery! you will so hug me——

La. Trap. Not so close as you do your discovery, my dear.—But where's Helena?

Sir Pos. He, he, he, rogue! conjurer! My lady's a conjurer! why, 'tis about her I am going to discover. But where's the baronet?

La. Trap. He waits below with his chaplain.

Sir Pos. His chaplain! ha, ha, ha! 'tis a rogue in the chaplain's habit; the wild young spark that has haunted my niece so long.

La. Trap. How!

Sir Pos. Ay, and he is stole off without his disguise, which the girl has secured as a trophy of her victory.

La. Trap. Cheated! ruin'd! undone!

Sir Pos. Ha! what?

La. Trap. She is gone, she is lost——without there——she's gone, I say, and we are cheated.

Sir Pos. How, by the right hand of the Traps!

Mer. Indeed!

Sir Pos. Ay, indeed; for do not we upbraid the son whose father was hanged; whereas many a man who deserves to be hanged, was never upbraided in his whole life.

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you now tell me, if you had a thousand lives you shou'd forfeit them.

Catch. Why then, indeed, it was all false: she never said a kind thing of Mr. Merital in her life—and—and, so, when you gave me the letter, I suspected what it was, and so I carried it to my mistress; and Lady Matchless being by, she took it, and sealed, and sent it to Mr. —, and so, my lady and she went into the park this morning; and Lady Matchless made an appointment in her name, and wou'd have had her kept it, and she wou'd not—and so I was sent.

Malv. And how!—how did the devil tempt you to belie her to me?

Catch. O lud! Sir, it was not the devil, indeed; you had often teased and promised me, if I wou'd discover your rival; and, heaven knows, you have none in the world.

Malv. But on what embassy was you sent hither?

Catch. Here's a letter which, I believe, will tell you. But pray don't keep me, for we are all very busy; my Lady Matchless is to be married in a day or two to my Lord Formal.

Malv. How! to my Lord Formal?

Catch. Yes, Sir.

Malv. Well, tell her you delivered the letter as you was ordered. Don't mention a word of me.—Be trusty now, and I'll forgive the past.

Catch. I will, indeed, Sir.—O lud! I shall not recover it this week.

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MALVIL, WISEMORE.

Malv. Wisemore, most opportunely arrived. I find you are more concerned in this assignation than I imagined, as this will explain to you.

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Like mariners, without the compass tost,
We may be near our port, when we esteem it lost.

SCENE X.

SCENE, LADY MATCHLESS'S *House*.

LADY MATCHLESS, LORD FORMAL, SIR APISH,
VERMILIA, AND RATTLE.

La. Match. I hope the sincerity which I have discovered in your lordship's passion, and the glorious character you bear in the world, will excuse my easy consent.

L. Form. I would not be so ill-bred as to blush; but your ladyship's compliments have really raised an inordinate flushing in my cheeks.

Verm. Why, my dear, this will be a surprise to the town, indeed.

Rattle. I'm sure it is no agreeable one to me.

[*Aside.*
Why, widow, do you intend to leave me in the lurch?

Sir Apish. And me in the lurch too, madam? I assure you, I have refused a great fortune on your account. Has your ladyship forgot your declaration yesterday.

La. Match. Yesterday! O unpolite! are you so conversant in the *beau-monde*, and don't know that women, like quicksilver, are never fixed till they are dead?

Rattle. Agad, they are more like gold, I think; for they are never fixed but by dross. [*Aside.*

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L. Form. He, he, he! Mr. Rattle, fighting is more commonly the epilogue to that play.

Rattle. Damn your joke, Sir, either walk out with me, or I shall use you ill. [*Apart.*]

L. Form. Then you will shew your ill-breeding, and give me an opportunity of displaying my gallantry, by sacrificing the affront to the presence of the ladies.

Mer. Fie, fie, gentlemen, let us have no quarrels, pray.

Rattle. 'Sdeath! Sir, but we will: I shall not resign my mistress, Sir.

Sir Apish. Nor I neither; and so, madam, if you don't stand to your promise, I hope you'll give me leave to sue you for it.

La. Match. I have told you already, that a lady's promise is an insect which naturally dies almost as soon as it is born.

SCENE XII.

To them WISEMORE in a serjeant's gown, his hat over his ears.

Wisem. Pray, which is the Lady Matchless?

La. Match. Have you any business with me, Sir?

L. Form. This must be a very ill-bred gentleman, or he wou'd not come before so much good company with his hat on. [*Aside.*]

Wisem. It concerns an affair, madam, which will be soon so public, that I may declare it openly. There is one Mr. John Matchless, who, being heir at law to your ladyship's late husband, intends to prosecute his right, which, as his council, out of a particular regard to your ladyship, I shall farther let you know, I am persuaded we shall make good—and, I'm afraid, it will touch you very sensibly.

La. Match. My cousin John Matchless heir at law to Sir William! I wou'd not have you be under any apprehension on my account, good Sir;

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that has passed between us has been mere gallantry; for I have been long since engaged to a widow lady in the city.

Sir Apish. And to shew you, madam, that no slights from you can lessen my affection, I do entirely relinquish all pretensions to any promise whatsoever.

SCENE XIII.

To them MALVIL.

Malv. Where's, where's my injured mistress? where's Vermilia? O, see at your feet the most miserable of mankind!

Verm. What mean you, Sir?

Malv. Think not I wou'd extenuate; no, I come to blazon out my crimes, to paint them in the utmost cast of horror, to court, not fly the severity of justice; for death's to me a blessing. Ah! my friend's blood cries out for vengeance on me; and jealousy, rage, madness, and false honour, stand ready witnesses against me.—[*To Vermil.*] Of you, Madam, I am to beg a pardon for your wronged innocence.—[*To Lady Match.*] But to you I have a harder task; to implore it, for having deprived you of the best of lovers, whose dying sighs were loaded with your name.—Yes, the last words your Wisemore uttered, were to implore eternal blessings on you; your Wisemore, whom this rash, this fatal hand has slain.

[*Lady Matchless sinks into the arms of Vermilia.*]

Mer. Help, help! she faints!

Hel. A glass of water, the hartshorn immediately.

Rattle. Rustic's dead then, hey? Poor rustic!

Verm. How do you, dear?

La. Match. O! I shall rave, my frantic brain will burst: and did he bless me with his latest breath? he should have cursed me rather, for I alone am guilty. Oh! I have wildly played away

that has passed between us has been mere gallantry; for I have been long since engaged to a widow lady in the city.

Sir Apish. And to shew you, madam, that no slights from you can lessen my affection, I do entirely relinquish all pretensions to any promise whatsoever.

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Sir Apish. Yes, I had two strings to my bow; both golden ones, egad! and both cracked.

Verm. Dear Matchless, this sudden revolution of your fortune has so amazed me, that I can hardly recover myself to congratulate you on it.

La. Match. Well, but I hope you will not see your friend embarked on a second voyage, and hesitate at undertaking the first.

Verm. If I was sure my voyage wou'd be as short as yours has been; but matrimony is too turbulent a sea to be ventured on in so light a vessel as every little blast can overset.

Malv. Madam, when Mrs. Catchit has discovered the whole affair to you, as she has done to me, I doubt not but your good-nature will seal my pardon, since excess of love caused the offence.

La. Match. Nay, we must all sue.

Mer. } All, all.
Hel. }

Verm. Well, to avoid so much importunity, and to shew you the power of a prevalent example—In hopes of future amendment, Mr. Malvil, here—take my hand.

Malv. O my fairest, softest! I have no words to express my gratitude, or my love.

Verm. Pray let them be both understood then; for we have had so many raptures already, they must be but a dull repetition.

L. Form. When it is in vain to strive against the stream, all well-bred men sail with it. [*Aside.*] Ladies, I beg leave to presume to advance with my compliments of congratulation on this glorious occasion. I must own your ladyship's choice has something novel in it; but, by the sanction of so great an authority, I don't question, but it may be reconciled with the rules of consummate good-breeding.

Sir Apish. I am always his lordship's second. Ladies, I heartily wish you joy, upon my word.

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Sir Pos. Why, what, are you going to be married again?

Wisem. Sir Positive, I hope shortly to be your relation.

Sir Pos. That's more than I do, Sir, till I know your name and family.

Wisem. You shall both, Sir. My name is Wisemore.

Sir Pos. Wisemore! Wisemore! why, it is a good name—but I thought that family had been extinct.—Well, cousin, I am glad to see you have not married a snuff-box.

La. Match. To perfect the good-humour of the company, and since dinner is not yet ready, I'll entertain you with a song, which was sent me by an unknown hand. Is Mr. Hemhem there? Sir, if yo will oblige us; gentlemen and ladies, please to sit.

SONG.

I.

Ye nymphs of Britain, to whose eyes
The world submits the glorious prize
Of beauty to be due;
Ah! guard it with assiduous care,
Let neither flattery ensnare,
Nor wealth your hearts subdue.

II.

Old Bromio's rank'd among the beaus;
Young Cynthio solitary goes,
Unheeded by the fair!
Ask you then what this preference gives?
Six Flanders mares the former drives,
The latter but a pair.

Sir Pos. Why, what, are you going to be married again?

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EPILOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MISS ROBINSON, JUN.

OUR author, full of sorrow and repentance,
Has sent me here—to mitigate his sentence.
To you, tremendous critics in the pit,
Who on his first offence in judgment sit!
He pleads—Oh gad! how terrible his case is!
For my part, I am frighten'd by your faces.
Think on his youth—it is his first essay;
He may in time, perhaps,—atonement pay,
If but repriev'd this execution day.— }
Methinks I see some elder critic rise,
And darting furious justice from his eyes,
Cry, 'Zounds! what means the brat? why all this
fuss?

'What are his youth and promises to us?
'For shou'd we from severity refrain,
'We soon should have the coxcomb here again.
'And, brothers, such examples may invite
'A thousand other senseless rogues to write!'

From you then—ye toupets—he hopes defence:
You'll not condemn him—for his want of sense—
What, now you'll say, I warrant with a sneer,
'He's chose too young an advocate my dear!'
Yet boast not (for if my own strength I know)
I am a match sufficient—for a beau!

Lastly, to you, ye charmers, he applies, }
For in your tender bosoms mercy lies, }
As certain as destruction in your eyes. }
Let but that lovely circle of the fair }
Their approbation, by their smiles, declare }
Then let the critics damn him—if they dare.

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THE
TEMPLE BEAU.

A COMEDY.

FIRST ACTED IN 1729.

Non aliter, quam qui adverso vix Flumine Lembum
Remigiis subigit. VIRG. Georg.

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crassè
Compositum, illepidè putetur, sed quia nobis.
HOR. Art. Poet.

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Compositum, illepidève putetur, sed quia nobis.

HOR. Art. Poet.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY MR. RALPH, AND SPOKEN BY MR. GIFFARD.

HUMOUR and wit, in each politer age,
Triumphant, rear'd the trophies of the stage :
But only farce, and shew, will now go down,
And HARLEQUIN's the darling of the town.
WILL's has resign'd its old pretence to wit,
And beaux appear, where critics used to sit.
BUTTON himself, provok'd at wit's decline,
Now lets his house, and swears he'll burn his sign.
Ah ! shou'd all others that on wit depend,
Like him provok'd ; like him their dealing's end ;
Our theatres might take th' example too,
And players starve themselves—as Authors do.

But if the gay, the courtly world, disdain
To hear the Muses and their sons complain ;
Each injur'd Bard shall to this refuge fly,
And find that comfort which the Great deny :
Shall frequently employ this infant stage,
And boldly aim to wake a dreaming age.
The comic muse, in smiles severely gay,
Shall scoff at vice, and laugh its crimes away.
The voice of sorrow pine in tragic lays,
And claim your tears, as the sincerest praise.

Merit, like Indian gems, is rarely found,
Obscure, 'tis sullied with the common ground :
But when it blazes in the world's broad eye,
All own the charms they pass'd unheeded by.
Be you the first t'explore the latent prize,
And raise its value, as its beauties rise.
Convince that town, which boasts it better breeding,
That riches——are not all that you exceed in.
Merit, wherever found, is still the same,
And this our stage may be the road to fame.

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THE
TEMPLE BEAU.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an Anti-chamber in SIR AVARICE PEDANT'S House.*

LADY LUCY PEDANT, LADY GRAVELY.

LADY LUCY, *entering in a passion, followed by the*

LADY GRAVELY.

No more of your lectures, dear sister. Must I be fatigu'd every morning, with an odious repetition of fulsome, dull, antiquated maxims, extracted from old philosophers and divines, who no more practised what they wrote, than you practise what you read? Sure, never woman had such a time on't!—Between a husband mad with avarice, a son-in-law mad with learning, a niece mad with love—and a sister—

L. Gra. Ay, what am I? I'd be glad to know what I am.

L. Lucy. The world knows what you are—

L. Gra. How, Madam!—the world knows nothing of me.

L. Lucy. It says it does; it talks of you very freely, child. First, that you are not so young as you would seem; nor so handsome, or good as you do seem; that your actions are as much disguised by your words, as your skin by paint; that the virtue in your mouth, no more proceeds from the

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of my duty; therefore sister, since we are in private, I'll tell you what the world says of you.—In the first place, then, it says that you are both younger and handsomer than you seem.

L. Lucy. Nay, this is flattery, my dear!

L. Gra. No, indeed, my dear! for that folly, and affectation have disguis'd you all over with an air of dotage and deformity.

L. Lucy. This carries an air of sincerity———thank you, my dear.

L. Gra. That admiration is the greatest pleasure, and to obtain it, the whole business of your life; but that the ways you take to it are so preposterous, one would be almost persuaded, you aimed rather at contempt; for the actions of an infant seem the patterns of your conduct. When you are in the play-house, you seem to think yourself on the stage; and when you are at church, I should swear you thought yourself in the playhouse, did I not know you never think at all. In every circle you engross the whole conversation, where you say a thousand silly things, and laugh at them all; by both which the world is always convinced, that you have very fine teeth, and very bad sense.

L. Lucy. Well, I will convince you, for I must laugh at that; ha, ha, ha!

L. Gra. That you are not restrain'd from unlawful pleasures by the love of virtue, but variety; and that your husband is not safe from having no rival, but from having a great many; for your heart is like a coffee-house, where the beaux frisk in and out, one after another; and you are as little the worse for them, as the other is the better; for one lover, like one poison, is your antidote against another.

L. Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! I like your comparison of love and poison, for I hate them both alike.

L. Gra. And yet you are in love, and have been in love a long while.

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Y. Ped. I rejoice in the irony. To be called coxcomb by a woman is as sure a sign of sense, as to be called a rogue by a courtier is of honesty.

L. Gra. You should except your relations, nephew; and truly, for the generality of women I am much of your opinion.

Y. Ped. Are you? then you are a woman of sense, aunt; a very great honour to your sex.

L. Lucy. Did you ever hear so conceited, ignorant a wretch.

Y. Ped. Ignorant!—Know, Madam, that I have revolv'd more volumes, than you have done pages; I might say lines. More sense has gone in at these eyes—

L. Lucy. Than will ever come out at that mouth, I believe.—Ha, ha, ha!

Y. Ped. What do you laugh at? I could convince you, that what you said then was only false wit. Look ye, mother, when you have been conversant with the Greek poets, you'll make better jests.

L. Lucy. And when you have convers'd with a French dancing-master, you'll make a better figure; 'till when, you had best converse with yourself. Come, sister.

Y. Ped. Sooner than converse with thee, may I be obliged to communicate with a drunken, idle, illiterate soph: a creature, of all, my aversion.

SCENE III.

SIR AVARICE PEDANT, *and* YOUNG PEDANT.

Sir Av. How now, son! what puts you into this passion? I never knew any thing got by being in a passion.

Y. Ped. Sir, with your peace, I am not in a passion; I have read too much philosophy to have my passions irritated by women.

Sir Av. You seem, indeed, to have read a great

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Sir Av. You seem, indeed, to have read a great

pass'd since my arrival, I wou'd therefore importune you to declare to me the reasons of your message.

Sir Av. That is my intention, and you will find by it how nicely I calculate. You know my losses in the South-Sea had sunk my fortune to so low an ebb, that from having been offered, ay, and courted, to accept a wife of quality (my present lady) I fell so low, to have my proposals of marriage between you and the daughter of a certain citizen, rejected; tho' her fortune was not equal to that of my wife. For I must tell you, that a thousand a year is all you can expect from me, who might have left you ten.

Y. Ped. And is to me as desirable a gift.

Sir Av. I am sorry to hear you have no better principles. But I have hit on a way to double that sum. In short, I intend to marry you to your cousin Bellaria. I observed her, the night of your arrival, at supper, look much at you, though you were then rough, and just off your journey: my brother sent her hither to prevent her marrying a gentleman in the country of a small fortune. Now I'll take care you shall have sufficient opportunities together: and I question not but to compass the affair; by which I gain just ten thousand pound clear, for her fortune is twenty.

Y. Ped. Sir, I desire to deliver my reasons opponent to this match; they are two: first, to the thing, matrimony. Secondly, to the person, who is my cousin-german.

Sir Av. Now, Sir, I desire to deliver mine. I have but one, and that is very short. If you refuse, I'll disinherit you.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here's a gentleman, who calls himself Wilding, at the door.

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Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here's a gentleman, who calls himself Wilding, at the door.

Sir Har. I'm surpris'd at that, Sir, for he has no acquaintance but with books. Alas, Sir, he studies day and night!

Sir Av. May I ask what he studies, Sir?

Sir Har. Law, Sir; he has followed it so close these six years, that he has hardly had time to write even—to me (unless when he wants necessities). But I cannot convince you better than by one of his bills—let me see—ay, here—here it is!—here's a bill—I shall see the rogue a judge—This bill, Sir, is only for one quarter.

For law-books, 50l.

Fifty pounds worth of law books read in one quarter of a year.—I shall see the rogue a judge.

Item. For paper, pens, ink, sand, pencils, pen-knives, 10l.

For fire and candles, 8l.

You see, he reads all night.

Paid a woman to brush books, 1l.

For places in Westminster-hall, 5l.

For coaches thither, at 4s. per time, 12l.

For night-gown, slippers, caps, physic——

Sir Av. Hold, hold, pray; it's enough in con science.

Sir Har. In short, the whole bill amounts to two hundred and seventy-five pounds, for the necessities of study only. I shall see the rogue a judge:

Sir Av. But (methinks) there is one article a little extraordinary: how comes it that your son pays four shillings for a coach to Westminster, when four lawyers go thither for one?

Sir Har. Ay! why that's a question, now, that has been asked me several times: heart! I believe you are all envious of my boy. If he pays four times as much, he carries four times as much law, and that, I think, is an answer.

Sir Av. I wonder, Sir Harry, a gentleman of your plentiful fortune, should breed your eldest son to the law.

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For coaches thither, at 4s. per time, 12l.

For night-gown, slippers, caps, physic——

Sir Av. Hold, hold, pray; it's enough in conscience.

Sir Har. In short, the whole bill amounts to two hundred and seventy-five pounds, for the necessities of study only. I shall see the rogue a judge:

Sir Av. But (methinks) there is one article a little extraordinary: how comes it that your son pays four shillings for a coach to Westminster, when four lawyers go thither for one?

Sir Har. Ay! why that's a question, now, that has been asked me several times: heart! I believe you are all envious of my boy. If he pays four times as much, he carries four times as much law, and that, I think, is an answer.

Sir Av. I wonder, Sir Harry, a gentleman of your plentiful fortune, should breed your eldest son to the law.

Ver. My wishes, Valentine, were equal to yours, but my expectations greater; for I was told the town, and all its pleasures, had long engrossed the heart of my Valentine. Nor has my information been false, I find. These clothes! these looks! these airs! give me reason to wonder how I recollected my metamorphosed friend.

Val. Why, faith! I am a little changed since those happy times, when after a day spent in study, we us'd to regale at night, and communicate our discoveries in knowledge over a pint of bad port. While, poor creatures! we were strangers to the greatest, pleasantest part of knowledge——

Ver. What?

Val. Woman, dear Charles, woman; a sort of books prohibited at the university, because your grave dons don't understand them. But what part of the world has possessed you these years?

Ver. The first twelve month after I left the university, I remained in the country with my father (you had not then forgot to correspond with me). I then made the tour of France and Italy. I intended to visit Germany; but on my return to Paris, I there received the news of my father's death!

Val. S'death! he did not deserve the name!—Nay, I am no stranger to your misfortunes. Sure Nature was as blind when she gave him such a son, as Fortune when she robbed you of your birth-right.

Ver. Valentine, I charge thee, on thy friendship, not to reflect on that memory which shall be ever sacred to my breast. Who knows what arts my brother may have used? Nay, I have reason to believe my actions abroad were misrepresented. I must have fallen by a double deceit. He must have coloured my innocence with the face of vice, and cover'd his own notorious vices under the appearance of innocence.

Val. Hell in its own shape reward him for it.

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whole life with my Valentine: but necessity confines our happiness to this day.

Val. This day!

Ver. To-morrow night I am to meet a friend at Dover, to embark for France. I am glad we met so soon; for every hour I am with you, though it seems a moment, is worth an age.

Wild. You are soon weary of your country, Mr. Veromil, which you long'd to see so much when we were at Paris.

Ver. Misfortunes have made it disagreeable.

Wild. Come, come, I see the bottom of this: there is a mistress in the case.

Val. To France for a mistress!

Wild. Ay, or what do all our fine gentlemen there?

Val. Learn to please an English one. It wou'd be more rational in a Frenchman to come abroad for a dancing-master, than in an Englishman to go abroad for a mistress.

Ver. However, you'll allow a lover to be partial; you must excuse me if I think France has now the finest woman in the universe. But, to end your amazement, she is our country-woman.

Wild. And has some devilish coquet led you a dance to Paris? Never stir after her: if she does not return within ten weeks, I'll be bound to——fetch her.

Val. Who can this great uncelebrated beauty be?

Ver. Oh! Valentine! she is one, whose charms would delude stoicism into love; the luscious dreams of amorous boys ne'er rais'd ideas of so fine a form, nor man of sense e'er wish'd a virtue in his mistress's mind which she has not. That modesty! that sweetness! that virtue!

Wild. Her name, her name?

Val. Her fortune, her fortune?

Ver. I know, gentlemen, you who have liv'd so much in the gay world, will be surprised to hear

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Wild. The ladies are oblig'd to you for your opinion.

Val. I think so. What's yours, pray?

Wild. Mine! that the poets ought to be hanged for every compliment they have made them.

Ver. Hey day!

Wild. For that they have not said enough in their favour——Ah! Charles! there are women in the world——

[*Hugs Veromil.*]

Ver. Bravo! women!

Wild. Dost thou think I confine my narrow thoughts to one woman? No; my heart is already in the possession of five hundred, and there is enough for five hundred more.

Val. Why, thou hast more women in thy heart, than the Grand Turk has in his seraglio.

Wild. Ay, and if I have not finer women——'Sdeath! well recollected. Valentine, I must wait on one of your aunts to an auction this morning.

Ver. Nay, dear honest reprobate, let us dine together.

Wild. I am engaged at the same place.

Val. Veromil, if you please, I'll introduce you. Perhaps you will be entertained with as merry a mixture of characters as you have seen. There is (to give you a short *Dramatis Personæ*) my worthy uncle, whose whole life and conversation runs on that one topic, Gain. His son, whom I believe you remember at the university, who is since, with much labour and without any genius, improved to be a learned blockhead.

Ver. I guess his perfections by the dawnings I observ'd in him. His learning adorns his genius as the colouring of a great painter would the features of a bad one.

Wild. Or the colouring of some ladies do the wrinkles of their faces.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, WILDING'S *chambers in the Temple.*PINCET *alone.*

'Tis a fine thing to have a clear conscience: but a clear purse, and a loaded conscience, is the devil. To have been a rogue, in order to be a gentleman, and then reduced to be a servant again!——What, refuse paying my annuity the second half year, and bid discover if I dare! [*Shews a letter.*]——Discover if I dare! you shall repent that, my dear brother rogue: for since I can't live like a gentleman by my roguery, I'll e'en tell the truth, and stand in the pillory like one, by my honesty. [*Knocking.*] So, the duns begin: well, I can say truly, my master is not at home now—but if he were, it would be the same thing.

[*Knocking harder.*]

SCENE II.

-SIR HARRY WILDING, PINCET.

Pin. Hey day! this is some scrivener, or dun of authority.

Sir Har. Here, you, sirrah, where's your master?

Pin. I do not know, Sir.

Sir Har. What, is not he at home?

Pin. No, Sir.

Sir Har. And when do you expect him home?

Pin. I can't tell.

Sir Har. I warrant, gone to Westminster—A diligent rogue—when did your master go out?

Pin. I don't know. (What strange fellow is this?)

Sir Har. [*Aside.*] I warrant before this rascal was up.—Come, sirrah, show me your master's library.

Pin. His library, Sir?

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Pin. His library, Sir?

Pin. And pay as finely too, I believe, to your sorrow.

Sir Harry. 'A suit of black velvet, twenty-three pounds.' Adad, the rogue is extravagant. [*Aside.*]

SCENE IV.

To them MILLINER, PERIWIGMAKER, SHOEMAKER,
HOSIER.

Mill. Mr. Pincet, is your master within?

Pin. No, no, no.—You must all come another time.

Per. Sir, we shall not come another time; we agreed to come all in a body; and unless we are paid, we shall take other methods. [*Knocking.*]

Sir Harry. Hell and the devil! what have we here! [*Staring as in the greatest confusion.*]

Pin. [*Without.*] He is not at home.

Tricksy. I tell you he is, and I will see him.

SCENE V.

To them MRS. TRICKSY. *As she is crossing the stage,*
SIR HARRY *takes hold on her.*

Sir Har. Hark ye, Madam, are you acquainted with my son?

Tric. Nor none of the scrubs that belong to you, fellow, I hope.

Sir Har. The gentleman who owns these chambers, Madam, is my son.

Tric. Sir, you are an impudent coxcomb; the gentleman who owns these chambers has no such dirty relations.

Sir Har. Very fine, very fine! I see it now. My son is an extravagant rake, and I am imposed upon. But I'll be reveng'd on these fop-makers at least.

Per. Sir, I will have my money.

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Per. Sir, I will have my money.

Bel. And when the merit of him I do love is much more a rarity than either. 'Tis only when we fix our affections unworthily, that they are blameable; but where virtue, sense, reputation, worth, love, and constancy meet in a man, the mistress who is ashamed of her passion must have a soul too mean to distinguish them.

L. Gra. What will the immodesty of this age come to!

L. Lucy. What will the stupidity of it come to?

L. Gra. A young woman to declare openly she loves a man!

L. Lucy. A young woman to declare openly she loves one man only? Your wit and beauty, Bellaria, were intended to enslave mankind. Your eyes should first conquer the world, and then weep, like Alexander's, for more worlds to conquer.

Bel. I rather think he should have wept for those he had conquered. He had no more title to sacrifice the lives of men to his ambition, than a woman has their ease. And I assure you, Madam, had my eyes that power you speak, I would only defend my own by them, which is the only warrantable use of power in both sexes.

L. Lucy. Well, for a woman who has seen so much of the world, you talk very strangely.

L. Gra. It is to her town education, to her seeing the world, as you call it, that she owes these immodest thoughts; had her father confin'd her in the country, as her uncle did, and as I advis'd him, she would have scorn'd fellows as much as I do.

Bel. I hope, Madam, I shall never give any of my friends reason to regret my education.

L. Gra. Yes, Madam, I do regret it;—I am sorry I have a relation who has no more virtue, than to love a man.

Bel. My father commanded me, Madam, to love him.

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SCENE VIII.

To them SERVANT.

Serv. Ladies, Mr. Valentine, Mr. Wilding, and another gentleman are below.

L. Lucy. Shew them up.

L. Gra. I'll not be seen.

L. Lucy. Nay, Lady Gravely.

L. Gra. I don't like such company——besides, I have some business in my chamber.

SCENE IX.

VALENTINE, WILDING, VEROMIL, LADY LUCY,
BELLARIA, CLARISSA.

Val. Ladies, your humble servant, I beg the honour of introducing a friend of mine—Lady Lucy, Mrs. Bellaria. [*They salute.*]

Bel. Oh, heav'ns! [*Aside.*]

L. Lucy. Was there much company in the Park?

Wild. All the world, but yourselves; I wonder you could resist the temptation of so fine a day, Lady Lucy.

L. Lucy. Oh! never be surprised at me, but when you see me walking; for I am the most lazy creature in the world. I would not have walk'd to my coach this morning, to have been empress of the universe. Oh! I adore the eastern way of travelling on men's shoulders: but walking is so vulgar an exercise, I wonder people of quality give in to it.

Val. It has only the recommendation of being wholesome and innocent.

L. Lucy. Great recommendations truly, to some antiquated prude, some poor-spirited animal, who is proud of an innocent face.

Wild. That is a face, which never does the beholders any harm.

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Cla. Intolerable insolence!——I'll never see you more.

Val. Pardon me, Bellaria, I must follow her.—
To make the quarrel irreconcilable. [*Aside.*

SCENE XI.

VEROMIL, BELLARIA.

[*VEROMIL and BELLARIA, who had stood this while silent, rush into one another's arms.*]

Ver. My Bellaria!

Bel. Are you——can you be my Veromil?

Ver. Let this fond kiss confirm me to be Veromil, and yours.

Bel. And this embrace, which pulls you to my heart, assure you, that I know I hold my Veromil: for none but him these arms should e'er encircle.

Ver. My dear, my tender love!

Bel. Oh! tell me what strange, what unexpected chance has brought us once again together.

Ver. A chance so strange; it seems the direction of a providence, which looks with propitious pleasure on the sincerity of our virtuous loves; for had not the accidental meeting of a friend prevented it, I had to-morrow gone for France, whither I falsely heard you was sent.

Bel. Did you never receive any letter from me?

Ver. And did not my Bellaria then forget me?—
Oh! how blest had I been to have seen a line from her.

Bel. Then I have been betrayed; for know, my Veromil, I was forc'd from my uncle's house in the middle of the night, and in two days brought hither; where I have been kept the closest prisoner; yet I found means to write to you, and gave the letter to my maid, with a ring from my finger to enforce her faithfulness; and she has a thousand times sworn she sent it you.

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a woman; and I believe, now you have seen her, you will confess a fine one.

Ver. What do you mean?

Val. In a word, that lady I left you alone with, I doat on to distraction.—You seem disturb'd, Veromil! Did I not know you already engag'd, and the constancy of your temper, her charms might excuse my suspecting a sudden conquest.

Ver. Be assur'd it is not in the power of wealth or beauty to change my passion.—And are you to be married to her to-morrow?

Val. Wou'd I were. To shew you I distrust not your friendship, I'll open my whole breast to you. I had for almost two years pursued that other lady, and after a long series of importunity, at last obtained her consent, and to-morrow was the appointed day. But about a month since, the lady whom I told you of in our way from the Park came hither; that I lik'd her, you'll easily believe; but by frequent conversation, the disease possess'd my whole mind. My love for her, and aversion for my former mistress, increased daily—till I resolv'd to break with the old, and pursue the new passion. The one I have accomplish'd in an irreconcilable quarrel with Clarissa: the first step I will take to the latter, shall be by all means whatsoever to lessen her value for him she thinks herself engag'd to—whom, cou'd I once remove, I easily should supply his place.

Ver. But can you do this with honour?

Val. Ha, ha, ha! you and I had strange notions of that word when we us'd to read the moralists at Oxford; but our honour here is as different from that as our dress. In short, it forbids us to receive injuries, but not to do them.

Ver. Fine honour truly!—Just the reverse of Christianity.

Val. Pshaw!—thou art so unfashionably virtuous!

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Sir Av. If her gallant be rich : but if he's poor, look you, I will have nothing to do with him ; for I have resolved never to go to law with a beggar or a lord : the one you will never cast, and the other you will get nothing by casting.

L. Gra. You'll get revenge.

Sir Av. I am too good a Christian to give money for revenge.

L. Gra. But not to give up your conscience for money. Will you set up for a Christian without honesty ?

Sir Av. I'll have faith, at least ; and so, sister, I believe my wife honest, and will believe it, 'till you prove the contrary.

L. Gra. Can a woman be honest who frequents assemblies, auctions, plays, and reads romances ?

Sir Av. Very innocently, I dare swear.

L. Gra. Who keeps an assembly herself ! whose house is a public rendezvous for idle young fellows ! and who is, I am afraid, sometimes alone with one fellow.

Sir Av. And very innocently, I dare aver.

L. Gra. How ! innocently alone with a fellow ! Brother, I would not be innocently alone with a fellow for the universe.

Sir Av. Since you enrage me, you yourself have a worse character than my wife.

L. Gra. Monster ! I an ill character ! I, who have lived reputably with two husbands !

Sir Av. And buried them both with great satisfaction.

L. Gra. The world knows how decently I grieved for them both ; yes, you see too well I have not worn off the loss of the last to this day.

Sir Av. Nor will not, 'till you have got a third, which I heartily wish you had, that my house might be at ease, and that my poor wife, my poor Penelope, might not be disturb'd. For I will no more believe any thing against her, than I will believe a

Sir Av. If her gallant be rich : but if he's poor, look you, I will have nothing to do with him ; for I have resolved never to go to law with a beggar or a lord : the one you will never cast, and the other you will get nothing by casting.

L. Gra. You'll get revenge.

Sir Av. I am too good a Christian to give money for revenge.

L. Gra. But not to give up your conscience for money. Will you set up for a Christian without honesty ?

Sir Av. I'll have faith, at least ; and so, sister, I believe my wife honest, and will believe it, 'till you prove the contrary.

L. Gra. Can a woman be honest who frequents assemblies, auctions, plays, and reads romances ?

Sir Av. Very innocently, I dare swear.

L. Gra. Who keeps an assembly herself ! whose house is a public rendezvous for idle young fellows ! and who is, I am afraid, sometimes alone with one fellow.

Sir Av. And very innocently, I dare aver.

L. Gra. How ! innocently alone with a fellow ! Brother, I would not be innocently alone with a fellow for the universe.

Sir Av. Since you enrage me, you yourself have a worse character than my wife.

L. Gra. Monster ! I an ill character ! I, who have lived reputably with two husbands !

Sir Av. And buried them both with great satisfaction.

L. Gra. The world knows how decently I grieved for them both ; yes, you see too well I have not worn off the loss of the last to this day.

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Wild. Then 'tis yourself, yourself, madam; the object of my thoughts, my dreams, my wishes—

L. Gra. In love with me! I hope, Sir, my conduct has not given encouragement.

Wild. Oh! do not, do not look thus cruel on me. Those eyes shou'd only dart their lightnings on the profligate; but when approach'd with purity, should be all gentle, mild, propitious. I, madam, despise and hate the world as you. Coquets are my aversion.

L. Gra. That, indeed, shews your sense.

Wild. Would but my fate so far bless me, that I might have the opportunity of conversing with a woman of your sense, of communicating my censures on the world to you, and approving yours. Nothing can be harmful that passes between such a pair. [*Kissing her hand.*] Let what will proceed from their amours.

L. Gra. Odious name!

Wild. Their virtuous hours. [*Kissing it harder.*] The world never lays any censure on their conduct.

L. Gra. The world is not half so censorious as it ought to be on the flirting part of the sex.—Really, I know very few who are not downright naughty.

Wild. Yes, and openly—it is six times the crime. The manner of doing ill, like the manner of doing well, is chiefly consider'd—and then the persons too.

L. Gra. The giggling, ogling, silly, vile creatures.

Wild. I don't know a woman, beside yourself, one can converse with.

La. Gra. Truly, I am at a loss for conversation among my sex.

Wild. Ah! madam, might one who has the misfortune to be a man—

L. Gra. Don't call it a misfortune, since the women are so bad.

Wild. Then 'tis yourself, yourself, madam; the object of my thoughts, my dreams, my wishes—

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ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Anti-chamber.*LADY LUCY *and* WILDING.

LADY LUCY.

I HAVE been half dead with impatience to know your success.

Wild. If ever I am sent on such an errand again—

L. Lucy. I'll engage she gave it you home.

Wild. That she did, indeed.

L. Lucy. And—and—Ha, ha, ha!—How did she receive you?—Ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Why, I attacked her in a grave solemn style. I put on as hypocritical a countenance as a jesuit at a confession.

L. Lucy. And she received you like a nun, I suppose.

Wild. Sir (says she) while you frequent my sister's assemblies, your affected sobriety will gain no place in my belief. I receive no visits from any man—but from such a gay, wild, loose, raking, dancing, singing, fluttering—

L. Lucy. Coxcomb! Ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Would you recommend yourself to me, you must leave off your whole set of company, and particularly that wild, vain, thoughtless, flirting, unfix'd, inconstant—

L. Lucy. Hold! hold!

Wild. Mimicking, sighing, laughing—

L. Lucy. Whom do you mean?

Wild. She nam'd no body.

L. Lucy. No, she did not need. I know whom she scandaliz'd, and I'll tell her, be it only to make mischief.

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court in it; and of no more use in the real fields of love or war, than an eunuch in a bed-chamber, or a parson in a battle.

L. Lucy. I have taken a sudden resolution—

Wild. Have a care of a bad one!

L. Lucy. Never to see you more.

Wild. I thank you for telling me, however, because it has led me into another resolution.

L. Lucy. Impertinent!

Wild. Never to leave you more, till you have given me all the joys in your power.

L. Lucy. I hate you.

Wild. That's barbarous, when you know my love.

L. Lucy. Yes, I do know your love; and therefore I have us'd you like a spaniel, and will use you like a spaniel.

Wild. And I, like a spaniel, will but fawn the more, my angel. [Takes her in his arms.]

SCENE II.

To them SIR AVARICE PEDANT.

Sir Av. Hoity-toity? Hey-day! What's here to do? have I caught you, gentlefolks? I begin to see I am rightly inform'd. Are these your innocent gaieties, madam?

SCENE III.

To them SIR HARRY WILDING.

Sir Har. Where is the dog? Sirrah! scoundrel! where are you? I shall see you hang'd, rascal! I shall see you hang'd, sirrah! I'll begin the executioner's work. I'll chastise you, sirrah!

Wild. Humph!

Sir Av. Sir Harry! what is the matter.

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Sir Av. Sir Harry! what is the matter.

L. Lucy. What could make you imagine that I was to be brib'd to so mean, base, low an action! what could make you think I'd ever sell my niece?

Sir Av. } How.

Sir Har. }

L. Lucy. Sir Avarice, you are a stranger to the arts of this wicked young man: he has importuned me a thousand times, since Bellaria's coming to town, to betray her to him; and just now he vowed never to let me go, till I had promised.—Had you not come in, Heav'n knows whether I should have ever got away from him.

Wild. Can you blame the effects of love, madam? You yourself see what a metamorphosis it has caused in me.—I, who for six long years scarce ever liv'd out of a study, who knew no amusement, no diversion but in books, no sooner saw the charming maid, than reading grew my bane; gaiety, dress, every thing that might charm the fair, has since employ'd my thoughts.

Sir Har. What do I hear!

Wild. My father here, who, from not knowing the cause of this transformation; has so severely resented it, can testify the truth of what I say.

Sir Har. I shall see the rogue a judge!—That I can, my dear boy; and I will take care that thou shalt not be forc'd to bribe or beg any one: the girl shall be thy own.—Sir Avarice, I ask your pardon; and, madam, I ask your pardon; and, Harry, I ask your pardon.

Wild. Oh, Sir! you make me blush.—Dear witty creature!

[*Aside.*

Sir Av. You were not so good as your word, at dinner, Sir Harry.

Sir Har. I was hunting after my boy here; but I will be glad to be recommended to the butler presently.

Sir Av. At your own time.—Come, my dear;

L. Lucy. What could make you imagine that I was to be brib'd to so mean, base, low an action! what could make you think I'd ever sell my niece?

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Wild. You have been at another gentleman's chambers.

Sir Har. Sir, I was' at those chambers where I plac'd you.

Wild. Ah, Sir! there's the mistake. I chang'd them about a fortnight ago; they were so noisy, they discompos'd me in my study. I shou'd have sent you word of it in my next letter.

Sir Har. How! I have committed a fine set of errors, I'm sure.

Wild. What have you done, Sir?

Sir Har. Broke open a few locks, that's all—— I may be hanged myself now, before I go into the country.

Wild. Forbid it——you have a most litigious man to deal with.

Sir Har. I must make it up in the best manner I can. You must assist me with law. But come, we will lose no time with our heiress. Besides, I long to see your chambers, and your books. I am resolv'd I'll find some time this afternoon. I'll first obey a certain call that I find within me, and then wash my face and hands, and get my wig powdered, that I may be fit to wait on the young lady: so don't be out of the way.

Wild. This is a miraculous escape! or rather a short reprieve; for how to carry on the deceit I don't know. I'll e'en go and advise with trusty Pincet; for I believe he is (as well as several of my brother Templars' servants) a better lawyer than his master.

SCENE V.

SIR AVARICE, LADY LUCY, BELLARIA, YOUNG PEDANT.

Sir Av. Be not angry with me, Bellaria, I get nothing by this match; and when I get nothing by an affair, it is very hard I shou'd be blamed for it.

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(as Mr. Locke very well observes) does not receive our assent as soon as the proposition is known and understood. Let us introduce then this syllogism :

Whatever the law of nature enjoins, is indispensably just :

But the law of nature enjoins obedience to a parent :

Ergo, Obedience to a parent is indispensably just.

Bel. Nay, but what have we to do with the law of nature ?

Y. Ped. O, if you require farther—the divine law confirms the law of nature. I shall proceed to shew that it is approved by profane writers also ; translating them as they occur for your more immediate comprehension.

Bel. I'll leave you to your meditations.

SCENE VII.

YOUNG PEDANT *alone.*

Y. Ped. Venus says to Æneas in Virgil, ‘ Fear not the commands of a parent ; nor refuse to obey her precepts.’—What says Polynices to Jocasta in Euripides?—‘ Whatever you will, O my mother, shall also be grateful to me.’—The sons of Metellus, as recorded by Alexander, are a great instance—Plautus in *Sticho* ;—‘ Whatever our parents command, we are obliged to perform.’ Why are Cleobis and Biton preferr’d by Solon in Herodotus ? why, for their piety to their mother. What an instance have we in the second son of Artaxerxes—

SCENE VIII.

To him VALENTINE, VEROMIL.

Val. So, cousin Pedant, what, arguing with yourself ?

Y. Ped. What ! is she gone.

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Val. So, cousin Pedant, what, arguing with yourself ?

Y. Ped. What ! is she gone.

Val. One thou art asham'd to name, I believe.

Wild. She is a very great friend of a friend of yours. She is even——Bellaria?

Val. Bellaria?

Ver. Confusion! [Aside.

Wild. My father is arrived on that purpose. The matter is agreed with the guardian in the country, who is himself coming to town. This haste (it seems) is lest she shou'd be discover'd by a lover in the country. But you don't wish me joy, methinks.

Val. Because I believe you won't have her.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! If I have her not: if I don't win her, wed her, love her, and grow weary of her in a month, may I be reduced to that last extremity, to live by the charity of superannuated widows of the town, and either go to bed with an old woman, or without a supper.

Val. A very modest declaration! and may you thrive according to your merits. But I must leave you on some business——Veromil.

SCENE X.

WILDING, YOUNG PEDANT.

Wild. So cold! 'Sdeath! this fellow's in love with matrimony itself, and jealous of any others sharing in it.

Y. Ped. Sir, if I recollect your face, your name is Wilding.

Wild. Ha! Mr. Pedant, your very humble servant.

Y. Ped. I hear, Sir, you are about to consummate with a young lady here. I assure you, none will so sensibly rejoice in your fortune as myself.

Wild. Dear Sir!

Y. Ped. For your preferment will be my deliverance, and the occasion of restoring me to my studies.

Wild. Oh! Sir!

Val. One thou art asham'd to name, I believe.

Wild. She is a very great friend of a friend of yours. She is even——Bellaria?

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Wild. Dear Sir!

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Wild. Oh! Sir!

so. Follow her, Mr. Valentine; she can fly no farther than that chamber. Nay, I vow you shall.—The little quarrels of lovers, are only throwing water on the flames, which quells them for a while, then makes them burn the brighter.

Val. But when you throw on too great a quantity, the flames may be extinguish'd.

Bel. Nay, this is barbarous: you must and shall follow her, and appease her.

Val. Since you command, Madam——It shall be my own fault, if this be not the last visit. [*Aside.*]

SCENE XII.

VEROMIL, BELLARIA.

Ver. [*Looking on Bellaria, and speaking as to himself.*] Can deceit take root in such a soil?—No. I'll sooner disbelieve my friend—she can't be false; heaven never would have stamp'd its image on so base a coin. The eyes which have beheld that face, will never believe themselves against her—so lively is innocence writ there—can falsehood then——

Bel. What means my love?

Ver. I know not what I mean.

Bel. Nam'd you not falsehood?

Ver. Ha! do you start at that sound? A guilty conscience starts when it is upbraided—the name of a crime has magic in it to the guilty ear.

Bel. I am confounded!

Ver. So am I, Bellaria!

Bel. Oh! tell me what it is that afflicts you. I will relieve your pain.

Ver. Have you the power then of that fabled spear, can you as easily cure as give a wound?

Bel. [*Smiling.*] If I have given you the wound, I will have the charity to cure it.

Ver. Your charity is extensive, Madam; you wou'd do the same to more—to Valentine. But

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who seduces poor, unskilful, thoughtless virgins is applauded, while they must suffer endless infamy and shame. Well have ye reveng'd the sin of Eve upon us: for man has since supplied the serpent's place, and scandalously lurks to cause our ruin: for what but such an infernal spirit cou'd inspire a villain to abuse my innocence to you?

Ver. Cou'd he be such a villain!

Bel. Do, believe him, ungrateful as thou art; but oh! remember this, you'll find too late how much you've wrong'd me, and curse that credulous ear which separates us for ever.

[*As she is going, he catches hold of her.*]

Ver. Oh, stay! [*Looking fondly at her*] by heavens thou canst not be false.

Bel. Be not too sure of any thing; I was too sure you never cou'd have thought me so.

Ver. Oh! did you know the torments of my mind, you'd pity, not upbraid me.

Bel. Witness heav'n I do pity you; and while I am rack'd with torments of my own, I feel yours too.

Ver. Oh! thou art all angel: would I had had no ears, or he no tongue, or that I had lost my own, ere I had said—I believe, I know thee innocent; thy mind is white as purest snow. But Oh! that curs'd suspicion has blacken'd mine. I never shall forgive it to myself.

Bel. For my sake, ease the tempests of your mind. I'll never think on't more.

Ver. When I deserve it, do. Surely thou art more than woman. How dearly mightest thou have revenged my unjust accusation, by keeping me a few moments in the horror of having offended thee, or doubt of thy pardon.

Bel. Unkindly you think me capable of such a behaviour. No, Veromil, I know the sincerity of your love—and wou'd not give you an uneasy hour, to gain more worlds than you deserve.

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to make an honourable retreat; for women act in love, as heroes do in war: their passions are not presently rais'd for the combat; but when once up, there's no getting off without fighting. Here comes one. Humph! [*Stands with his arms across.*]

SCENE II.

LADY GRAVELY, WILDING.

L. Gra. Are you meditating, Mr. Wilding?

Wild. Lady Gravelly, I ask a thousand pardons.

L. Gra. Oh! you can't recommend yourself to me more; I love to see young men thoughtful. And really, young men now-a-days seem to be ashamed to think.

Wild. They ought to be so! for the only excuse to their actions, is a supposition that they do not.

L. Gra. That's very justly said. I find you and I sympathize in opinion.

Wild. Their dress, however, wou'd persuade one otherwise: the care and art employed in that, seem the effects of thought——

L. Gra.—In milliners, and *Valets des Chambres*.

Wild. I wonder how they recommend themselves to so many fine ladies.

L. Gra. You mistake. There are half a dozen green-sickness girls, who long for beaus, and chalk, and those things——but they are equally despis'd by knowing women. For my part, I think them pardonable no longer than a doll.

Wild. And of no more use. Like that too, they rise in value, as they are richer dress'd.

L. Gra. They are my aversion.

Wild. That, I fear, our whole sex is.

L. Gra. That's too generally spoken, I can't say all; I have found two exceptions already——and I don't know but I have seen a third.

Wild. Is it possible!

to make an honourable retreat; for women act in love, as heroes do in war: their passions are not presently rais'd for the combat; but when once up, there's no getting off without fighting. Here comes one. Humph! [*Stands with his arms across.*]

SCENE II.

LADY GRAVELY, WILDING.

L. Gra. Are you meditating, Mr. Wilding?

Wild. Lady Gravelly, I ask a thousand pardons.

L. Gra. Oh! you can't recommend yourself to me more; I love to see young men thoughtful. And really, young men now-a-days seem to be ashamed to think.

Wild. They ought to be so! for the only excuse to their actions, is a supposition that they do not.

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L. Gra. I shou'd have only my own conscience to satisfy.—And tho' no conscience is more tender : yet, temptations allowed for—

Sir Har. [*without.*] Harry! Harry! where's Harry?

L. Gray. I faint, I die, I am undone! run, run into that chamber, and fasten the door on the inside: I'll knock when you may come out.

SCENE III.

SIR HARRY WILDING, LADY GRAVELY.

Sir Har. Have you seen my son, madam?

L. Gra. Not since dinner, Sir Harry.

Sir Har. What can become of him! I have been beating about this half hour. I have unkennell'd a fox in less time.

L. Gra. Sir Harry, you may thank your stars that conducted you to me; for perhaps it is in my power to save your son from ruin.

Sir Har. How, madam!

L. Gra. I fear he is about marrying a woman who will make him miserable.

Sir Har. No, no, madam, I have taken care to prepare such a match, as shall make him happy.

L. Gra. Perhaps your are mistaken. I speak against my relation; but honour obliges it. In short, Sir Harry, my niece has not those principles which can make a good wife.

Sir Har. I ask your pardon, madam, she has twenty thousand pounds—very good principles, I think.

L. Gra. She is a wild, flirting, giddy jilt.

Sir Har. Is that all?

L. Gra. I am afraid she is no better than she shou'd be.

Sir Har. I don't expect it.

L. Gra. I shou'd have only my own conscience to satisfy.—And tho' no conscience is more tender : yet, temptations allowed for—

Sir Har. [*without.*] Harry! Harry! where's Harry?

L. Gray. I faint, I die, I am undone! run, run into that chamber, and fasten the door on the inside: I'll knock when you may come out.

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Sir Har. I don't expect it.

Y. Ped. Hold, aunt; that you can know what my mother is going to say is denied; for to know one's thoughts, before that knowledge is conveyed by words, implies a supernatural insight into the mind. It will be proper, therefore, to prove you have that insight, before any assent to your proposition can be requir'd.

L. Gra. Fool! coxcomb! pedant! You shou'd be sent to an academy to learn men, before you converse with them; or else be confin'd to a tub, as one of your philosophers were, 'till you had learnt enough to know you are a fool.

Y. Ped. Aunt, I wish a female relation of mine was shut up, 'till any one thought her wise, beside herself.—Shut up in a tub! I agree, so that no women trouble me. I had rather live in a tub by myself, than in a palace with a woman. You see, madam, what an encouragement I have to marry.—What a task must I undertake, to marry a girl, when my aunt, who has had two husbands, is not half tam'd!—Get me such a wife as Andromache was, and I'll marry; but for your fine ladies, as you term them, I wou'd as soon put on a laced coat; for they are both alike: your fine coat is only admired when new, no more is your fine lady; your fine coat is most commonly the property of a fool, so is your fine lady: your fine coat is to be bought, so is your fine lady. I despise them both to an excessive degree.

L. Lucy. Leave us, Sir, 'till you learn more manners.

Y. Ped. I obey willingly.

SCENE V.

LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELY.

L. Lucy. A pedant is a most intolerable wretch: I'm afraid she'll never endure him.

L. Gra. Who endure him?

Y. Ped. Hold, aunt; that you can know what my mother is going to say is denied; for to know one's thoughts, before that knowledge is conveyed by words, implies a supernatural insight into the mind. It will be proper, therefore, to prove you have that insight, before any assent to your proposition can be requir'd.

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LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELY.

L. Lucy. A pedant is a most intolerable wretch: I'm afraid she'll never endure him.

L. Gra. Who endure him?

L. Lucy. Confess, Sir, by what art did you open the door when the key was lost?

L. Gra. I cannot suspect a gentleman of a design to rob me.

L. Lucy. Only like a gentleman, of what you wou'd not be a bit the poorer for losing.

L. Gra. Speak, Sir; how got you there? what was your design?

L. Lucy. He is dumb.

L. Gra. He is inventing a lie, I suppose.

L. Lucy. He is bringing forth truth, I believe: it comes so difficultly from him.

Wild. If I am not revenged on you, madam!—Look ye, ladies, since our design is prevented, I don't know why it shou'd be kept a secret; so, Lady Lucy, you have my leave to tell it.

L. Lucy. I tell!

L. Gra. Oh! the creature! is she in the plot? O virtue, virtue! whither art thou flown! O the monstrous impiety of the age!

Wild. Nay, there was no such impiety in the case neither: so tell, Lady Lucy.

L. Lucy. Surprising!

L. Gra. Oh! the confidence of guilt!

Wild. Come, come, discover all: tell her ladyship the whole design of your putting me in her chamber.—But you will own you have lost the wager.

L. Lucy. Impudence beyond belief!

L. Gra. Tell me, Sir; I beseech you, tell me.

Wild. Only a wager between Lady Lucy and me, whether your ladyship was afraid of sprites. So Lady Lucy conveyed me into your chamber; and if, upon my stalking out as frightful as possible, your ladyship shriek'd out, I was to lose the wager.

L. Lucy. Prodigious!

L. Gra. No, no; it is for evil consciences to fear; innocence will make me bold; but let me tell you, sister, I do not like jesting with serious

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sand pounds, is neither in my will, nor in my power. It is against law, reason, justice——In short, it is a most execrable sin, and I'll die a martyr to matrimony ere I consent to it.

L. Lucy. And I'll die a thousand times rather than you shall have her.

Wild. What reason can you have?

L. Lucy. Ill-nature.

Wild. I see a better—you wou'd have me yourself. Look'ee madam, I'll lay a fair wager I am at liberty again before you. You will never bury Sir Avarice ; you are not half fond enough. Kindness is the surest pill to an old husband ; the greatest danger from a woman, or a serpent, is in their embraces.

L. Lucy. Indeed, you are mistaken, wise Sir : I do not want to bury him ; but if I did bury him, matrimony shou'd be the last folly I'd commit again, and you the last man in the world I'd think of for a husband.

Wild. But the first for a lover ; my angel.

L. Lucy. Keep off. Remember the serpent.

Wild. I'm resolv'd to venture.

L. Lucy. I'll alarm the house ; I'll raise the powers of heaven and hell to my assistance.

Wild. And I,
Claspt in the folds of love will meet my doom,
And act my joys, tho' thunder shook the room.

Sir Av. [*without*] Oh ! the villain, the rogue !

Wild. It thunders now, indeed.

Sir Av. Was ever such a traitor heard of !

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—Hark you ! cut his throat, and I will deal favourably with you in that affair : you know what I mean. [*Aside.*]

SCENE X.

VALENTINE, VEROMIL.

Val. If Veromil be a villain !

Ver. Valentine, I am glad to find you : I have been looking for you.

Val. I am sorry, Mr. Veromil should have acted in a manner to make our meeting uneasy to either. I am forced to deliver you a message from my uncle, less civil than I thought you cou'd have deserved.

Ver. What's this, Valentine ?

Val. The violation of our long and tender friendship shocks me so, I have hardly power to disclose your crime, more—than that you know my love, and have basely wronged it.

Ver. How, Sir !

Val. You have injur'd me—you know it.

Ver. Valentine, you have injur'd me, and do not know it : yet the injustice of the act you know. Yes, too well you know religion forbids an injury to a stranger.

Val. Preach not religion to me.—Oh ! it well becomes the mouth of hypocrisy to thunder Gospel tenets to the world, while there is no spark of honour in the soul.

Ver. You speak the meaning of a libertine age ; the heart that throws off the face of religion, wears but the masque of honour.

Val. Rather, he that has not honour, wears but the mask of piety. Canting sits easy on the tongue that wou'd employ its rhetoric against a friend.

Ver. Your reflection on me is base and vain. You know I scorn the apprehension of doing a wrong.

Val. Ha !

Ver. Nay, 'tis true ; true as that you did intend

—Hark you ! cut his throat, and I will deal favourably with you in that affair : you know what I mean. [*Aside.*]

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sitory pleasures of a brutal appetite? for love that is not mutual is no more.

Val. Grant not that I might succeed. No passion of my soul cou'd counterpoise my love, nor reason's weaker efforts make a stand against it.

Ver. Think it impossible then.

Val. Thou knowest not the strugglings of my breast; for Heaven never made so fine a form.

Ver. Can love, that's grounded on the outside only, make so deep an impression on your heart.— Possession soon wou'd quench those sudden flames. Beauty, my Valentine, as the flowery blossoms, soon fades; but the diviner excellencies of the mind, like the medicinal virtues of the plant, remain in it, when all those charms are withered. Had not that beauteous shell so perfect an inhabitant, and were our souls not link'd, not join'd so fast together, by Heav'n I wou'd resign her to my friend.

Val. O Veromil! Life, fortune, I cou'd easily abandon for thy friendship.—I will do more, and strive to forget thy mistress.

Ver. Let me applaud thy virtue, and press thy noble bosom to my heart.

Val. It will be necessary for you to remove from hence. I will, if possible, find some means to effect your wishes. Within this hour you shall find me at the coffee-house.

Ver. Once more let me embrace thee.—The innocent, the perfect joy that flows from the reflection of a virtuous deed, far surpasses all the trifling momentary raptures that are obtain'd by guilt. To triumph o'er a conquer'd passion, is a pride well worthy of a man.

Safe o'er the main of life the vessel rides,
When passion furls her sails, and reason guides;
While she who has that surest rudder lost,
'Midst rocks and quicksands by the waves is tost:
No certain road she keeps, no port can find,
Toss'd up and down by ev'ry wanton wind.

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of your honour—— yet, sure, to insult me, is beneath a man.

Val. If to relent——if with a bleeding heart to own my crime, and with tears to ask your pardon, be insulting——

Cla. Ha!

Val. See, see my grief, and pity me. I cannot excuse, nor dare I name my crime; but here will kneel 'till you forgive it.

Cla. Nay, since you repent, you shall not have a cause for kneeling long—Rise, I forgive it.

Val. Sure, such transcendent goodness never commanded a woman's heart before! it gives new strength to my reviving passion; a love which never more shall know decay. Let us this moment tie the joyful knot.

Cla. Never, never, Valentine. As a Christian, I forgive you; but as a lover, will never regard you more. O, I have seen too lively an instance of your inconstancy!

Val. Forbid it, Heaven!

Cla. May it, indeed, forbid our marriage. No, Valentine, if ever more I hearken to your vows; if ever I once think of you as my husband, may I——

Val. Swear not, I conjure you; for, unless you make me happy in yourself, your pardon but augments my misery.

Cla. 'Tis all in vain.—Were you to kneel, swear, threaten, I'd never grant it. If my forgiveness will content you, well; if not, you never shall have more. There is another more worthy of my love.

Val. Oh! name him.

Cla. Not 'till your vengeance shall come too late.

Val. This letter may unfold——

[*Takes the letter from the table.*]

Cla. Oh! I am ruin'd.—Deliver it, ravisher.

Val. What do I see!——Is it possible!

Cla. It will do you little service.

of your honour—— yet, sure, to insult me, is beneath a man.

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Val. This goodness, Madam, at the same time that it pardons, pleads also an excuse for my crime.—I shall do my utmost to merit it.

SCENE IV.

CLARISSA, BELLARIA.

Cla. I am afraid, my dear, my late conduct has appear'd very strange to you, after what you have formerly seen.

Bel. Your former conduct was to me much more wonderful; for, to disguise our passions, is, in my opinion, a harder task than to discover them. I have often laughed at the ridiculous cruelty of women; to torment ourselves to be revenged on an enemy, is absurd; but to do it that we may give pain to a lover, is as monstrous a folly as 'tis a barbarity.

Cla. You wou'd strip beauty of all its power!

Bel. I wou'd strip beauty of all its imperfections, and persuade her whom nature has adorn'd without, to employ her chief art to adorn herself within; for believe it, my dear Clarissa, a pretty face, over-affectation, pride, ill-nature, in a word, over-coquetry, is but a gilt cover over a volume of nonsense, which will be despised by all wise men; and having been expos'd to sale for a few years in all the public auctions of the town, will be doom'd to rust neglected in the possession of a coxcomb!

SCENE V.

To them WILDING, and SIR HARRY dress'd and powder'd.

Sir Har. Madam, your most humble servant. I suppose, Madam, Sir Avarice has opened the affair to you, which has brought me to town; it was settled before I left the country, as to the material

Val. This goodness, Madam, at the same time that it pardons, pleads also an excuse for my crime.—I shall do my utmost to merit it.

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Wild. [*Aside.*] I shall be admitted into Bedlam first, I hope.—'Tis that very thing makes so many couple unhappy; for you ladies will have all our love before-hand, and then you expect it all afterwards. Like a thoughtless heir, who spends his estate before he is in the possession; with this difference—he antedates his pleasures, you postpone them.

Bel. Finely argued! I protest, Mr. Wilding, I did not think you had made such a proficiencie in your studies—It would be pity to take so promising a young man from the bar.—You may come to be a judge.

Wild. You only rally me; for I cannot think you believe that I ever studied law: dress, and the ladies, have employed my time.—I protest to you, Madam, I know no more of the law, than I do of the moon.

Bel. I thought you had been six years in the Temple.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Madam, you may as well think I am a scholar, because I have been at Oxford, as that I am a lawyer, because I have been at the Temple.

Bel. So, then, you have deceived your father in the character of a lawyer; how shall I be sure you will not me, in that of a lover?

Wild. Oh! a thousand ways, Madam: first, by my countenance; then by the temptation; and lastly, I hope you will think I talk like a lover. No one, I am sure, ever heard me talk like a lawyer.

Bel. Indeed you do now,——very like one; for you talk for a fee.

Wild. Nay, madam, that's ungenerous. How shall I assure you? if oaths will—I swear—

Bel. No, no, no; I shall believe you swear like a lawyer too—that is, I shall not believe you at all. Or, if I was to allow your oaths came from a lover, it wou'd be much the same; for I think truth to be a thing in which lovers and lawyers agree.

Wild. [*Aside.*] I shall be admitted into Bedlam first, I hope.—'Tis that very thing makes so many couple unhappy; for you ladies will have all our love before-hand, and then you expect it all afterwards. Like a thoughtless heir, who spends his estate before he is in the possession; with this difference—he antedates his pleasures, you postpone them.

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Wild. You only rally me; for I cannot think you believe that I ever studied law: dress, and the ladies, have employed my time.—I protest to you, Madam, I know no more of the law, than I do of the moon.

Bel. I thought you had been six years in the Temple.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Madam, you may as well think I am a scholar, because I have been at Oxford, as that I am a lawyer, because I have been at the Temple.

Bel. So, then, you have deceived your father in the character of a lawyer; how shall I be sure you will not me, in that of a lover?

Wild. Oh! a thousand ways, Madam: first, by my countenance; then by the temptation; and lastly, I hope you will think I talk like a lover. No one, I am sure, ever heard me talk like a lawyer.

Bel. Indeed you do now,——very like one; for you talk for a fee.

Wild. Nay, madam, that's ungenerous. How shall I assure you? if oaths will—I swear—

Bel. No, no, no; I shall believe you swear like a lawyer too—that is, I shall not believe you at all. Or, if I was to allow your oaths came from a lover, it wou'd be much the same; for I think truth to be a thing in which lovers and lawyers agree.

SCENE VIII.

To him LADY GRAVELY.

Your ladyship's most humble servant. You have not made a great many visits.

L. Gra. No, the lady I went with has been laying out a great sum of money; she carried me as a sort of appraiser; for I am thought to have some judgment. But I believe Sir Harry is coming up stairs. I was desired to give you this, by one who has an opinion of my secrecy and yours.

SCENE IX.

WILDING, *solus, reads.*

'I hear, by Sir Harry, you have a great collection of books. You know my curiosity that way, so send me the number of your chambers, and this evening I will come and look over them.'

What shall I do? If I disappoint her, her resentment may be of ill consequence, and I must expect the most warm one. I do not care neither, at this crisis, to let her into the secret of my deceit on my father. Suppose I appoint her at young Pedant's—that must be the place. And since I can't wait on her myself, I'll provide her other company. I'll appoint Lady Lucy at the same time and place; so they will discover one another, and I shall be rid of them both, which I begin to wish; for since I have been propos'd a wife out of it, my stomach is turn'd against all the rest of the family.

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convicted (that no doubt we shall, on such a strength of proof), immediately sentence is awarded against us, and then execution regularly follows.

Sir Har. Execution, Sir!—what execution?

Wild. Oh, my unfortunate father!—Hanging, Sir.

Pin. Ay, ay, hanging, hanging is the regular course of law; and no way to be averted. But, as to our conveyance to the placé of execution, that I believe we shall be favoured in. The sheriff is to render us there; but whether in a coach or cart, I fancy a small sum may turn that scale.

Sir Har. Coach or cart! Hell and the devil! Why son, why Sir, is there no way left?

Pin. None. We shall be convicted of felony, and then hanging follows of course.

Wild. It's too true—so says Coke against Littleton.

Sir Har. But Sir, dear Sir, I am as innocent—

Pin. Sir, the law proceeds by evidence—my brother Starchum indeed offered, that upon a bond of five thousand pounds he would make up the affair; but I thought it much too extravagant a demand; and so I told him flatly—we wou'd be hang'd.

Sir Har. Then you told a damn'd lie; for if twice that sum would save us, we will not.

Pin. How, Sir, are you willing to give that money?

Sir Har. No, Sir, I am not willing; but I am much less willing to be hang'd.

Wild. But do you think, Mr. Counsellor, you cou'd not prevail for four thousand?

Pin. That truly we cannot reply to, till a conference be first had.

Sir Har. Ay, or for four hundred?

Pin. Four hundred!—why it would cost you more the other way, if you were hang'd any thing decently. Look you, Sir, Mr. Starchum is at the

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SCENE XIII.

VALENTINE, YOUNG PEDANT.

Y. Ped. Cousin Valentine, have I offended you? have I injured you any way?

Val. No, dear cousin.

Y. Ped. Will you please, Sir, then to assign the reason why you do contrive my ruin, by espousing me to this young woman.

Val. Are you unwilling?

Y. Ped. Alas! Sir, matrimony has ever appeared to me a sea full of rocks and quicksands; it is Scylla, of whom Virgil—

‘*Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum;*
Or as Ovid—

‘*Gerens latrantibus inguina monstribus.*’

Val. Well, then you may be comforted; for I assure you, so far from bringing you into this misfortune, I am taking measures to deliver you out of it.

SCENE XIV.

To them SIR AVARICE.

Sir Av. Here, Sir, is a note which I believe will content you.

Val. How, Sir! these are not my writings.

Sir Av. No, Sir; but if your intentions are as you say, it is of equal value with them. I have there promis'd to pay you the sum which you say I have in my hands, on the marriage of my niece. Now if you scruple accepting that condition, I shall scruple trusting her in your hands.

Val. [*Having read it and mus'd.*] Well, Sir, to shew you my sincerity, I do accept it; and you shall find I will not fail delivering the young lady at the appointed hour and place.

Sir Av. Let the hour be eight, and the place my son's chambers. I'll prepare matters that nobody.

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Y. Ped. But, Sir, is not injustice a——

Sir Av. Injustice! Hark-you, sirrah! I have been guilty of five hundred pieces of injustice for a less sum. I don't see why you shou'd reap the benefit of my labours, without joining your own.

SCENE XVI.

YOUNG PEDANT'S *chambers*.

LADY GRAVELY, SERVANT.

L. Gra. Your master has not been at home yet?

Ser. No, madam; but if you please to divert yourself with these books, I presume he will not be long. (I dare not ask her what master she means, for fear of a mistake: though as I am in no great doubt what her ladyship is, I suppose it to be my beau master.) [*Aside.*]

L. Gra. It is now past the time of our appointment; and a lover who retards the first, will be very backward indeed on the second. His bringing me off yesterday to my sister, gave me no ill assurance of both his honour and his wit. I wish this delay wou'd not justify my suspecting his love.—Hark, I hear him coming.

SCENE XVII.

LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELY.

L. Gra. Ah!

L. Lucy. Sister, your servant; your servant, sister.

L. Gra. I am surpris'd at meeting you here.

L. Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! I am a little surpris'd too, Ha, ha!

L. Gra. I have scarce strength enough to tell you how I came here. I was walking up from the Temple-stairs to take a chair, (I'll never venture

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L. Lucy. Madam, madam, the world shall know what a sister I have.

L. Gra. I disclaim your kindred. You are no relation of mine.

L. Lucy. You make me merry.

L. Gra. I may spoil your mirth: at least I'll prevent it this time, I'm resolv'd.

L. Lucy. That's more ill-natur'd than I'll shew myself to you—so, your servant. [*Exit.*]

L. Gra. I'll take a hackney coach and be at home before her—I see he's a villain; but I'll find a way to be revenged on them both.

L. Lucy. (*Re-entering.*) O! for heaven's sake, let us lay aside all quarrels, and take care of both our reputations. Here's a whole coach load coming up stairs. I heard them enquire for these chambers—Here's a closet; in, in—I never was so frightened in my whole life.

SCENE XVIII.

VALENTINE, VEROMIL, BELLARIA, CLARISSA.

Ver. The clergyman outstays his time, or the impatience of my love outflies it. I'm rack'd till the dear bond be tied beyond the power of art to undo. Think then, my sweet, if the least apprehension of losing thee can shock my soul; what agonies must I have liv'd in, when hope was as distant, as fear is now.

Bel. Too easily, my Veromil, I guess; I know them by my own; for sure I am not in debt one sigh to love.

Ver. In debt! not all the service of my life can pay thee for a tender thought of me. Oh! how I long for one soft hour to tell thee all I've under-

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Wild. Nay, I must secure my father.

[*Veromil makes at Sir Harry, Wilding interposes—he pushes at Wilding, and is disarmed—the ladies lose Valentine.*]

Bel. Oh heav'ns! my Veromil, you are not wounded!

Ver. Through the heart, Bellaria by this prevention.

Bel. Be easy then; for all the powers of hell shall never part us.

SCENE XX.

To them SIR AVARICE, YOUNG PEDANT.

Sir Av. Hey! what have we here? my wife, and sister, and Sir Harry, and all the world!

Sir Har. Death and the devil! what does this mean?

Sir Av. Nay, good people! how came you all here?

Sir Har. Ay, how came you all here? for I will know before any one go out——

Pin. Sir, I beg to be excus'd—[*Offering to go.*]

Sir Har. Not a step: I shall have business for you. I'll see by what law these people make a public rendezvous of my son's chambers.

Sir Av. Your son's chambers, Sir Harry!

Y. Ped. That they were his, *datur*—that they are his, *negatur*—for the time that they were lent for, is expir'd—*ergo*, they were his, but are not.

L. Lucy. } What's this?

L. Gra. }

Sir Har. Were his, but are not—What, have you sold these too, Harry!

Wild. 'Twill out.

Sir Har. Speak, Sir; why don't you speak? are not these your chambers?

Wild. No, Sir.

Sir Av. His!

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Ver. [*taking up a letter.*] Here's one of your papers, Sir—[*starts*] Gilbert, my father's servant! —[*looking on the letter*] By heav'ns! my brother's hand too—then my curiosity is pardonable.

[*Reads it.*]

Pin. Heaven I see is just.

Ver. Prodigious!—Gentlemen, I beg that man may be secur'd.

Wild. He is my servant, Sir.

Ver. He formerly was my father's—This letter here, which is from my brother to him, will inform you farther.

' GILBERT,

' I received yours, and shou'd have paid you
' your half year's annuity long since, but I have
' had urgent occasions for my money—You say, it
' is hard to be reduced to your primitive degree,
' when you have ventur'd your soul to raise yourself
' to a higher; and a little after have the impudence
' to threaten to discover—discover if you dare—
' you will then find you have ventur'd your body
' too; and that perjury will entitle you to the same
' reward as you audaciously say forgery will me
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Val. Not till she is married, Sir. As you have not been pleased to mention to whom, Veromil will fill the place as well as any other.

Sir Av. Sir!

Val. Sir, what you have agreed to give is but my own; your conditions of delivering it are as scandalous as your retaining it: so you may make a bustle, and lose as much reputation as you please; but the money you will be obliged to pay.

Sir Av. And pray, Sir, why did you invite all this company hither?

Val. How some of it came here, I know no more than you do.

L. Gra. I can only account for myself and sister.

L. Lucy. Ay, my sister and I came together.

Wild. Mine is a long story; but I will divert you all with it some other time.

Pin. May I then hope your pardon?

Ver. Deserve it, and I will try to get his majesty's for you, which will do you most service.

SCENE *the last.*

To them a SERVANT.

Serv. An't please your honour, your honour's brother, Mr. Pedant, is just come to town, and is at home now with Sir Harry Wilding.

Sir Av. Then all my hopes are frustrated. Get chairs to the door.

Ver. This is lucky news indeed! and may be so for you too, Wilding: for Sir Harry is too good-humour'd a man to be an exception to the universal satisfaction of a company. I hope this lady will prevent the uneasiness of another.

[*To Clarissa.*

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EPILOGUE :

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND, AND SPOKEN BY MRS. GIFFARD.

CRITICS, no doubt, you think I come to pray
Your pardon for this foolish, virtuous play.
As Papists, by a saint ; so authors practise,
To get their crimes aton'd for, by an actress.
Our author too wou'd fain have brought me to it ;
But, faith ! I come to beg you'd damn the poet.

What did the dullard mean by stopping short,
And bringing in a husband to spoil sport ?
No sooner am I in my lover's arms,
But—pop—my husband all our joys alarms !
Madam, to save your virtue, cries Sir Bard,
I was oblig'd. To save my virtue ! Lard ! }
A woman is her own sufficient guard.
For, spite of all the strength which men rely in,
We very rarely fall——without complying.

Some modern bards, to please you better skill'd,
Had, without scruple, the whole thing fulfill'd ;
Had sent us off together, and left you in
A sad suspense, to guess what we are doing ;
Then fans had hid the virtuous ladies faces,
And cuckolds hats had shelter'd their grimaces.
But ours, forsooth, will argue that the stage
Was meant t'improve, and not debauch the age.
Pshaw ! to improve !—the stage was first design'd,
Such as they are, to represent mankind.
And, since a poet ought to copy nature,
A cuckold, sure, were not so strange a creature.

Well, tho' our poet's very modest muse,
Cou'd, to my wish, so small a thing refuse,
Critics, to damn him, sure, will be so civil—
That's ne'er refus'd by critics—or the devil.
But shou'd we both act parts so very strange,
And, tho' I ask, shou'd you refuse revenge ;
Oh ! may this curse alone attend your lives !
May ye have all Bellarias to your wives !

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SUNG IN THE THIRD ACT, BY THE SAME PERSON.

I.

VAIN, Belinda, are your wiles,
Vain are all your artful smiles,
While, like a bully, you invite,
And then decline th' approaching fight.

II.

Various are the little arts,
Which you use to conquer hearts ;
By empty threats he would affright,
And you, by empty hopes, delight.

III.

Cowards may by him be brav'd ;
Fops may be by you enslav'd ;
Men wou'd he vanquish, or you bind,
He must be brave, and you be kind.

SUNG IN THE THIRD ACT, BY THE SAME PERSON.

I.

VAIN, Belinda, are your wiles,
Vain are all your artful smiles,
While, like a bully, you invite,
And then decline th' approaching fight.

II.

Various are the little arts,
Which you use to conquer hearts ;
By empty threats he would affright,
And you, by empty hopes, delight.

III.

Cowards may by him be brav'd ;
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THE
AUTHOR'S FARCE;
WITH A
PUPPET-SHOW,
CALLED THE
PLEASURES OF THE TOWN.

First acted at the Hay-Market in 1729, and revived some years after at Drury-Lane, when it was revised, and greatly altered by the AUTHOR, as now printed.

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Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?

Juv. Sat. 1.

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PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. JONES.

Too long the 'Tragic Muse hath aw'd the stage,
And fright'ned wives and children with her rage.
Too long Drawcansir roars, Parthenope weeps,
While ev'ry lady cries, and critic sleeps.
With ghosts, rapes, murders, tender hearts they
wound,
Or else, like thunder, terrify with sound.
When the skill'd actress to her weeping eyes,
With artful sigh, the handkerchief applies,
How griev'd each sympathizing nymph appears !
And box and gallery both melt in tears.
Or when, in armour of Corinthian brass,
Heroic actor stares you in the face,
And cries aloud with emphasis that's fit, on
Liberty, freedom, liberty and Briton !
While frowning, gaping for applause he stands,
What generous Briton can refuse his hands ?
Like the tame animals design'd for show,
You have your cues to clap, as they to bow ;
Taught to commend, your judgments have no share ;
By chance you guess aright, by chance you err.

But handkerchiefs and Britain laid aside,
To-night we mean to laugh, and not to chide.

In days of yore, when fools were held in fashion,
Tho' now, alas ! all banish'd from the nation,
A merry jester had reform'd his lord,
Who wou'd have scorn'd the sterner Stoic's word.

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PERSONS IN THE FARCE.

MEN.

<i>Luckless, the Author and</i>	}	MR. MULLART.	
<i>Master of the Show,</i>			
<i>Witmore, his friend,</i>	. . .	MR. LACY.	
<i>Marplay, sen.</i>	} Comedians,	{ MR. REYNOLDS.	
<i>Marplay, jun.</i>			MR. STOPLER.
<i>Bookweight, a Bookseller,</i>	. . .	MR. JONES.	
<i>Scarecrow,</i>	} Scribblers,	{ MR. MARSHAL.	
<i>Dash,</i>			MR. HALLAM.
<i>Quibble,</i>			MR. DOVE.
<i>Blotpage,</i>			MR. WELLS, JUN.
<i>Index,</i>		
<i>Jack, Servant to Luckless,</i>		MR. ACHURCH.	
<i>Jack-pudding,</i>	MR. REYNOLDS.	
<i>Bantomite,</i>	MR. MARSHAL.	

WOMEN.

Mrs. Moneywood, the }
Author's Landlady, } . . MRS. MULLART.
Harriot, her Daughter, . . MISS PALMS.

THE

AUTHOR'S FARCE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LUCKLESS'S *Room in* MRS. MONEYWOOD'S *House.*

MRS. MONEYWOOD, HARRIOT, LUCKLESS.

MONEYWOOD.

NEVER tell me, Mr. Luckless, of your play, and your play. I tell you, I must be paid. I would no more depend on a benefit-night of an unacted play, than I would on a benefit-ticket in an undrawn lottery. Cou'd I have guess'd that I had a poet in my house! Cou'd I have look'd for a poet under lac'd clothes!

Luck. Why not? since you may often find poverty under them: nay, they are commonly the signs of it. And, therefore, why may not a poet be seen in them as well as a courtier?

Money. Do you make a jest of my misfortune, Sir?

Luck. Rather my misfortune. I am sure I have a better title to poverty than you; for, notwithstanding the handsome figure I make, unless you are so good to invite me, I am afraid I shall scarce prevail on my stomach to dine to-day.

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Money. But as you happen to have nothing in the world, I desire you wou'd have nothing to say to her. I suppose you wou'd have settled all your castles in the air. Oh! I wish you had liv'd in one of them, instead of my house. Well, I am resolv'd, when you have gone away (which I heartily hope will be very soon) I'll hang over my door in great red letters, 'No Lodgings for Poets.'—Sure never was such a guest as you have been. My floor is all spoil'd with ink, my windows with verses, and my door has been almost beat down with duns.

Luck. Would your house had been beaten down, and every thing but my dear Harriot crush'd under it.

Money. Sir, Sir——

Luck. Madam, Madam! I will attack you at your own weapons; I will pay you in your own coin.

Money. I wish you'd pay me in any coin, Sir.

Luck. Look ye, Madam, I'll do as much as a reasonable woman can require; I'll show you all I have: and give you all I have too, if you please to accept it. *[Turns his pockets inside out.]*

Money. I will not be us'd in this manner. No, Sir, I will be paid, if there be any such thing as law.

Luck. By what law you will put money into my pocket, I know not; for I never heard of any one who got money by the law, but the lawyers. I have told you already, and I tell you again, that the first money I get shall be yours; and I have great expectations from my play. In the mean time, your staying here can be of no service, and you may possibly drive some fine thoughts out of my head. I wou'd write a love-scene, and your daughter wou'd be more proper company, on that occasion, than you.

Money. You wou'd act a love-scene, I believe; but I shall prevent you; for I intend to dispose of myself before my daughter.

Luck. Dispose of yourself!

Money. But as you happen to have nothing in the world, I desire you wou'd have nothing to say to her. I suppose you wou'd have settled all your castles in the air. Oh! I wish you had liv'd in one of them, instead of my house. Well, I am resolv'd, when you have gone away (which I heartily hope will be very soon) I'll hang over my door in great red letters, 'No Lodgings for Poets.'—Sure never was such a guest as you have been. My floor is all spoil'd with ink, my windows with verses, and my door has been almost beat down with duns.

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Luck. Dispose of yourself!

Har. What's the matter?

Luck. Oh! your mother! your mother!

Har. What, has she been scolding ever since?

Luck. Worse! worse!

Har. Heav'n forbid she should threaten to go to law with you.

Luck. Oh, worse! worse! she threatens to go to church with me. She has made me a generous offer, that if I will but marry her, she will suffer me to settle all she has upon her.

Har. Generous creature! Sure you will not resist the proposal?

Luck. Hum! what would you advise me to?

Har. Oh, take her, take her, by all means; you will be the prettiest, finest, loveliest, sweetest couple—Auh! what a delicate dish of matrimony you will make? Her age with your youth, her avarice with your extravagance, and her scolding with your poetry.

Luck. Nay, but I am serious, and I desire you wou'd be so. You know my unhappy circumstances, and your mother's wealth. It would be at least a prudent match.

Har. Oh! extremely prudent, ha, ha, ha! the world will say, Lard! who could have thought Mr. Luckless had had so much prudence. This one action will overbalance all the follies of your life.

Luck. Faith, I think it will: but, dear Harriot, how can I think of losing you for ever? And yet, as our affairs stand, I see no possibility of our being happy together. It will be some pleasure too, that I may have it in my power to serve you. Believe me it is with the utmost reluctance I think of parting with you. For if it was in my power to have you—

Har. Oh, I am very much oblig'd to you—I believe you—Yes, you need not swear, I believe you.

Luck. And can you as easily consult prudence,

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Har. Wou'd my dearest Luckless know,
What his constant Harriot can
Her tender love and faith to show,
For her dear, her only man.

Ask the vain coquette, what she
For men's adoration wou'd ;
Or from censure to be free,
Ask the vile censorious prude.

In a coach and six to ride,
What the mercenary jade,
Or the widow to be bride
To a brisk broad-shoulder'd blade.

All these I wou'd attempt for thee,
Cou'd I but thy passion fix ;
Thy will, my sole commander be,
And thy arms my coach and six.

Money. [*within*]. Harriot, Harriot.

Har. Hear the dreadful summons, adieu. I will
take the first opportunity of seeing you again.

Luck. Adieu, my pretty charmer ; go thy ways
for the first of thy sex.

SCENE IV.

LUCKLESS, JACK.

Luck. So ! what news bring you ?

Jack. An't please your honour I have been at my
lord's, and his lordship thanks you for the favour
you have offer'd of reading your play to him ; but
he has such a prodigious deal of business, he begs
to be excus'd. I have been with Mr. Keyber too :
he made me no answer at all. Mr. Bookweight
will be here immediately.

Luck. Jack.

Jack. Sir.

Luck. Fetch my other hat hither. Carry it to
the pawnbroker's.

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Jack. Sir.

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rit, there would be some encouragement. But now, when party and prejudice carry all before them; when learning is decried, wit not understood; when the theatres are puppet-shows, and the comedians ballad-singers; when fools lead the town, wou'd a man think to thrive by his wit? If you must write, write nonsense, write operas, write Harlothrumbos, set up an oratory, and preach nonsense, and you may meet with encouragement enough. Be profane, be scurrilous, be immodest; if you wou'd receive applause, deserve to receive sentence at the Old Bailey; and if you wou'd ride in a coach, deserve to ride in a cart.

Luck. You are warm, my friend.

Wit. It is because I am your friend. I cannot bear to hear the man I love ridiculed by fools, by idiots.—To hear a fellow, who had he been born a Chinese, had starv'd for want of genius, to have been even the lowest mechanic, toss up his empty noddle with an affected disdain of what he has not understood; and women abusing what they have neither seen nor read, from an unreasonable prejudice to an honest fellow, whom they have not known. If thou wilt write against all these reasons, get a patron, be pimp to some worthless man of quality, write panegyrics on him, flatter him with as many virtues as he has vices. Then, perhaps, you will engage his lordship, his lordship engages the town on your side, and then write till your arms ache, sense or nonsense, it will all go down.

Luck. Thou art too satirical on mankind. It is possible to thrive in the world by justifiable means.

Wit. Ay, justifiable, and so they are justifiable by custom. What does the soldier or physician thrive by, but slaughter? The lawyer, but by quarrels? The courtier, but by taxes? The poet, but by flattery? I know none that thrive by profiting mankind, but the husbandman and the merchant: the one gives you the fruit of your own soil, the

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alterations in it that will be for its advantage, I will do it freely.

Wit. Alterations, Sir?

Mar.jun. Yes, Sir, alterations—I will maintain it, let a play be never so good, without alteration it will do nothing.

Wit. Very odd, indeed.

Mar.jun. Did you ever write, Sir.

Wit. No, Sir, I thank Heav'n.

Mar.jun. Oh! your humble servant—your very humble servant, Sir. When you write yourself, you will find the necessity of alterations. Why, Sir, wou'd you guess that I had alter'd Shakspeare.

Wit. Yes, faith, Sir, no one sooner.

Mar.jun. Alack-a-day! Was you to see the plays when they are brought to us, a parcel of crude undigested stuff. We are the persons, Sir, who lick them into form, that mould them into shape—The poet make the play indeed! the colourman might be as well said to make the picture, or the weaver, the coat: my father and I, Sir, are a couple of poetical tailors: when a play is brought us, we consider it as a tailor does his coat; we cut it, Sir, we cut it; and let me tell you, we have the exact measure of the town; we know how to fit their taste. The poets, between you and me, are a pack of ignorant——

Wit. Hold, hold, Sir. This is not quite so civil to Mr. Luckless; besides, as I take it, you have done the town the honour of writing yourself.

Mar.jun. Sir, you are a man of sense, and express yourself well. I did, as you say, once make a small sally into Parnassus, took a sort of flying leap over Helicon: but if ever they catch me there again—Sir, the town have a prejudice to my family; for if any play cou'd have made them asham'd to damn it, mine must. It was all over plot. It wou'd have made half a dozen novels: nor was it cramm'd with a pack of wit-traps, like Congreve and Wy-

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Luck. Not yet.

Book. Oh! Sir, when it is, it will be then time enough to talk about it. A play, like a bill, is of no value till it is accepted: nor indeed when it is, very often. Besides, Sir, our playhouses are grown so plenty, and our actors so scarce, that really plays are become very bad commodities. But pray, Sir, do you offer it to the players or the patentees?

Luck. Oh! to the players, certainly.

Book. You are in the right of that: but a play which will do on the stage, will not always do for us; there are your acting plays, and your reading plays.

Wit. I do not understand that distinction.

Book. Why, Sir, your acting play is entirely supported by the merit of the actor; in which case, it signifies very little whether there be any sense in it or no. Now your reading play is of a different stamp, and must have wit and meaning in it. These latter I call your substantive, as being able to support themselves. The former are your adjective, as what require the buffoonry and gestures of an actor to be join'd with them, to shew their signification.

Wit. Very learnedly defined truly.

Luck. Well, but, Mr. Bookweight, will you advance fifty guineas on my play?

Book. Fifty guineas! Yes, Sir. You shall have them with all my heart, if you will give me security for them. Fifty guineas for a play! Sir, I wou'd not give fifty shillings.

Luck. 'Sdeath, Sir! do you beat me down at this rate?

Book. No, nor fifty farthings. Fifty guineas! Indeed your name is well worth that.

Luck. Jack, take this worthy gentleman, and kick him down stairs.

Book. Sir, I shall make you repent this.

Luck. Not yet.

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in your debt, pray? Because he has order'd me to pay you.

Money. Ay! Sir, I wish he had.

Wit. I am serious, I assure you.

Money. I am very glad to hear it, Sir. Here is the bill as we settled it this very morning. I always thought, indeed, Mr. Luckless had a great deal of honesty in his principles; any man may be unfortunate: but I knew when he had money I shou'd have it; and what signifies dunning a man, when he hath it not? Now that is a way with some people which I cou'd never come into.

Wit. There, Madam, is your money. You may give Mr. Luckless the receipt.

Money. Sir, I give you both a great many thanks. I am sure it is almost as charitable as if you gave it me; for I am to make up a sum to-morrow morning. Well, if Mr. Luckless was but a little soberer, I should like him for a lodger exceedingly; for I must say, I think him a very pleasant good-humour'd man.

SCENE X.

LUCKLESS, WITMORE, MONEYWOOD.

Luck. Those are words I never heard out of that mouth before.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! you are pleas'd to be merry ha, ha!

Luck. Why, Witmore thou hast the faculty opposite to that of a witch, and canst lay a tempest. I shou'd as soon have imagin'd one man cou'd have stopt a cannon-ball in its full force, as her tongue.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! he is the best company in the world, Sir, and so full of his similitudes.

Wit. Luckless, good morrow: I shall see you soon again.

in your debt, pray? Because he has order'd me to pay you.

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Wit. I am serious, I assure you.

Money. I am very glad to hear it, Sir. Here is the bill as we settled it this very morning. I always thought, indeed, Mr. Luckless had a great deal of honesty in his principles; any man may be unfortunate: but I knew when he had money I shou'd have it; and what signifies dunning a man, when he hath it not? Now that is a way with some people which I cou'd never come into.

Wit. There, Madam, is your money. You may give Mr. Luckless the receipt.

Money. Sir, I give you both a great many thanks. I am sure it is almost as charitable as if you gave it me; for I am to make up a sum to-morrow morning. Well, if Mr. Luckless was but a little soberer, I should like him for a lodger exceedingly; for I must say, I think him a very pleasant good-humour'd man.

SCENE X.

LUCKLESS, WITMORE, MONEYWOOD.

Luck. Those are words I never heard out of that mouth before.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! you are pleas'd to be merry ha, ha!

Luck. Why, Witmore thou hast the faculty opposite to that of a witch, and canst lay a tempest. I shou'd as soon have imagin'd one man cou'd have stopt a cannon-ball in its full force, as her tongue.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! he is the best company in the world, Sir, and so full of his similitudes.

Wit. Luckless, good morrow: I shall see you soon again.

Money. All pure gold.

Luck. I have a vast deal of silver, which he brought me, within; will you do me the favour of taking it in silver? that will be of use to you in the shop too.

Money. Any thing to oblige you, Sir.

Luck. Jack, bring out the great bag, number One. Please to tell the money, madam, on that table.

Money. It's easily told: heav'n knows there's not so much on't.

Jack. Sir, the bag is so heavy, I cannot bring it in.

Luck. Why, then, come and help to thrust a heavier bag out.

Money. What do you mean?

Luck. Only to pay you in my bed-chamber.

Money. Villain, dog, I'll swear a robbery, and have you hang'd: rogues, villains!

Luck. Be as noisy as you please—[*Shuts the door.*] Jack, call a coach; and d'ye hear, get up behind it and attend me.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE PLAYHOUSE.

LUCKLESS, MARPLAY, SENIOR, MARPLAY, JUNIOR.

LUCKLESS. [*Reads.*]

' THEN hence my sorrow, hence my ev'ry fear;
' No matter where, so we are bless'd together.
' With thee, the barren rocks, where not one step
' Of human race lies printed in the snow,
' Look lovely as the smiling infant spring.'

Money. All pure gold.

Luck. I have a vast deal of silver, which he brought me, within; will you do me the favour of taking it in silver? that will be of use to you in the shop too.

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' Of human race lies printed in the snow,
' Look lovely as the smiling infant spring.'

Mar. sen. Those two last lines again, if you please.

Luck. 'Thou'st made,' &c.

Mar. jun. '———Thou flood of joy

'Mix with my soul, and rush thro' ev'ry vein.'

Those are two excellent lines indeed: I never writ better myself: but, Sar——

Luck. 'Leandra's mine, go bid the tongue of fate

'Pronounce another word of bliss like that;

'Search thro' the eastern mines and golden shores,

'Where lavish nature pours forth all her stores;

'For to my lot cou'd all her treasures fall,

'I wou'd not change Leandra for them all.'

There ends act the first, and such an act as, I believe, never was on this stage yet.

Mar. jun. Nor never will, I hope.

Mar. sen. Pray, Sir, let me look at one thing.

'Falernian wines seem bitter to my taste.'

Pray, Sir, what sort of wines may your Falernian be? for I never heard of them before; and I am sure, as I keep the best company, if there had been such sorts of wines, I should have tasted them. Tokay I have drank, and Lacrimæ I have drank, but what your Falernian is, the devil take me if I can tell.

Mar. jun. I fancy, father, these wines grow at the top of Parnassus.

Luck. Do they so, Mr. Pert? why then I fancy you have never tasted them.

Mar. sen. Suppose you should say, The wines of Cape are bitter to my taste.

Luck. Sir, I cannot alter it.

Mar. sen. Nor we cannot act it. It won't do, Sir, and so you need give yourself no farther trouble about it.

Luck. What particular fault do you find?

Mar. jun. Sar, there's nothing that touches me, nothing that is coercive to my passions.

Luck. Fare you well, Sir: may another play be coercive to your passions.

Mar. sen. Those two last lines again, if you please.

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Luck. Fare you well, Sir: may another play be coercive to your passions.

Mar. jun. But I am a little afraid of writing ; for my writings, you know, have far'd but ill hitherto.

Mar. sen. That is, because thou hast a little mistaken the method of writing. The art of writing, boy, is the art of stealing old plays, by changing the name of the play, and new ones, by changing the name of the author.

Mar. jun. If it was not for these cursed hisses and catcalls——

Mar. sen. Harmless music, child, very harmless music, and what, when one is but well seasoned to it, has no effect at all : for my part, I have been us'd to them.

Mar. jun. Ay, and I have been us'd to them too, for that matter.

Mar. sen. And stood them bravely too. Idle young actors are fond of applause, but, take my word for it, a clap is a mighty silly, empty thing, and does no more good than a hiss ; and therefore, if any man loves hissing, he may have his three shillings worth at me, whenever he pleases.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in BOOKWEIGHT'S House.

DASH, BLOTPAGE, QUIBBLE, *writing at several Tables*

Dash. Pox on't, I'm as dull as an ox, tho' I have not a bit of one within me. I have not din'd these two days, and yet my head is as heavy as any alderman's or lord's. I carry about me symbols of all the elements ; my head is as heavy as water, my pockets are as light as air, my appetite is as hot as fire, and my coat is as dirty as earth.

Blot. Lend me your Bysche, Mr. Dash, I want a rhyme for wind.

Mar. jun. But I am a little afraid of writing; for my writings, you know, have far'd but ill hitherto.

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Blot. Lend me your Bysche, Mr. Dash, I want a rhyme for wind.

SONG.

AIR. *Ye Commons and Peers.*

How unhappy's the fate
To live by one's pate,
And be forc'd to write hackney for bread?
An author's a joke,
To all manner of folk,
Wherever he pops up his head, his head,
Wherever he pops up his head.

Tho' he mount on that hack,
Old Pegasus' back,
And of Helicon drink till he burst,
Yet a curse of those streams,
Poetical dreams,
They never can quench one's thirst, &c.

Ah! how shou'd he fly
On fancy so high,
When his limbs are in durance and hold?
Or how shou'd he charm,
With genius so warm,
When his poor naked body's a cold, &c.

SCENE IV.

BOOKWEIGHT, DASH, QUIBBLE, BLOTPAGE.

Book. Fie upon it, gentlemen! what, not at your pens? Do you consider, Mr. Quibble, that it is a fortnight since your Letter to a Friend in the Country was published? Is it not high time for an Answer to come out? At this rate, before your Answer is printed, your Letter will be forgot. I love to keep a controversy up warm. I have had authors who have writ a pamphlet in the morning, answer'd it in the afternoon, and answer'd that again at night.

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For *Difficile est Satyram non scribere*, sixpence—
Hum ! hum ! hum ! Sum total, for thirty-six Latin
mottos, eighteen shillings ; ditto English, one
shilling and nine pence ; ditto Greek, four, four
shillings. These Greek mottos are excessively dear.

Ind. If you have them cheaper at either of the
universities, I will give you mine for nothing.

Book. You shall have your money immediately ;
and pray remember that I must have two Latin
seditious mottos, and one Greek moral motto for
pamphlets by to-morrow-morning.

Quib. I want two Latin sentences, Sir, one for
page the fourth, in the praise of loyalty, and an-
other for page the tenth, in praise of liberty and
property.

Dash. The ghost wou'd become a motto very
well, if you wou'd bestow one on him.

Book. Let me have them all.

Ind. Sir, I shall provide them. Be pleased to
look on that, Sir, and print me five hundred pro-
posals, and as many receipts.

Book. 'Proposals for printing by subscription
' a New Translation of Cicero Of the Nature of
' the Gods, and his Tusculan Questions, by Jeremy
' Index, Esq.' I am sorry you have undertaken this,
for it prevents a design of mine.

Ind. Indeed, Sir, it does not ; for you see all of
the book that I ever intend to publish. It is only
a handsome way of asking one's friends for a guinea.

Book. Then you have not translated a word of
it, perhaps.

Ind. Not a single syllable.

Book. Well, you shall have your proposals forth-
with ; but I desire you wou'd be a little more rea-
sonable in your bills for the future, or I shall deal
with you no longer ; for I have a certain fellow
of a college, who offers to furnish me with second-
hand mottos out of the *Spectator* for two-pence
each.

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Book. At whose? Why at mine, Sir, at mine. I am as great a friend to learning, as the Dutch are to trade: no one can want bread with me who will earn it; therefore, Sir, if you please to take your seat at my table, here will be every thing necessary provided for you: good milk-porridge, very often twice a day, which is good wholesome food, and proper for students: a translator too is what I want at present; my last being in Newgate for shop-lifting. The rogue had a trick of translating out of the shops, as well as the languages.

Scare. But I am afraid I am not qualified for a translator, for I understand no language but my own.

Book. What, and translate Virgil?

Scare. Alas! I translated him out of Dryden.

Book. Lay by your hat, Sir, lay by your hat, and take your seat immediately. Not qualified! thou art as well vers'd in thy trade, as if thou hadst labour'd in my garret these ten years. Let me tell you, friend, you will have more occasion for invention than learning here. You will be obliged to translate books out of all languages, especially French, that were never printed in any language whatsoever.

Scare. Your trade abounds in mysteries.

Book. The study of bookselling is as difficult as the law: and there are as many tricks in the one as the other. Sometimes we give a foreign name to our own labours, and sometimes we put our names to the labours of others. Then as the lawyers have John-a-Nokes and Tom-a-Stiles, so we have Mes-sieurs Moore near St. Paul's, and Smith near the Royal Exchange.

SCENE VI.

To them LUCKLESS.

Luck. Mr. Bookweight, your servant. Who can form to himself an idea more amiable than of a

Book. At whose? Why at mine, Sir, at mine. I am as great a friend to learning, as the Dutch are to trade: no one can want bread with me who will earn it; therefore, Sir, if you please to take your seat at my table, here will be every thing necessary provided for you: good milk-porridge, very often twice a day, which is good wholesome food, and proper for students: a translator too is what I want at present; my last being in Newgate for shop-lifting. The rogue had a trick of translating out of the shops, as well as the languages.

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Luck. Mr. Bookweight, your servant. Who can form to himself an idea more amiable than of a

Town; in which will be shewn the whole court of nonsense, with abundance of singing, dancing, and several other entertainments:—Also the comical and diverting humours of Some-body and No-body: Punch and his wife Joan, to be performed by figures; some of them six foot high. God save the King.
[*Drum beats.*]

SCENE VIII.

WITMORE *with a paper, meeting* LUCKLESS.

'*Wit.* Oh! Luckless, I am overjoy'd to meet you; here, take this paper, and you will be discouraged from writing, I warrant you.

Luck. What is it?—Oh! one of my play-bills.

Wit. One of thy play-bills!

Luck. Even so—I have taken the advice you gave me this morning.

Wit. Explain.

Luck. Why, I had some time since given this performance of mine to be rehearsed, and the actors were all perfect in their parts; but we happen'd to differ about some particulars, and I had a design to have given it over; 'till having my play refus'd by Marplay, I sent for the managers of the other house in a passion, join'd issue with them, and this very evening it is to be acted.

Wit. Well, I wish you success.

Luck. Where are you going?

Wit. Any where but to hear you damn'd, which I must, was I to go to your Puppet-show.

Luck. Indulge me in this trial; and I assure thee, if it be successful, it shall be the last.

Wit. On that condition I will: but shou'd the torrent run against you, I shall be a fashionable friend, and hiss with the rest.

Luck. No, a man who cou'd do so unfashionable and so generous a thing, as Mr. Witmore did this morning——

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Luck. No, a man who cou'd do so unfashionable and so generous a thing, as Mr. Witmore did this morning——

Money. So, so, very fine : always together, always caterwauling. How like a hangdog he stole off ; and it's well for him he did, for I shou'd have rung such a peal in his ears——There's a friend of his at my house wou'd be very glad of his company, and I wish it was in my power to bring them together.

Har. You would not surely be so barbarous.

Money. Barbarous, ugh ! You whining, puling fool ! Hussy, you have not a drop of my blood in you. What, you are in love, I suppose ?

Har. If I was, Madam, it wou'd be no crime.

Money. Yes, Madam, but it wou'd, and a folly too. No woman of sense was ever in love with any thing but a man's pocket. What, I suppose he has fill'd your head with a pack of romantic stuff of streams and dreams, and charms and arms. I know this is the stuff they all run on with, and so run into our debts, and run away with our daughters.—Come, confess, are not you two to live in a wilderness together on love ? Ah ! thou fool ! thou wilt find he will pay thee in love, just as he paid me in money. If thou wert resolved to go a begging, why did you not follow the camp ? There, indeed, you might have carried a knapsack ; but here you will have no knapsack to carry. There, indeed, you might have had a chance of burying half a score husbands in a campaign ; whereas a poet is a long-liv'd animal : you have but one chance of burying him, and that is starving him.

Har. Well, Madam, and I would sooner starve with the man I love, than ride in a coach and six with him I hate : and as for his passion, you will not make me suspect that, for he hath given me such proofs on't.

Money. Proofs ! I shall die. Has he given you proofs of love.

Har. All that any modest woman can require.

Money. If he has given you all a modest woman

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ACT III. SCENE I.

*The PLAYHOUSE.**Enter LUCKLESS as Master of the Show, and
MANAGER.*

LUCKLESS.

It's very surprising, that after I have been at all this expence and trouble in setting my things up in your house, you should desire me to recant ; and now too, when the spectators are all assembled, and will either have the show or their money.

Man. Nay, Sir, I am very ready to perform my covenant with you ; but I am told that some of the players do not like their parts, and threaten to leave the house : some to the Hay-Market, some to Goodman's-Fields, and others to set up two or three more new playhouses in several parts of the town.

Luck. I have quieted all that, and believe there is not one engag'd in the performance, but who is now very well satisfied.

Man. Well, Sir, then so am I : but pray what is the design or plot ? for I could make neither head nor tail on't.

Luck. Why, Sir, the chief business is the election of an arch-poet, or, as others call him, a poet laureat, to the Goddess of Nonsense. I have introduc'd, indeed, several other characters, not entirely necessary to the main design ; for I was assur'd by a very eminent critic, that in the way of writing, great latitude might be allow'd ; and that a writer of puppet-shows might take as much more liberty than a writer of operas, as an opera-writer might be allow'd beyond a writer of plays. As

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Joan. Sirrah, sirrah, should Pluto hear you sing,
you cou'd expect no less punishment than Tantalus
has:—nay, the waters would be brought above
your mouth to stop it.

Punch, Truly, Madam, I don't wish the same
success Orpheus met with; could I gain my own
liberty, the devil might have you with all my heart.

AIR II.

Joan, Joan, Joan, has a thund'ring tongue,
And Joan, Joan, Joan, is a bold one.

How happy is he,
Who from wedlock is free;
For who'd have a wife to scold one?

Joan. Punch, Punch, Punch, pr'ythee think of
your hunch,
Pr'ythee look on your great strutting belly:
Sirrah, if you dare
War with me declare,
I will beat your fat guts to a jelly.
[*They dance.*]

AIR III. *Bobbing Joan.*

Pun. Joan, you are the plague of my life,
A rope wou'd be welcomer than such a wife.

Joan. Punch, your merits had you but shar'd,
Your neck had been longer by half a yard:

Pun. Ugly witch,

Joan. Son of a bitch,

Both. Wou'd your were hang'd or drown'd in a ditch.
[*Dance again.*]

Pun. Since we hate like people in vogue,
Let us call not bitch and rogue:
Gentler titles let us use,
Hate each other, but not abuse.

Joan. Sirrah, sirrah, should Pluto hear you sing,
you cou'd expect no less punishment than Tantalus
has:—nay, the waters would be brought above
your mouth to stop it.

Punch, Truly, Madam, I don't wish the same
success Orpheus met with; could I gain my own
liberty, the devil might have you with all my heart.

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[*Dance again.*]

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Let us call not bitch and rogue:
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Hate each other, but not abuse.

votaries. Look at that account, Sir. She is the best deity to me in the shades.

Poet. Spirits imported for the goddess of Nonsense.

Five people of great quality,

Seven ordinary courtiers.

Nineteen attorneys,

Eleven counsellors,

One hundred poets, players, doctors, and apothecaries, fellows of the colleges, and members of the royal society.

Luck. Gentlemen, the next is one of Charon's men with a prisoner.

Enter SAILOR and a SEXTON.

Cha. How now?

Sail. We have caught him at last. This is Mr. Robgrave, the sexton, who has plunder'd so many spirits.

Cha. Are you come at last, Sir? What have you to say for yourself? Ha! Where are all the jewels and other valuable things you have stolen? Where are they, sirrah? ha!

Ser. Alack, Sir, I am but a poor rogue; the parish officers and others have had them all; I had only a small reward for stealing them.

Char. Then you shall have another reward here, Sir. Carry him before justice Minos: the moment he gets on the other side the water, let him be shackled, and put aboard. [*Exeunt Sailor and Sexton.*]

Poet. Who knows whether this rogue has not robb'd me too. I forgot to look in upon my body before I came away.

Char. Had you any things of value buried with you?

Poet. Things of inestimable value; six folios of my own works.

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2 *Sail*. Sir, a great number of passengers arriv'd from London, all bound to the court of Nonsense.

Cha. Some plague, I suppose, or a fresh cargo of physicians come to town from the universities.

Luck. Now, gentlemen, I shall produce such a set of figures, as I defy all Europe, except our own playhouses, to equal.—Come, put away; pray mind these figures.

Enter DON TRAGEDIO, SIR FARCICAL COMIC, DR. ORATOR, SIGNIOR OPERA, MONSIEUR PANTOMIME, and MRS. NOVEL.

Poet. Ha! Don Tragedio, your most obedient servant. Sir Farcical! Dr. Orator! I am heartily glad to see you. Dear Signior Opera! Monsieur Pantomime! Ah! Mynheer Van-treble! Mrs. Novel in the shades too! What lucky distemper cou'd have sent so much good company hither?

Trag. A tragedy occasion'd me to die;
That perishing the first day, so did I.

Farc. A pastoral sent me out of the world. My life went in with a hiss; stap my vitals.

Ora. A Muggletonian dog stabb'd me.

AIR IV. *Silvia, my dearest.*

Oper. Claps universal,
Applauses resounding;
Hisses confounding
Attending my song:
My senses drowned,
And I fell down dead;
Whilst I was singing, ding, dang, dong.

Poet. Well, Monsieur Pantomime, how came you by your fate?

Pantom. [*Makes signs to his neck.*]

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Pantom. [*Makes signs to his neck.*]

sight ! I have serv'd her faithfully these thirty years as a bookseller in the upper world, and never knew her guilty of one folly before.

Poet. Nay certainly, Mr. Curry, you know as much of her as any man.

Book. I think I ought ; I am sure I have made as large oblations to her as all Warwick-lane and Paternoster-row.

Poet. But is she, this night, to be married to Signior Opera !

Book. This is to be the bridal night. Well, this will be the strangest thing that has happen'd in the shades, since the rape of Proserpine.—But now I think on't, what news bring you from the other world ?

Poet. Why affairs go much in the same road there as when you were alive ; authors starve, and booksellers grow fat. Grub-street harbours as many pirates as ever Algiers did. They have more theatres than are at Paris, and just as much wit as there is at Amsterdam ; they have ransack'd all Italy for singers, and all France for dancers.

Book. And all hell for conjurers.

Poet. My lord mayor has shorten'd the time of Bartholomew-fair in Smithfield, and so they are resolved to keep it all the year round at the other end of the town.

Book. I find matters go swimmingly ; but I fancy I am wanted. If you please, Sir, I will shew you the way.

Poet. Sir, I follow you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PUNCH.

Punch. You, fidler.

Luck. Well, Punch, what's the matter now ?

Punch. What do you think my wife Joan is about ?

Luck. Faith, I can't tell.

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Punch. What do you think my wife Joan is about ?

Luck. Faith, I can't tell.

Enter SOMEBODY *and* NOBODY.

AIR VII. *Black Joke.*

Some. Of all the men in London town,
Or knaves or fools, in coat, or gown,
The representative am I.
No. Go thro' the world, and you will find,
In all the classes of human-kind,
Many a jolly Nobody.
For him, a Nobody, sure we may call,
Who during his life does nothing at all,
But eat and snore,
And drink, and roar,
From whore to the tavern, from tavern to
whore,
With a lac'd coat, and that is all.

Luck. Gentlemen, this is the end of the first interlude.

Luck. Now, gentlemen, I shall present you with the most glorious scene that has ever appear'd on the stage; it is the COURT OF NONSENSE. Play away, soft music, and draw up the curtain.

The curtain drawn up to soft music, discovers the GÖDDESS OF NONSENSE on a throne; the ORATOR in a tub; TRAGEDIO, &c. attending.

Nons. Let all my votaries prepare
To celebrate this joyful day.

Luck. Gentlemen, observe what a lover of recitativo Nonsense is.

Nons. Monsieur Pantomime! you are welcome.

Pant. [*Cuts a paper.*]

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Nons. Monsieur Pantomime! you are welcome.

Pant. [*Cuts a paper.*]

Mast. She might have heard you : but if she had understood your advertisements, I will believe Nonsense to have more understanding than Apollo.

Orat. Have understood me, SIR ! What has understanding to do ? My hearers would be diverted, and they are so ; which could not be if understanding were necessary, because very few of them have any.

Nons. You've all deserv'd my hearty thanks——
but here my treasure I bestow. [To Opera.

Oper. Your highness knows what reward I prize.

AIR VIII. *Lillibolera.*

Op. Let the foolish philosopher strive in his cell,
By wisdom, or virtue, to merit true praise ;
The soldier in hardship and danger still dwell,
That glory and honour may crown his last
days :

The patriot sweat,
To be thought great ;
Or beauty all day at the looking glass-toil ;
That popular voices
May ring their applauses,
While a breath is the only reward of their coil.

But would you a wise man to action incite,
Be riches propos'd the reward of his pain :
In riches is center'd all human delight ;
No joy is on earth but what gold can obtain.
If women, wine,
Or grandeur fine,
Be most your delight, all these riches can ;
Would you have men to flatter ?
To be rich is the matter ;
When you cry he is rich, you cry a great man.

Nons. [*Repeating in an ecstasy.*]

' When you cry he is rich, you cry a great man.'
Bravissimo ! I long to be your wife.

Mast. She might have heard you : but if she had understood your advertisements, I will believe Nonsense to have more understanding than Apollo.

Orat. Have understood me, SIR ! What has understanding to do ? My hearers would be diverted, and they are so ; which could not be if understanding were necessary, because very few of them have any.

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Nons. [*Repeating in an ecstasy.*]

' When you cry he is rich, you cry a great man.'
Bravissimo ! I long to be your wife.

AIR X. *Highland Laddy.*

Oper. I was told, in my life,
 Death for ever
 Did dis sever
 Men from ev'ry mortal strife,
 And that greatest plague, a wife.

For had the priests possest men,
 That to Tartarus
 Wives came after us,
 Their devil would be a jest then,
 And our devil a wife.

Nons. Avaunt, polluted wretch ! begone ;
 Think not I'll take pollution to my arms,
 No, no,——no, no,——no, no, no.

Oper. Well, since I can't have a goddess, I'll e'en
 prove a man of honour.——I was always in love
 with thee, my angel ; but ambition is a dreadful
 thing. However my ghost shall pay the debts of
 my body.

Novel. Now I am happy, verily.

Oper. My long-lost dear !

Novel. My new-found bud !

AIR XI. *Dusty Miller.*

Oper. Will my charming creature
 Once again receive me ?
 Tho' I prov'd a traitor,
 Will she still believe me ?

I will well repay thee,
 For past faults of roving,
 Nor shall any day be
 Without proofs of loving.

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Luck. Gentlemen, observe how he balances his hands ; his left hand is the fiddle, and his right hand is the fiddlestick.

Orat. A fiddle is like a beau's nose, because the bridge is often down ; a fiddlestick is like a mountebank, because it plays upon a crowd.—A fiddle is like a stockjobber's tongue, because it sounds different notes ; and a fiddlestick is like a stockjobber's wig, because it has a great deal of horsehair in it.

Luck. And your oration is like yourself, because it has a great deal of nonsense in it.

Nons. In vain you try to charm my ears, unless by music.

Orat. Have at you then.

Mast. Gentlemen, observe how the Doctor sings in his tub. Here are no wires ; all alive, alive, ho !

Orat. Chimes of the times, to the tune of Moll Pately.

AIR XIII. *Moll Pately.*

All men are birds by nature, Sir,
Tho' they have not wings to fly ;
On earth a soldier's a creature, Sir,
Much resembling a kite in the sky ;
The physician is a fowl, Sir,
Whom most men call an owl, Sir,
Who by his hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Tells us that death is nigh.

The usurer is a swallow, Sir,
That can swallow gold by the jorum ;
A woodcock is 'Squire Shallow, Sir ;
And a goose is oft of the quorum ;

Luck. Gentlemen, observe how he balances his hands ; his left hand is the fiddle, and his right hand is the fiddlestick.

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 And a goose is oft of the quorum ;

The merchant would the courtier cheat,
When on his goods he lays
Too high a price——but faith he's bit,
For a courtier never pays.

For a cheating they will go, &c.

The lawyer, with a face demure,
Hangs him who steals your pelf;
Because the good man can endure
No robber but himself.

For a cheating, &c.

Betwixt the quack and highwayman
What difference can there be?
Though this with pistol, that with pen,
Both kill you for a fee.

For a cheating, &c.

The husband cheats his loving wife,
And to a mistress goes;
Whilst she at home, to ease her life,
Carouses with the beaus.

For a cheating, &c.

That some directors cheats were,
Some have made bold to doubt;
Did not the supercargo's care
Prevent their finding out.

For a cheating, &c.

The tenant doth the steward nick
(So low this art we find),
The steward doth his lordship trick,
My lord tricks all mankind.

For a cheating, &c.

One sect there are, to whose fair lot
No cheating arts do fall;
And those are parsons call'd, God wot;
And so I cheat you all.

For a cheating, &c.

Enter CHARON.

Char. An't please your majesty, there is an odd

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The well-bred courtier telling lies,
Or Levée hunter believing;
The vain coquette that rolls her eyes,
More empty fops deceiving;
The parson of dissenting gang,
Or flattering dedicator,
Could none of them like me harangue,
When I was a bold orator.

Enter PUNCH.

Punch. You, you, you.

Luck. What's the matter, Punch?

Punch. Who is that?

Luck. That's an orator, master Punch.

Punch. An orator——What's that?

Luck. Why an orator is——egad, I can't tell what;——he is a man that nobody dares dispute with.

Punch. Say you so? I'll be with him presently. Bring out my tub there. I'll dispute with you, I'll warrant. I am a Muggletonian.

Orat. I am not.

Punch. Then you are not of my opinion.

Orat. Sirrah, I know that you and your whole tribe would be the death of me; but I am resolv'd to proceed to confute you as I have done hitherto, and as long as I have breath you shall hear me; and I hope I have breath enough to blow you all out of the world.

Punch. If noise will.

Orat. Sir, I——

Punch. Hear me, Sir.

Nons. Hear him; hear him; hear him.

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Orat. Sir, I——

Punch. Hear me, Sir.

Nons. Hear him; hear him; hear him.

AIR XVIII.

Op. Barbarous cruel man,
 I'll sing thus while I'm dying, I'm dying like a swan,
 A swan,
 A swan,
 With my face all pale and wan.
 More fierce art thou than pirates,
 Than pirates,
 Whom the Sirens' music charms,
 Alarms,
 Disarms ;
 More fierce than men on the high roads,
 On the high - - - roads,
 On the high - - - roads.
 More fierce than men on the high roads,
 When Polly Peachum warms.
 The devil
 Was made civil,
 By Orpheus's tuneful charms ;
 And can - - -
 - - - - - n,
 He gentler prove than man ?

Trag. I cannot do it—— [*Sheaths his sword.*

Methinks I feel my flesh congeal'd to bone,
 And know not if I'm flesh and blood, or stone.

Pant. [*Runs several times round the stage.*]

Nons. Alas, what means Monsieur Pantomime ?

Curry. By his pointing to his head, I suppose he would have the chaplet.

Nons. Pretty youth.

Nov. Oh, my dear, how shall I express the trouble of my soul.

Op. If there be sympathy in lovè, I'm sure I felt it ; for I was in a damnable fright too.

Nov. Give me a buss then.

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Nov. Give me a buss then.

Trag. What is thy plea? Has't written?

Count. No, nor read.

But if from dulness any may succeed.

To that and nonsense I good title plead,

Nought else was ever in my masquerade.

Nons. No more, by Styx I swear

That Opera the crown shall wear.

AIR.

Nov. Away each meek pretender flies,
Opera thou hast gain'd the prize.
Nonsense grateful still must own,
That thou best support'st her throne.
For her subscriptions thou didst gain
By thy soft alluring strain,
When Shakespear's thought
And Congreve's brought
Their aids to sense in vain.

Beauties who subdue mankind,
Thy soft chains alone can bind;
See within their lovely eyes
The melting wish arise:
While thy sounds inchant the ear,
Lovers think the nymph sincere;
And projectors,
And directors,
Lose a while their fear.

Enter CHARON.

Luck. How now, Charon? you are not to enter yet.

Char. To enter, Sir? Alack-a-day; we are all undone: here are Sir John Bindover and a constable coming in.

Trag. What is thy plea? Has't written?

Count. No, nor read.

But if from dulness any may succeed.

To that and nonsense I good title plead,

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Enter CHARON.

Luck. How now, Charon? you are not to enter yet.

Char. To enter, Sir? Alack-a-day; we are all undone: here are Sir John Bindover and a constable coming in.

Const. Very pretty, very pretty truly:—If magistrates are to be abus'd at this rate, the devil may be a constable for me. Hark'ee, Madam, do you know who we are?

Nov. A rogue, Sir.

Const. Madam, I'm a constable by day, and a justice of peace by night.

Nov. That is a buzzard by day, and an owl by night.

AIR XXII. *Newmarket.*

Const. Why, Madam, do you give such words as these

To a constable and a justice of peace?

I fancy you'll better know how to speak,

By that time you've been in Bridewell a week;

Have beaten good hemp, and been

Whipt at a post;

I hope you'll repent, when some skin

You have lost.

But if this makes you tremble, I'll not be severe;

Come down a good guinea, and you shall be clear.

Nov. Oh, Sir John, you, I am sure, are the commander in this enterprize. If you will prevent the rest of our show, let me beg you will permit the dance.

AIR XXIII. *Charming Betty.*

Sweetest honey,

Good Sir Johnny,

Pr'ythee let us take a dance,

Leave your canting,

Zealous ranting,

Come and shake a merry haunch.

Motions firing,

Sounds inspiring,

We are led to softer joys;

Const. Very pretty, very pretty truly:—If magistrates are to be abus'd at this rate, the devil may be a constable for me. Hark'ee, Madam, do you know who we are?

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fruitless search for my royal master, I set sail for Bantam, but was driven by the winds on far distant coasts, and wander'd several years, till at last I arriv'd once more at Bantam.—Guess how I was receiv'd—The king order'd me to be imprison'd for life. At last some lucky chance brought thither a merchant, who offer'd this jewel as a present to the king of Bantam.

Luck. Ha ! it is the same which was tied upon my arm, which by good luck I preserv'd from every other accident, till want of money forced me to pawn it.

Bant. The merchant being strictly examined, said he had it of a pawnbroker ; upon which I was immediately dispatch'd to England, and the merchant kept close prisoner till my return, then to be punish'd with death, or rewarded with the government of an island.

Luck. Know then, that at that time when you lost your senses, I also lost mine. I was taken up half-dead by a waterman, and convey'd to his wife, who sold oysters, by whose assistance I recover'd. But the waters of the Thames, like those of Lethe, had caus'd an entire oblivion of my former fortune.—But now it breaks in like light upon me, and I begin to recollect it all. Is not your name Gonsalvo ?

Bant. It is.

Luck. Oh, my Gonsalvo ! }
Bant. Oh, my dearest lord ! } [*Embrace.*

Luck. But say by what lucky accident you discover'd me ?

Bant. I did intend to have advertis'd you in the Evening Post, with a reward ; but being directed by the merchant to the pawnbroker, I was accidentally there inquiring after you, when your boy brought your nab. (Oh, sad remembrance, that the son of a king should pawn a hat !) The woman told me, that was the boy that pawn'd the jewel, and of him I learnt where you lodg'd.

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Luck. Would Helen with thy charms compare,
Her I'd think not half so fair:
Dearest shalt thou ever be.

Harr. Thou alone shalt reign in me.

Const. I hope your majesty will pardon a poor ignorant constable: I did not know your worship, I assure you.

Luck. Pardon you—Ay, more—You shall be chief constable of Bantam.—You, Sir John, shall be chief justice of peace; you, Sir, my orator; you my poet-laureat; you my bookseller; you, Don Tragedio, Sir Farcical, Signior Opera, and Count Ugly, shall entertain the city of Bantam with your performances; Mrs. Novel, you shall be a romance-writer; and to shew my generosity, Monsieur Mar-play, you shall superintend my theatres.—All proper servants for the king of Bantam.

Money. I always thought he had something more than ordinary in him.

Luck. This gentlewoman is the queen's mother.

Money. For want of a better, gentlemen.

AIR XXV. *Oh ponder well.*

Money. Alack how alter'd is my fate!
What changes have I seen!
For I, who lodgings let of late,
Am now again a queen.

Punch. And I, who in this puppet-show,
Have played Punchenello,
Will now let all the audience know
I am no common fellow.

Punch. If his majesty of Bantam will give me leave, I can make a discovery which will be to his satisfaction. You have chose for a wife, Henrietta, princess of Old Brentford.

Luck. Would Helen with thy charms compare,
Her I'd think not half so fair:
Dearest shalt thou ever be.

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EPILOGUE.

1 <i>Poet,</i>	.	.	.	MR. JONES.
2 <i>Poet,</i>	.	.	.	MR. DOVE.
3 <i>Poet,</i>	.	.	.	MR. MARSHAL.
4 <i>Poet,</i>	.	.	.	MR. WELLS, JUN.
<i>Player,</i>	.	.	.	MISS PALMS.
<i>Cat,</i>	.	.	.	MRS. MARTIN.

Four POETS sitting at a Table.

- 1 *Po.* BRETHREN, we are assembled here to write
An Epilogue, which must be spoke to-night.
- 2 *Po.* Let the first lines be to the pit address'd.
- 3 *Po.* If critic's too were mention'd, it were best;
With fulsome flattery let them be cramm'd,
But if they damn the play——
- 1 *Po.* ————— Let them be damn'd.
- 2 *Po.* Supposing, therefore, brother, we should lay
Some very great encomiums on the play?
- 3 *Po.* It cannot be amiss——
- 1 *Po.* ————— Now mount the boxes,
Abuse the beaus, and compliment the doxies.
- 4 *Po.* Abuse the beaus——but how?
- 1 *Po.* ————— Oh! never mind; }
In ev'ry modern Epilogue you'll find }
Enough which we may borrow of that kind. }
- 3 *Po.* What will the name of imitation soften?
- 1 *Po.* Oh! Sir, you cannot say good things too often;
And sure those thoughts which in another
 shine,
Become not duller, by becoming mine.
- 3 *Po.* I'm satisfied.
- 1 *Po.* ————— The audience is already
Divided into critic, beau, and lady;
Nor box, nor pit, nor gallery, can show
One, who's not lady, critic, or a beau.

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Nor box, nor pit, nor gallery, can show
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Enter a PLAYER.

Play. Cass! cass! cass! cass! Fie, Mr. Luckless,
what

Can you be doing with that filthy cat?

[*Exit Cat.*

Auth. Oh! curst misfortune—what can I be doing?
This devil's coming in has prov'd my ruin.
She's driven the Cat and Epilogue away.

Play. Sure you are mad, and know not what you say.

Auth. Mad you may call me, Madam; but you'll
own,

I hope, I am not madder than the town.

Play. A cat to speak an Epilogue——

Auth. —————speak!——no,

Only to act the Epilogue in dumb-show,

Play. Dumb-show!

Auth. ——Why, pray, is that so strange in comedy?
And have you not seen Perseus and Andromeda?

Where you may find strange incidents intended,
And regular intrigues begun and ended,
Tho' not a word doth from an actor fall;
As 'tis polite to speak in murmurs small,
Sure, 'tis politer not to speak at all. }

Play. But who is this?

Enter CAT as a WOMAN.

Auth. —————I know her not——

Cat. —————I that

Am now a Woman, lately was a Cat.

[*Turns to the Audience.*

Gallants, you seem to think this transformation
As strange as was the rabbit's procreation;
That 'tis as odd a Cat shou'd take the habit
Of breeding us, as we shou'd breed a rabbit.
I'll warrant eating one of them wou'd be
As easy to a beau, as——kissing me.
I wou'd not for the world that thing shou'd
catch us,

Enter a PLAYER.

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THE
COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICIAN;

OR, THE
JUSTICE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A COMEDY.

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PROLOGUE :

SPOKEN BY MR. MILWARD.

IN ancient Greece, the infant Muse's school,
Where Vice first felt the pen of Ridicule,
With honest freedom and impartial blows
The Muse attack'd each Vice as it arose:
No grandeur could the mighty villain screen
From the just satire of the comic scene:
No titles could the daring poet cool,
Nor save the great right honourable fool.
They spar'd not even the aggressor's name,
And public villany felt public shame.

Long hath this gen'rous method been disus'd,
For Vice hath grown too great to be abus'd ;
By pow'r defended from the piercing dart,
It reigns, and triumphs in the lordly heart ;
While beaux, and cits, and squires, our scenes afford,
Justice preserves the rogues who wield her sword ;
All satire against her tribunal's quash'd,
Nor lash the bards, for fear of being lash'd.

But the heroic Muse who sings to-night,
Through these neglected tracts attempts her flight.
Vice, cloth'd with pow'r she combats with her pen,
And fearless, dares the lion in his den.

Then only reverence to pow'r is due,
When public welfare is its only view :
But when the champions, whom the public arm
For their own good with pow'r, attempt their harm,
He sure must meet the general applause,
Who 'gainst those traitors fights the public cause.

And while these scenes the conscious knave dis-
please,
Who feels within the criminal he sees,
The uncorrupt and good must smile, to find
No mark for satire in his generous mind.

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RAPE UPON RAPE;

OR, THE

JUSTICE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A parlour in POLITIC'S house. A table spread with newspapers. Chairs.*

HILARET, CLORIS.

HILARET.

WELL, Cloris, this is a mad frolic. I am horridly frightened at the thoughts of throwing myself into the power of a young fellow.

Clo. It is natural to us to be frightened at first: I was in a little terror myself on my wedding-day, but it went all off before the next morning. A husband, like other bugbears, loses all his horror when we once know him thoroughly.

Hil. But if he should not prove a good husband—

Clo. Then you must not prove a good wife—
If he keeps a mistress, do you keep a gallant; if he stay out with his friends at a tavern, do you be merry with your friends at home.

Hil. You give fine advice indeed.

Clo. Upon my word, Madam, it was such as I followed myself. I had a rogue of a husband that

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Clo. I always thought a man and woman the more likely to produce mischief: and yet I think them the properer company.

Pol. I suppose you will tell my daughter so too.

Hil. Indeed, papa, she need not: for I was always of that opinion.

Pol. You was! but I shall prevent your wishes—

Hil. You may be mistaken. [*Aside.*

Pol. I do not believe the head of cardinal Fleury can be more perplexed, than mine is with this girl. To govern yourself, is greater than to govern a kingdom, said an old philosopher: and to govern a woman, is greater than to govern twenty kingdoms.

Hil. I wish you would not perplex yourself with cardinals or kingdoms; I wish you would mind your own business instead of the public's; dear papa, don't give yourself any more trouble about Don Carlos, unless you can get him for a son-in-law.

Pol. Not if I were a king. I will make you a little sensible who Don Carlos is——

Hil. Nay, I do not understand one word of your politics.

Pol. I am sorry you do not—A newspaper would be a more profitable entertainment for you than a romance. You would find more in one half-sheet, than in the grand Cyrus.

Hil. More lies, very probably——You know I do read the home paragraphs in the Whitehall Evening Post: and that's the best of them.

Pol. If you would be informed in these matters, you must read all that come out: about forty every day, and some days fifty: and of a Saturday, about fourscore. Would you continue in such a course but one twelvemonth, I do not question but you might know as much of politics as—any man that comes to our coffee-house. And I had rather see you a politician, than a woman of quality.

Hil. If I may speak freely, it would have been better for me that you had been less a politician.

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SCENE IV.

POLITIC, DABBLE.

Dab. We are all undone, neighbour Politic! all blown up! all ruined!

Pol. Protect us——what is the matter? No news of the Turks, I hope!

Dab. An express is arrived with an account of the Dauphin's death.

Pol. Worse and worse—This is a finishing stroke, indeed! Mr. Dabble, I take this visit exceeding kind—pray be pleased to sit: we must confabulate on this important accident.—Pray light your pipe—I wish this may not retard the introduction of Don Carlos into Italy.

Dab. I wish it may.

Pol. How!

Dab. I wish Don Carlos do not prove a more formidable power than is imagined.

Pol. Don Carlos a formidable power, Mr. Dabble?

Dab. I wish we do not find him so.

Pol. Sir, I look on Don Carlos to be an errant blank in the affairs of Europe——and let me observe to you, the Turks give me much greater uneasiness than Don Carlos can; what the design of their preparations can be, is difficult to determine——this I know, that I know nothing of the matter.

Dab. I think we have no need to travel so far for apprehensions, when danger is so near us: the prospect of affairs in the West is so black, that I see no reason to regard the East: the monstrous power which Don Carlos may be possessed of by the death of the Dauphin——

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Pol. Sir, I would not have call'd Tuscany a town in a coffee-house, to have been master of it.

Dab. Nor I have compared it to France, to have been king of both.

SCENE VI.

POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL, PORER.

Por. Great news, Gentlemen, all's safe again.

Pol. More deaths?

Por. An express is arriv'd with a certain account of the Dauphin's being in good health.

Dab. This is good news indeed.

Pol. Is there a certain confirmation?

Por. Very certain—I came this moment from the Secretary's office.

Pol. Dear Mr. Porer, you are the welcomest man alive——This news makes me the happiest creature living.

Faith. I wish, Sir, my news may not prevent it. Your daughter, Sir, Miss Hilaret, is gone out of the house, and no one knows whither.

Pol. My daughter gone! that is some allay to my happiness, I confess: but the loss of twenty daughters would not balance the recovery of the Dauphin.—However, gentlemen, you will excuse me, I must go inquire into this affair.

Dab. Be not concerned at any thing, after what you have heard: let the private give way to the public ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Street.*

SOTMORE, RAMBLE.

Sot. Why, thou wilt not leave us yet, and sneak away to some nasty little whore? A pox confound

Pol. Sir, I would not have call'd Tuscany a town in a coffee-house, to have been master of it.

Dab. Nor I have compared it to France, to have been king of both.

SCENE VI.

POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL, PORER.

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SCENE VII. *The Street.*

SOTMORE, RAMBLE.

Sot. Why, thou wilt not leave us yet, and sneak away to some nasty little whore? A pox confound

Ramb. Truly, honest Nol, when a man's reason begins to stagger, I think him the properest company for the women: one bottle more, and I had been fit for no company at all.

Sot. Then thou hadst been carried off with glory.—An honest fellow should no more quit the tavern while he can stand, than a soldier should the field; but you fine gentlemen are for preserving yourselves safe from both, for the benefit of the ladies.——
'Sdeath! I'll use you with the same scorn that a soldier would a coward: so, Sir, when I meet you next, be not surprised if I walk on the other side the way.

Ramb. Nay, pr'ythee, dear Silenus, be not so enraged; I'll but take one refreshing turn, and come back to the tavern to thee. Burgundy shall be the word, and I will fight under thy command till I drop.

Sot. Now thou art an honest fellow—and thou shalt toast whomsoever thou pleasest—We'll bumper up her health, till thou dost enjoy her in imagination. To a warm imagination, there is no bawd like a bottle. It shall throw into your arms the soberest prude or wildest coquet in town; thou shalt rifle her charms, in spite of her art. Nay, thou shalt increase her charms more than her art: and when thou art surfeited with the luscious pleasure, wake coolly the next morning, without any wife by your side, or any fear of children.

Ramb. What a luscious picture hast thou drawn!

Sot. And thou shalt have it, boy! Thou shalt triumph over her virtue, if she be a woman of quality—or raise her blushes, if she be a common strumpet. I'll go order a new recruit upon the table, and expect you with impatience.—'Fill every glass.' [*Sings.*

[*Exit Sot* more.

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[*Exit* Sotmore.]

Hil. My profession, Sir!

Ramb. Yes, Madam, I believe I am no stranger to the honourable rules of your order. Nay, 'tis probable I may know your abbess too; for tho' I have not been in town a week, I am acquainted with half a dozen.

Hil. Nothing but your drink, Sir, and ignorance of my quality, could excuse this rudeness.

Ramb. (Whu——[*whistles*]) Ignorance of your quality! (The daughter of some person of rank, I warrant her) [*Aside.*] Look'e my dear, I shall not trouble myself with your quality: It is equal to me whether your father rode in a coach and six, or drove it.—I have had as much joy in the arms of an honest boatswain's wife, as with a relation of the Great Mogul.

Hil. You look, Sir, so much like a gentleman, that I am persuaded this usage proceeds only from your mistaking me. I own it looks a little odd for a woman of virtue to be found alone in the street, at this hour——

Ramb. Yes, it does look a little odd indeed.

[*Aside.*]

Hil. But when you know my story, I am confident you will assist me, rather than otherwise. I have this very night escaped with my maid from my father's house; and as I was going to put myself into the hands of my lover, a scuffle happening in the street, and both running away in a fright to avoid it, we unluckily separated from each other.——Now, Sir, I rely on the generosity of your temper to assist an unhappy woman; for which you shall not only have my thanks, but those of a very pretty fellow into the bargain.

Ramb. I am that very pretty fellow's very humble servant. But I find I am too much in love with you myself, to preserve you for another: had you proved what I at first took you for, I should have parted with you easily; but I read a coronet in your

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Ramb. And so you'll leave me in the lurch : I see you are frightened at the roughness of my dress, but fore gad, I am an honest tar, and the devil take me if I bilk you.

Hil. I don't understand you.

Ramb. Why then, Madam, here is a pound of as good tea as ever come out of the Indies ; you understand that, I hope.

Hil. I shall take no bribes, Sir.

Ramb. Refuse the tea ! I like you now indeed ; for you cannot have been long upon the town, I'm sure. But I grow weary with impatience. If you are a modest woman, and insist on the ceremony of being carried, with all my heart.

Hil. Nay, Sir, do not proceed to rudeness.

Ramb. In short, my passion will be dallied with no longer. Do you consider I am just come on shore, that I have seen nothing but men and the clouds this half year, and a woman is as ravishing a sight to me, as the returning sun to Greenland. I am none of your puisny beaux, that can look on a fine woman, like a surfeited man on an entertainment. My stomach's sharp, and you are an ortolan ; and if I do not eat you up, may salt beef be my fare for ever. *[Takes her in his arms.]*

Hil. I'll alarm the watch.

Ramb. You'll be better-natur'd than that. At least, to encounter danger is my profession ; so have at you, my little Venus—if you don't consent, I'll ravish you.

Hil. Help there ! a rape, a rape !

Ramb. Hush, hush, you call too loud, people will think you are in earnest.

Hil. Help, a rape !

Ramb. And so you'll leave me in the lurch: I see you are frightened at the roughness of my dress, but fore gad, I am an honest tar, and the devil take me if I bilk you.

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Hil. Help there! a rape, a rape!

Ramb. Hush, hush, you call too loud, people will think you are in earnest.

Hil. Help, a rape!

Staff. If you are a woman of virtue, the gentleman will be hanged for attempting to rob you of it. If you are not a woman of virtue, why you will be whipped for accusing a gentleman of robbing you of what you had not to lose.

Hil. Oh! this unfortunate fright——But, Mr. Constable, I am very willing that the should have his liberty, give me but mine.

Staff. That request, Madam, is a very corroborating circumstance against you.

Ramb. Guilt will ever discover itself.

Staff. Bring them along.

1 *Watch.* She looks like a modest woman, in my opinion.

Ramb. Confound all your modest women, I say, —a man can have nothing to do with a modest woman, but he must be married, or hang'd for't.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, JUSTICE SQUEEZUM'S; *a table, pen, ink, paper, &c.*

SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

SQUEEZUM.

DID mother Bilkum refuse to pay my demands, say you?

Quill. Yes, Sir; she says she does not value your worship's protection of a farthing, for that she can bribe two juries a year to acquit her in Hicks's Hall, for half the money which she hath paid you within these three months.

Squeez. Very fine! I shall shew her that I understand something of juries, as well as herself. Quill, make a memorandum against mother Bilkum's

Staff. If you are a woman of virtue, the gentleman will be hanged for attempting to rob you of it. If you are not a woman of virtue, why you will be whipped for accusing a gentleman of robbing you of what you had not to lose.

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prisoners, whereof we discharged two who had your worship's licence.

Squeez. What are the others?

Staff. One is an half-pay officer; another an attorney's clerk; and the other two are young gentlemen of the Temple.

Squeez. Discharge the officer and the clerk; there is nothing to be got by the army or the law: the one hath no money, and the other will part with none. But be not too forward to quit the Templars.

Staff. Asking your worship's pardon, I don't care to run my finger into the lion's mouth. I would not willingly have to do with any limb of the law.

Squeez. Fear not; these bear no nearer affinity to lawyers, than a militia regiment of squires do to soldiers; the one gets no more by his gown, than the other by his sword. These are men that bring estates to the Temple, instead of getting them there.

Staff. Nay, they are bedaub'd with lace as fine as lords.

Squeez. Never fear a lawyer in lace.—The lawyer that sets out in lace, always ends in rags.

Staff. I'll secure them.—We went to the house where your worship commanded us, and heard the dice in the street; but there were two coaches with coronets on them at the door, so we thought it proper not to go in.

Squeez. You did right. The laws are turnpikes, only made to stop people who walk on foot, and not to interrupt those who drive through them in their coaches.—The laws are like a game at loo, where a blaze of court cards is always secure, and the knaves are the safest cards in the pack.

Staff. We have taken up a man for a rape too.

Squeez. What is he?

Staff. I fancy he's some great man; for he talks French, sings Italian, and swears English.

Squeez. Is he rich?

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Squeez. Is he rich?

Squeez. Then I must get horses put into the chariot.

Mrs. Squeez. I am not determined whether I shall use the coach or chariot; so it is impossible you should have either. Besides, a hack is the properest to do business in; and as I cannot spare you a servant, will look better.

Squeez. Well, child, well, it shall be so.—Let me only beg the favour of dining a little sooner than ordinary.

Mrs. Squeez. That is so far from being possible, that we cannot dine till an hour later than usual, because I must attend at an auction, or I shall lose a little China bason which is worth its weight in jewels, and it is probable I may get it for its weight in gold, which will not be above one hundred guineas; and those you must give me, child.

Squeez. A hundred guineas for a china bason! Oh, the devil take the East India trade! The clay of the one Indies runs away with all the gold of the other.

Mrs. Squeez. I may buy it for less; but it is good to have rather too much money about one, than too little.

Squeez. In short, I cannot support your extravagance.

Mrs. Squeez. I do not desire you to support my extravagance.

Squeez. I wish you would not.

Mrs. Squeez. Thus stands the case: you say I am extravagant; I say I am not: sure, my word will balance yours every where but at Hicks's Hall.—And heark'ee, my dear; if whenever I ask for a trifle, you object my extravagance to me, I'll be reveng'd; I'll blow you up, I'll discover all your midnight intrigues, your protecting ill houses, your bribing juries, your snacking fees, your whole train of rogueries. If you do not allow me what I ask, I'll bid fair to enter on my jointure, Sir.

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Squeez. Fie upon you, child, will you not swear this?

Hil. No, Sir; but I shall swear something against you, unless your discharge us.

Squeez. That cannot be, Madam; the fact is too plain. If you will not swear now, the prisoner must be kept in custody till you will.

Staff. If she will not swear, we can swear enough to convict him.

Ramb. Very fine, faith! This justice is worse than a grand inquisitor. Pray, honest, formidable Sir, what private pique have you against me, that you would compel the lady to deserve the pillory, in order to promote me higher?

Squeez. My dear, did you ever see such a ravishing look as this fellow hath? Sir, if I was a judge, I would hang you without any evidence at all. They are such fellows as these who sow dissension between man and wife, and keep up the names of cuckold and bastard in the kingdom.

Ramb. Nay, if that be all you accuse me of, I will confess it freely, I have employ'd my time pretty well. Though as I do not remember ever to have done you the honour of dubbing, Mr. Justice, I cannot see why you should be so incensed against me; for I do not imagine you any otherwise an enemy to these amusements than a popish priest to sin, or a doctor to disease.

Mrs. Squeez. You are very civil, Sir, to threaten to dub my husband before my face.

Ramb. I ask pardon, Madam; I did not know with whom I had the honour to be in company: it was always against my inclination to affront a lady; but a woman of your particular merit, must have claimed the most particular respect.

Mrs. Squeez. I should have expected no rudeness from a gentleman of your appearance, and would much rather attribute any misbecoming word to inadvertency than design.

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jury is better than you? He did attempt to ravish you, you own; very well. He that attempts to do you any injury, hath done it in his heart. Besides, a woman may be ravished, ay, and many a woman hath been ravished, ay, and men been hanged for it—when she hath not certainly known she hath been ravished.

Hil. You are a great casuist in conscience. But you may spare yourself any further trouble: for I assure you it will be in vain.

Squeez. I see where your hesitation hangs; you are afraid of spoiling your trade.—You think severity to a customer will keep people from your house.—Pray, answer me one question—How long have you been upon the town?

Hil. What do you mean?

Squeez. Come, come, I see you are but a novice, and I like you the better: for yours is the only business wherein people do not profit by experience.—You are very handsome—It is pity you should continue in this abandoned state.—Give me a kiss;—Nay, be not coy to me.—I protest, you are as full of beauty as the rose is of sweetness, and I of love as its stalk is full of briars—Oh! that we were as closely joined together too.

Hil. Why, you will commit a rape yourself, Mr. Justice.

Squeez. If I thought you would prove constant, I would take you into keeping: for I have not liked a woman so much these many years.

Hil. I will humour this old villain, I am resolved. [*Aside.*

Squeez. What think you, could you be constant to a vigorous, healthy, middle-aged man, hey!—Could this buy thy affections off from a set of idle rascals, who carry their gold upon their backs, and have pockets as empty as their heads? Fellows who are greater curses on a woman than the vapours; for as those persuade her into imaginary diseases,

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Squeez. But hark, I hear my wife returning.—
Leave word with my clerk where I shall send to
you—I will be the kindest of keepers, very con-
stant, and very liberal——

Hil. Two charming qualities in a lover!

Squeez. My pretty nosegay, you will find me
vastly preferable to idle young rakehells. Besides,
you are safe with me. You are as safe with a jus-
tice in England, as a priest abroad; gravity is the
best cloak for sin, in all countries.—Be sure to be
punctual to the time I shall appoint you.

Hil. Be not afraid of me.

Squeez. Adieu, my pretty charmer. I shall burn
with impatience.

SCENE VI.

SQUEEZUM solus.

Go thy ways for a charming girl! Now, if I can
get her at this wild fellow's expence, I shall have
performed the part of a shrewd justice; for I would
make others pay for my sins as well as their own.
I fancy my wife hath sufficiently frightened him by
this, and that he will truckle to any terms to be ac-
quitted; for I must own she will pump a man much
better than I.—Oh! here they come. I must
deal with my gentleman now in another style.

SCENE VII.

SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE.

Ramb. Well, Sir, is the lady determined to
swear stoutly?

Squeez. Truly, it is hard to say what she deter-
mines; she gone to ask the advice of a divine and
a lawyer.

Squeez. But hark, I hear my wife returning.—
Leave word with my clerk where I shall send to
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punctual to the time I shall appoint you.

Hil. Be not afraid of me.

Squeez. Adieu, my pretty charmer. I shall burn
with impatience.

SCENE VI.

SQUEEZUM solus.

Go thy ways for a charming girl! Now, if I can
get her at this wild fellow's expence, I shall have
performed the part of a shrewd justice; for I would
make others pay for my sins as well as their own.
I fancy my wife hath sufficiently frightened him by
this, and that he will truckle to any terms to be ac-
quitted; for I must own she will pump a man much
better than I.—Oh! here they come. I must
deal with my gentleman now in another style.

SCENE VII.

SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE.

Ramb. Well, Sir, is the lady determined to
swear stoutly?

Squeez. Truly, it is hard to say what she deter-
mines; she gone to ask the advice of a divine and
a lawyer.

not understand good usage, while it is dealt you, you may, when you feel the reverse. The affair may now be made up for a trifle: the time may come when your whole fortune would be too little.—An hour's delay in the making up an offence, is as dangerous as in the sewing up of a wound.

Ramb. Well, you have over-persuaded me; I'll take your advice.

Squeez. I'll engage you will not repent it—I don't question but you will regard me as your friend.

Ramb. That I do, indeed. And to give you the most substantial instance of it, I will ask a favour, which is expected only from the most intimate friendship—which is, that you will be so kind to lend me the money.

Squeez. Alack-a-day, Sir, I have not such a sum in my command. Besides, how must it look in me, who am an officer of justice, to lend a culprit money wherewith to evade justice! Alas, Sir, we must consider our characters in life, we must act up to our characters: and tho' I deviate a little from mine, in giving you advice, it would be entirely forsaking the character of a justice to give you money.

Mrs. Squeez. I wonder how you could ask it.

Ramb. Necessity obliges to any thing, Madam. Mr. Squeezum was so kind to shew me the necessity of giving money, and my pockets were so cruel to shew me the impossibility of it.

Squeez. Well, Sir, if you cannot pay for your transgressions like the rich, you must suffer for them like the poor.—Here, Constable!

SCENE VIII.

SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, STAFF,
CONSTABLES.

Squeez. Take away your prisoner; keep him in safe custody, till farther orders. If you come to a

not understand good usage, while it is dealt you, you may, when you feel the reverse. The affair may now be made up for a trifle: the time may come when your whole fortune would be too little.—An hour's delay in the making up an offence, is as dangerous as in the sewing up of a wound.

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SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, STAFF,
CONSTABLES.

Squeez. Take away your prisoner; keep him in safe custody, till farther orders. If you come to a

Squeez. Do so, my dear—I doubt not your power—Good-morrow, honey.

Mrs. Squeez. But, my dear, pray remember the hundred guineas.

Squeez. Yes, yes, I shall remember them; they are not likely to be soon forgotten.—Follow me to my escritoire.

SCENE X.

MRS. SQUEEZUM *sola*.

Since you are sure of going to the devil, honest spouse, I'll take care to equip you with a pair of horns, that you may be as like one another as possible. This dear wild fellow must be mine, and shall be mine: I like him so well, that if he had even ravished me, on my conscience I should have forgiven him.

SCENE XI. MR. WORTHY'S.

WORTHY, POLITIC.

Wor. Upon my word, Mr. Politic, I am heartily sorry for this occasion of renewing our acquaintance. I can imagine the tenderness of a parent, tho' I never was one.

Pol. Indeed, neighbour Worthy, you cannot imagine half the troubles, without having undergone them. Matrimony baulks our expectations every way; and our children as seldom prove comforts to us as our wives. I had but two—whereof one was hanged long ago—and the other I suppose may be in a fair way by this.

Wor. In what manner did she escape from you?

Pol. She had taken leave of me to retire to rest, not half an hour before I heard of her departure. I impute it all to the wicked instructions of an imp of

Squeez. Do so, my dear—I doubt not your power—Good-morrow, honey.

Mrs. Squeez. But, my dear, pray remember the hundred guineas.

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but let me tell you, Sir, men betray their own ignorance often, in attacking that of other men.

Wor. But what is all this to your daughter?

Pol. Never tell me of my daughter, my country is dearer to me than a thousand daughters; should the Turks come among us, what would become of our daughters then? and our sons, and our wives, and our estates, and our houses, and our religion, and our liberty!—When a Turkish aga should command our nobility, and janizaries make grandfathers of lords, where should we look for Britain then?

Wor. Truly, where I may look for Mr. Politic now, in the clouds.

Pol. Give me leave, Sir, only to let you a little into the present state of Turkey.

Wor. I must beg to be excused, Sir; if I can be of any service to you, in relation to your daughter, you may command my attention: I may probably defend you from your own countrymen, but truly from the Turks I cannot.

Pol. I am glad to hear you have some apprehension of them, as well as myself.—That you are not so stupidly besotted, as I meet with some people at the coffee-house; but perhaps you are not enough apprized of the danger. Give me leave only to shew you how it is possible for the Grand Signior to find an ingress into Europe.—Suppose, Sir, this spot I stand on to be Turkey—then here is Hungary—very well—here is France, and here is England—granted—then we will suppose he had possession of Hungary—what then remains but to conquer France, before we find him at our own coast.—But, Sir, this is not all the danger; now I will show you how he can come by sea to us.

Wor. Dear Sir, refer that to some other time; you have sufficiently satisfied me, I assure you.

Pol. It is almost time to go to the coffee house—so, dear Mr. Worthy, I am your most obedient servant.

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Pol. It is almost time to go to the coffee house—so, dear Mr. Worthy, I am your most obedient servant.

Clo. I wish you could not me, or I myself. Poor Captain Constant——

Hil. What of him?

Clo. Oh! Madam!

Hil. Speak quickly, or kill me, which you please——

Clo. ——Is taken up for a rape.

Hil. How!

Clo. It is too true, his own servant told me.

Hil. His servant belied him, and so do you——
Shew me where he is; if he be in a dungeon, I'll find him out.

Clo. Very generous, indeed, Madam! A king should sooner visit a prisoner for treason, than I a lover for a rape.

Hil. It would be unpardonable in me to entertain so flagrant a belief at the first hearing, against a man who hath given me such substantial proofs of his constancy: besides, an affair of my own makes me the more doubtful of the truth of this; but if there appear any proof of such a fact, I will drive him for ever from my thoughts.

Clo. Yes, Madam, justice Squeezum will take care to have him driven another way.

Hil. Justice Squeezum! Let me hug you for that information. Now, I can almost swear he is innocent: I have such an adventure to surprise you with; but let me not lose a moment——come, shew me the way.

Clo. Poor creature! she knows the way to her destruction too well——but it would be impertinence in a servant to put her out of it. [*Aside.*]

SCENE II. *The Constable's House.*

CONSTANT *alone.*

I begin to be of that philosopher's opinion, who said, that whoever will entirely consult his own hap-

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SCENE IV.

CONSTANT, STAFF, MRS. STAFF.

Staff. Captain, your servant ; I suppose you will be glad of company—here is a very civil gentleman, I assure you.

Mrs. Staff. More gentlemen ! this is rare news indeed.

Const. I had rather be alone.

Staff. I have but this one prison-room, captain ; besides, I assure you, this is no common fellow, but a very fine gentleman, a captain too—and as merry a one——

Const. What is the cause of his misfortune?

Staff. A rape, Captain, a rape—no dishonourable offence—I would not have brought any scoundrels into your honour's company ; but rape and murder no gentleman need be ashamed of ; and this is an honest brother ravisher—I have ravished women myself formerly : but a wife blunts a man's edge. When once you are married, you will leave off ravishing, I warrant you—to be bound in wedlock, is as good a security against rapes, as to be bound over to keep the peace is against murder.

Mrs. Staff. My husband will have his jest, I hope your honour will pardon him.

Staff. But here is the gentleman.

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Mrs. Staff. My husband will have his jest, I hope your honour will pardon him.

Staff. But here is the gentleman.

Const. What I heartily repent of, I assure you. I rescued a woman in the street, for which she was so kind to swear a rape against me; but it gives me no uneasiness equal to the pleasure I enjoy in seeing you.

Ramb. Ever kind and good-natur'd!

Const. Yet I wish our meeting had been on another occasion; for the freedom of your life makes me suspect the consequence of your confinement may be heavier than mine.

Ramb. I can't tell what the consequence may be, nor shall I trouble myself about it: but I assure thee, no sucking babe can be more innocent. If our cases differ in any thing, it is in this, that my woman hath not sworn.

Const. This pleases me indeed! But, pray, how came you to leave the Indies, where I thought you had been settled for life?

Ramb. Why, on the same account that I went thither, that I now am here, by which I live, and for which I live, a woman.

Const. A woman!

Ramb. Ay, a fine, young, rich woman! a widow with fourscore thousand pounds in her pocket——there's a North star to steer by.

Const. What is her name?

Ramb. Her name——her name is Ramble.

Const. What, married!

Ramb. Ay, Sir; soon after you left the Indies, honest Mr. Ingot left the world, and me the heir to his wife with all her effects.

Const. I wish you joy, dear Jack; this thy good fortune hath so filled me with delight, that I have no room for my own sorrows.

Ramb. But I have not unfolded half yet.

Sot. [*without.*] Let two quarts of rum be made into punch, let it be hot—hot as hell.

Ramb. D'ye hear, we are in a fine condition, 'faith!

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to the other world fourscore thousand strong; and if there be any such thing there, I don't question but she is married again by this time.

Sot. You would not take my advice. I have caution'd thee never to trust any thing on the same bottom with a woman. I would not ensure a ship that had a woman on board for double the price.—The sins of one woman are enough to draw down a judgment on a fleet.

Ramb. Here's a fellow, who, like a prude, makes sin a handle to his abuse.—Art thou not ashamed to mention sin—who art a cargo of iniquity? Why wilt thou fill thy venom'd mouth with that of others, when thou hast such stores of thy own?

Const. What occasioned your separating?

Ramb. A storm, and my ill stars. I left the ship wherein she was to dine with the captain of one of our convoy, when a sudden violent storm arising, I lost sight of her ship, and from that day have never seen or heard of her.

Sot. Nor ever will—I heartily hope. Tho' as for the innocent chests, those I wish deliver'd out of the deep. But the sea knows its own good: it will be sure to keep the money, though possibly it may refund the woman; for a woman will swim like a cork, and they are both of the same value; nay, the latter is the more valuable, as it preserves our wine, which women often spoil.

Const. Why, Sotmore, wine is the touchstone of all merit with thee, as gold is to a stock-jobber; and thou would'st as soon sell thy soul for a bottle, as he for a guinea.

Sot. Wine, Sir, is as apt a comparison to every thing that is good, as woman is to every thing that is bad.

Const. Fie, Sotmore! this railing against the ladies will make your company as scandalous to gentlemen, as railing at religion would to a parson.

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Ramb. And they are a nobler pleasure than so many gallons which thou hast swallowed in that time.

Sot. Sir, I pay my vintner, and therefore do no injury.

Ramb. And, Sir, I do no injury: and therefore have no reason to pay.

Sot. Hey-day! is taking away a man's wife or daughter no injury?

Ramb. Not when the wife is weary of her husband, and the daughter longs for one.

Const. Art thou not ashamed, Sotmore, to throw a man's sins in his face, while he is suffering for them

Sot. That is the time, Sir; besides, you see what an effect it hath on him: you might as well rail at a knight of the post in the pillory.

Ramb. Let him alone, the punch will be here immediately, and then he'll have no leisure to rail.

Sot. Is it not enough to make a man rail, to have parted with a friend happy in the night, and to find him the next morning in so fair a way to—Death and damnation! shew me the whore; I'll be revenged on her and the whole sex. If thou art hanged for ravishing her, I'll be hang'd for murdering her. Describe the little mischief to me. Is she tall, short, black, brown, fair? In what form hath the devil disguised himself.

Ramb. In a very beautiful one, I assure you: she hath the finest shape that ever was beheld, genteel to a miracle; then the brightest eyes that ever glanced on a lover, the prettiest little mouth, and lips as red as a cherry; and for her breasts, not snow, marble, lilies, alabaster, ivory, can come up to their whiteness; but their little, pretty, firm, round form, no art can imitate, no thought conceive—Oh! Sot-

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Ramb. This the lady! No———why this is a woman of virtue; though she hath a great resemblance of the other, I must confess.

Sot. Then I suppose this is she whom Constant hath toasted this half year—his honourable mistress, with a pox.—Rare company for a man who is in prison for a rape!

Hil. And was you in that scuffle which parted me and my maid in Leicester Fields?

Const. It was there this unfortunate accident happened, while I was going to the place of our appointment.

Hil. It had like to have occasioned another to me, which, that I escaped, I am to thank this gentleman.

Ramb. Oh, Madam! your most obedient, humble servant. Was it you, dear Madam?

Const. Ha! is it possible my friend can have so far indebted me!—This is a favour I can never return.

Ramb. You over-rate it, upon my soul you do; I am sufficiently repaid by this embrace.

Const. I can never repay thee.—Would'st thou have given me worlds, it could not have equalled the least favour conferr'd on this lady.

Ramb. I should have conferr'd some favours on her indeed, if she would have accepted them.

Hil. I am glad it is to Mr. Constant's friend I am obliged. [*Aside.*

Sot. Yes, you are damnably obliged to him for his character of you. [*Aside.*

Const. My dear Hilaret, shall I beg to hear it all? I can have no pleasure equal to finding new obligations to this gentleman.

Hil. Since you desire it——

Ramb. I fancy, Madam, your fright at that time may have occasioned your forgetting some circumstance; therefore, since Captain Constant desires it,

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Staff. Your honour shall not want that.

Sot. And I shall want nothing more.

Staff. Captain, a word with you. [*To Ramble.*]
There's Madam Squeezum below desires to speak with you alone.

Ramb. Bring her up.—Sotmore, you must excuse me a few moments, Constant and this lady will entertain you.

Sot. Let the moments be very few. I'll lay five gallons to one, this fellow hath another whore in his eye.

SCENE XI.

RAMBLE, MRS. SQUEEZUM.

Ramb. So; my affair with my friend's mistress is happily over.—That I should not know a modest woman! But there is so great an affectation of modesty in some women of the town, and so great an affectation of impudence in some women of fashion, that it is not impossible to mistake. Now for Mrs. Justice, her business with me is not exceeding difficult to guess.

Mrs. Squeez. You will think I have a vast deal of charity, captain, who am not only the solicstress of your liberty at home to my husband, but can carry my good-nature so far as to visit you in your confinement. I cannot say but I have a generous pity for any one whom I imagine to be accused wrongfully.

Ramb. I am obliged to you indeed, Madam, for that supposal.

Mrs. Squeez. You are the cause of it. Wherefore do you imagine I ventured myself alone with you this morning.

Ramb. From your great humanity, Madam.

Mrs. Squeez. Alas, Sir! it was to try whether you were really the man you were reported to be; and I am certain I found you as inoffensive, quiet,

Staff. Your honour shall not want that.

Sot. And I shall want nothing more.

Staff. Captain, a word with you. [*To Ramble.*]
There's Madam Squeezum below desires to speak with you alone.

Ramb. Bring her up.—Sotmore, you must excuse me a few moments, Constant and this lady will entertain you.

Sot. Let the moments be very few. I'll lay five gallons to one, this fellow hath another whore in his eye.

SCENE XI.

RAMBLE, MRS. SQUEEZUM.

Ramb. So; my affair with my friend's mistress is happily over.—That I should not know a modest woman! But there is so great an affectation of modesty in some women of the town, and so great an affectation of impudence in some women of fashion, that it is not impossible to mistake. Now for Mrs. Justice, her business with me is not exceeding difficult to guess.

Mrs. Squeez. You will think I have a vast deal of charity, captain, who am not only the solicstress of your liberty at home to my husband, but can carry my good-nature so far as to visit you in your confinement. I cannot say but I have a generous pity for any one whom I imagine to be accused wrongfully.

Ramb. I am obliged to you indeed, Madam, for that supposal.

Mrs. Squeez. You are the cause of it. Wherefore do you imagine I ventured myself alone with you this morning.

Ramb. From your great humanity, Madam.

Mrs. Squeez. Alas, Sir! it was to try whether you were really the man you were reported to be; and I am certain I found you as inoffensive, quiet,

if you don't come in an instant, I will be back again.

Mrs. Squeez. What shall I do?

Ramb. My angel! love shall instruct thee.

Mrs. Squeez. Let me go—some other time—I will not run any venture here.

Ramb. I will not part with you.

Mrs. Squeez. You shall hear from me in half an hour. You shall have your liberty, and I'll appoint you where to meet me.

Ramb. Shall I depend on you.

Mrs. Squeez. You may——Adieu.——Don't follow me: I can slip out a back way.

Ramb. Farewel, my angel!

SCENE XII.

RAMBLE, *solus.*

Confound this drunken rascal! this is not the first time he hath spoiled an intrigue for me. But hold, as I am to have my liberty before-hand, I don't think this half-hour's delay at all unlucky. That consideration may sufficiently compensate the staying of my stomach. This adventure of mine begins to put on a tolerable aspect. An intrigue with a rich justice's wife, is not to be slighted by a young fellow of a desperate fortune. I do not doubt but in a very short time, when I am taken up for the next rape, to bribe the justice with his own money.—Lend a man your gold, he may forget the debt; venture your life for him, he may forget the obligation; but once engage his wife, and you secure his friendship. There is no friend in all extremity so sure as your cuckold—and the surest hold you can take of a man, as of a bull, is by his horns.

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Ramb. Why, Constant, such another compliment would make thee jealous.

Hil. Upon my word, he hath reason already !

Sot. Madam, I like you ; and if a bottle of Burgundy were on one side, and you on the other, I do not know which I should choose.

Const. Thou would'st choose the bottle, I am sure.

Ramb. But I long to hear this conspiracy.

Sot. Then it must be below. I strictly forbid any secrets to be told but at the council table. The rose is ever understood over the drinking room, and a glass is the surest turnkey to the lips.

Const. That's contrary to the opinion of philosophers.

Sot. Of the sober ones it may ; but all your wise philosophers were a set of the most drunken dogs alive. I never knew a sober fellow but was an ass——and your ass is the soberest of all animals. Your sober philosophers, and their works, have been buried long ago. I remember a saying of that great philosopher and poet, Horace, who wrote in Falerian instead of ink :

No verses last——can long escape the night,
Which the dull scribbling water-drinkers write.

[*Exeunt.*

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me, or ruin me by bribing her to hold her tongue. It is not a little gold will make a gag for a woman.

Quill. Sir, I shall be as diligent as possible.

Squeez. And I as liberal on your success.

[*Exit Squeezum.*]

SCENE II.

QUILL solus.

Indeed justice, that bait will not do. I know you too well to trust to your liberality. Your wife will reward services better than you. Besides, I have too much honour to take fees on both sides.—And since I am her pimp in ordinary, I'll go like an honest and dutiful servant, and discover this conspiracy: for should she once be turn'd out of the family, I should make but a slender market of this close-finger'd justice, whose covetousness would suffer no rogues to live but himself.

SCENE III.

The CONSTABLE'S House.

RAMBLE, CONSTANT.

Ramb. This little mistress of yours is the most dextrous politician, if that drunken puppy doth not disappoint us.

Const. Never fear him: he hath cunning enough; and there hath been so long a war in his head between wine and his senses, that they seem now to have come to an agreement that he is never to be quite in them, nor ever quite out of them: his life is one continued scene of being half drunk.

Ramb. Well, as we can be of no farther use in the affair, but must stay here and expect the issue; pr'y-thee, tell me what hath become of you these three long years since you quitted the service of the

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a contrived piece of villany of the justice, and not of the woman's, as I at first imagined.

Ramb. Be assur'd of it;—if there be roguery, the justice hath the chief part in it. But comfort yourself with the expectation of revenge; for I think he cannot possibly escape the net we have spread, unless the devil have more gratitude than he is reported to have, and will assist his very good friend at a crisis.

Const. But what do you intend in England, where you have no friends?

Ramb. I know not yet whether I have or no. I left an old father here, and a rich one. He thought fit to turn me out of doors for some frolics, which it is probable, if he yet lives, he may have forgiven me by this. But what's become of him I know not; for I have not heard one word of him these ten years.

Const. I think you have been vastly careless, in neglecting him so long.

Ramb. 'Tis as I have acted in all affairs of life; my thoughts have ever succeeded my actions: the consequence hath caused me to reflect when it was too late. I never reasoned on what I should do, but what I had done; as if my reason had her eyes behind, and could only see backwards.

SCENE IV.

RAMBLE, CONSTANT, STAFF.

Staff. Here's a letter for your honour.

Ramb. [*Reads it.*] Ay, this is a letter, indeed!

Const. What is it?

Ramb. My freedom, under a sign-manual from the queen of these regions.

Const. Explain.

Ramb. Then, Sir, in plain English, without either trope or figure, it is a letter from the justice's

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above two shillings more, which who knows but she may be spending on some bully, who will perhaps send another present to me in return.

SCENE VI.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET.

Squeez. Oh! are you come—you little, pretty, dear, sweet rogue!—I have been waiting for you these—these four hours at least.

Hil. Young lovers are commonly earlier than their appointment.

Squeez. Give me a kiss for that.—Thou shalt find me a young lover, a vigorous young lover too.—Hit me a slap in the face, do—Bow-wow! Bow-wow! I'll eat up your clothes.—Come, what will you drink? White or red?—Women love white best.—Boy, bring half a pint of mountain.—Come, sit down; do, sit down.—Come, now let us hear the story how you were first debauched.—Come—that I may put it down in my history at home. I have the history of all the women's ruin that ever I lay with, and I call it, *THE HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES*.

Hil. I'll warrant it is as big as a church bible.

Squeez. It is really of a good reputable size. I have done execution in my time.

Hil. And may do execution still.

Boy. [*Without.*] Half a pint of mountain in the Lion, score.

Squeez. Well—But now let me have the history—Where did your amour begin?—at church, I warrant you. More amours begin at church than end there.—Or, perhaps, you went to see the man of war—Going to see sights hath ruined many a woman. No wonder children are lovers of them, since so many owe their being to them.

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Hil. I was fatigued with walking in the garden, and retired to an arbour to repose myself: guess what was my surprise, when I found the dear perfidious had conveyed himself thither before me.

Squeez. A sly dog! My old way again. An ambush is as useful in love as war.

Hil. At my first entrance, he pretended a surprise at seeing me unexpectedly; but on my questioning him how and with what design he had conveyed himself there, he immediately threw off the cloak, and confessed all: he flew to me, caught me in his arms with the most eager raptures, and swore the most violent love and eternal constancy. I in the greatest agony of rage repelled him with my utmost force; he redoubled his attacks, I slackened my resistance; he intreated, I raved; he sighed, I cry'd; he press'd, I swooned; he——

Squeez. Oh!—I can bear no longer, my angel! my paradise! my honey-suckle! my dove! my darling!

Hil. What do you mean, Sir?

Squeez. I mean to eat you up, to swallow you down, to squeeze you to pieces.

Hil. Help there! A rape, a rape!

SCENE VII.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE.

Sot. Hey-day! what in the devil's name is here?
——Justice Squeezum ravishing a woman!

Hil. Oh! for Heaven's sake, Sir, assist a poor, forlorn, hapless maid, whom this wicked man hath treacherously seduced.

Squeez. Oh lud!——Oh lud!

Sot. Fie upon you, Mr. Squeezum! you who are a magistrate, you who are the preserver and executor of our laws, thus to be the breaker of them!

Squeez. Can'st thou accuse me?

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I am too well acquainted with the laws to contend : I hope you will be reasonable ; for I am poor, very poor, I assure you : it is not for men of my honesty to be rich.

Hil. Sir, if you would give me millions, it should not satisfy my revenge ! you should be hanged for an example to others.

Squeez. Here's a cruel wretch ! who prefers my blood to my gold, which is almost my blood.

Sot. Hey-day ! what vehicle is this ? a vinegar bottle ?—Half a pint, by Jupiter ! Why, thou sneaking rascal, canst thou pretend to honesty, when this dram glass hath been found upon thee ? Were I thy judge, or thy jury, this very sneaking vehicle should hang thee, without any other evidence. But come, since you are to be hang'd, I'll drink one bumper to your good journey to the other world.—You will find abundance of your acquaintance, whom you have sent before you.—And now, I'll go call the drawer to fetch a constable.

Squeez. Hold ; hold ; Sir ; for mercy sake do not expose me so.—Will nothing content you, Madam ?

Hil. Nothing but the rigour of the law. Sir, I beseech you loose no time, but send for the constable immediately.

Squeez. I'll do any thing ; I'll consent to any terms.

Hil. The constable ! the constable !

Squeez. Stay, dear Sir ; I'll give you a hundred guineas ; I'll do any thing.

Hil. Remember your vile commitment of two gentlemen this morning.—But I will revenge the injuries of my friends.—Sir, I beseech you send for the officers.

Squeez. One is already dismissed from his confinement, the other shall be dismissed immediately.

Hil. It is too late.

Sot. Heark'ee, Sir, will you leave off whoring, and take to drinking for the future.

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Sot. It is their drugs that debauch our wine : Wine in itself is as innocent as water, and physis poisons both. It is not the juice of the grape, but of the drug, that is pernicious. Let me advise you, Madam, leave off your damn'd adulterated water, your tea, and take to wine. It will paint your face better than vermilion, and put more honesty in your heart than all the sermons you can read. I'll introduce you to some clubs of my acquaintance, a set of honest fellows, that live in the clouds of tobacco, and know no home but a tavern.

Squeez. This letter, Sir, will produce the gentleman immediately.

Sot. Here, drawer—let this letter be sent whither it is directed. Come, honest justice, our acquaintance hath an odd beginning, but we may be very good companions soon. Let us sit down, and expect our friend in the manner it becometh us. Remember what you have bargained to do every day of your life, and the obligation shall be dated from this hour. Come, sit thee down, honest publican, old justice merchant. [*They sit.*] Here's a health to the propagation of trade, thy trade I mean, to the increase of whores, and false dice.—Thou art a collector of the customs of sin, and he that would sin with impunity, must have thy permit. Come, pledge me, old boy ; if thou leavest one drop in the glass, thou shall go to gaol yet, by this bottle.

Squeez. I protest, Sir, your hand is too bountiful ; you will overcome me with wine.

Sot. Well, and I love to see a magistrate drunk ; it is a comely sight. When justice is drunk, she cannot take a bribe.

Squeez. Do you not remember how the Athenians punished drunkenness in a magistrate ?

Sot. And do not I know that we have no such Athenian law among us ? We punish drunkenness, as well as other sins, only in the lower sort. Drink, like the game, was intended for gentlemen—and

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SONG.

Let a set of sober asses
 Rail against the joys of drinking,
 While water, tea,
 And milk agree,
 To set cold brains a thinking.
 Power and wealth
 Beauty, health.
 Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd ;
 Joys abound,
 Pleasure's found,
 Only where the glass goes round.

II.

The ancient sects on happiness
 All differ'd in opinion,
 But wiser rules
 Of modern schools,
 In wine fix her dominion.
 Power and wealth, &c.

III.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
 It makeg glow the cheeks of beauty,
 Makes poets write,
 And soldiers fight,
 And friendship do its duty.
 Power and wealth, &c.

IV.

Wine was the only Helicon,
 Whence poets are long-liv'd so ;
 'Twas no other main,
 Then brisk Champaigne,
 Whence Venus was deriv'd too.
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Hil. Well, Sir, since our affair is ended, there is the purse you presented me this morning. As I have not performed your expectations one way, I'll give you what I believe you did not expect—your money again. It is unopen'd, I assure you.

Squeez. Thou art welcome, however.

Sot. Come, gentlemen, be pleased to take every man his chair and his glass; we will dedicate one hour or two to drinking, I am resolv'd.

Squeez. First we will sacrifice to justice. Mr. Constable, do your duty.

Staff. Come in there.

SCENE IX.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE, CONSTANT, STAFF,
Assistants.

The Assistants seize Constant, Hilaret, and Sotmore.

Squeez. Seize those people in the king's name—I accuse that woman and that man of conspiring to swear a rape against me.

Staff. It is in vain to contend, gentlemen.

Hil. Oh, the villain!

Squeez. [*to Sot.*] The next letter you extort, Sir, be sure to examine the contents.

Sot. Thou rascal! will not even wine make thee honest.

Squeez. Observe, gentlemen, how abusive he is; but I'll make an example of you all: I'll prosecute you to the utmost severity of the law.—Mr. Constable, convey the prisoners to your house, whence you shall have orders to bring them before a justice.

Sot. And art thou really in earnest?

Squeez. You shall find I am, Sir, to your cost.

Sot. Then I have found one man with whom I would not drink a glass of wine.

Hil. Well, Sir, since our affair is ended, there is the purse you presented me this morning. As I have not performed your expectations one way, I'll give you what I believe you did not expect—your money again. It is unopen'd, I assure you.

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Squeez. Observe, gentlemen, how abusive he is; but I'll make an example of you all: I'll prosecute you to the utmost severity of the law.—Mr. Constable, convey the prisoners to your house, whence you shall have orders to bring them before a justice.

Sot. And art thou really in earnest?

Squeez. You shall find I am, Sir, to your cost.

Sot. Then I have found one man with whom I would not drink a glass of wine.

on him. Yet I must own the girl hath been ever dutiful to me, till she became acquainted with this cursed fellow in a red coat. Why should red have such charms in the eyes of a woman? The Roman senate kept their armies abroad, to prevent their sharing in their lands at home; we should do the same, to prevent their sharing in our wives. A tall lusty fellow shall make more work for a midwife in one winter at home, than he can for a surgeon in ten summers abroad.

SCENE II.

POLITIC, FAITHFUL.

Pol. Well, any news of my daughter yet?

Faith. No, Sir; but there is some news from the secretaries office; a mail is arrived from Holland, and you will have the contents of it in one of the evening papers.

Pol. Very well! I must be patient. I think we have three mails together now; I am not satisfied at all with the affairs in the North: the northern winds have not blown us any good lately; the clouds are a little darker in the East too than I could wish them.

SCENE III.

POLITIC, DABBLE.

Pol. Mr. Dabble, good morrow.

Dab. Are the mails come in?

Pol. Just arrived.

Dab. I have not slept one wink for reflecting on what you told me last night; perhaps this Dutch mail may give some insight into those affairs. But what says the Lying Post?

on him. Yet I must own the girl hath been ever dutiful to me, till she became acquainted with this cursed fellow in a red coat. Why should red have such charms in the eyes of a woman? The Roman senate kept their armies abroad, to prevent their sharing in their lands at home; we should do the same, to prevent their sharing in our wives. A tall lusty fellow shall make more work for a midwife in one winter at home, than he can for a surgeon in ten summers abroad.

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Dab. Are the mails come in?

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Dab. I have not slept one wink for reflecting on what you told me last night; perhaps this Dutch mail may give some insight into those affairs. But what says the Lying Post?

Pol. Hum!

[*Shakes his head.*]

Dab. 'And every thing seems tending to a rupture—mean time we expect the return of a courier from Vienna, who, 'tis generally expected, will bring the news of a general pacification.'

Pol. All is well again!

Dab. I like this, and some other papers, who disappoint you with good news. Where the beginning of a paragraph threatens you with war, and the latter part of it ensures you peace.

Pol. Please to read on——

Dab. 'However, notwithstanding these assurances, 'tis doubted by most people, whether the said courier will not rather bring a confirmation of the war; but this is all guess-work, and till such time as we see an actual hostility committed, we must leave our readers in the same uncertain state we found them.'

Pol. Hum! there is no certainty to be come at, I find; it may be either peace or war.

Dab. Tho' were I to lay a wager, I should chuse war; for, if you observe, we are twice assured of that, whereas we have only one affirmation on the side of peace—but stay, perhaps the next paragraph, which is dated from Fontainbleau, may decide the question. 'Fontainbleau, January 23. Yesterday his majesty went a hunting, to-day he hears an opera, and to-morrow he hears mass.'

Pol. I don't like that; hearing mass is seldom the forerunner of good news.

Dab. 'It is observable that cardinal Fleury——'

Pol. Ay, now for it.

Dab. 'It is observable that cardinal Fleury hath, for several days last past, been in close conference with the minister of a certain state, which causes various speculations; but as we do not know what was the matter in debate, we cannot say what may be the consequence thereof. Mean time we cannot help observing that it hath occasioned some

Pol. Ham!

[*Shakes his head.*]

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Pol. Sure some accident has touched the fellow's brain.

Faith. Ay, Sir, and it would touch yours too, if you had a grain of humanity in you—Oh! that I should live to see my poor young lady in such a misfortune!

Pol. A woman taken up for a rape—it is impossible,

Faith. They may swear it though for all that—I know her to be as modest a good young lady as any in the kingdom; but what will not a set of rogues swear. Sir, I liv'd with Squeezum before I liv'd with you; and know him to be as great a villain as any in the kingdom. Do, good Sir, come but with me to justice Worthy's, if you do not find your daughter there, turn me away for a vagabond.

Dab. I do remember, neighbour Politic, to have seen in some newspaper a story not very different from this.

Pol. Nay, if you have seen it in a newspaper, it may probably have some truth in it; so, neighbour Dabble, you will excuse me; I will meet you within an hour at the coffee-house, and there we will confer farther.

SCENE V. WORTHY'S House.

WORTHY, ISABELLA.

Wor. Sure modesty is quite banished from the age we live in. There was a time when virtue carried something of a divine awe with it, which no one durst attack; but now the insolence of our youth is such, no woman dare walk the streets, but those who do it for bread.

Isa. And yet our laws, brother Worthy, are as rigorous as those of other countries, and as well executed.

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Squeez. Marry, but it is; for that which is against the officers of the government, is against the government. In short, Sir, it is a conspiracy against me, against myself. What do you think, brother Worthy, but that, moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, a vile woman hath conspired to swear a rape against me?

Wor. A rape against you! foolish jade! Why, your very face would acquit you—you have innocence in your looks, brother Squeezum.

Squeez. I hope my character will acquit me against such an accusation.

Wor. I think it ought; a man whose character would not, is very unfit for that honourable commission you bear.

Squeez. True! these slurs reflect on us all. The accusing a member, is accusing the body. We should consider it may be our own case. We should stand by one another, as the lawyers do. I hope, brother, you will shew me extraordinary justice; and I assure you should any affair of yours come before me, my partiality shall lean on your side.

Wor. Partiality, Sir! I hope no cause of mine ever will require it. I assure you I shall do the strictest justice; I believe you will not need more.

Squeez. Sir, my case needs no more; but I think it incumbent on us all, to discountenance any prosecution of ourselves on any account whatsoever.

Wor. To discountenance it by the innocence of our lives, is indeed laudable, but no farther. It is a cursed law which exempts the maker, or the executor of it, from its penalty.

Squeez. Truly, brother Worthy, I think the makers of laws, and the executors of them, should be free of them; as authors and actors are free of the playhouse.

Wor. You are ludicrous, Mr. Squeezum. But let me tell you, he is the greatest of villains, who

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Squeez. Do you hear this, brother Worthy? I think you have nothing to do but to make her *Mittimus*.

Wor. And for what reason did you offer this?

Hil. I offer'd it only to frighten him to the discharge of two gentlemen, whom he had villainously committed to the custody of that constable.

Wor. For what crimes do they stand committed, Mr. Constable?

Staff. For two rapes, an't please your worship.

Hil. One of them on my account,—though I never swore the least thing against him.

Wor. On your account,—I begin to be afraid he was unjustly committed indeed.

Squeez. Now, Sir, we shall proceed to blacken a little the character of this woman. Call Mr. Brazen-court; Mr. Brazencourt, what do you know of this fine lady?

Brazen. I know nothing more of her, than that I kept her half a year.

Wor. Kept her——in what capacity did you keep her?

Brazen. In the capacity of a whore, till I was obliged to turn her off, for stealing four of my shirts, two pair of stockings, and my Common Prayer Book.

Squeez. Call Captain Fireball.

Wor. Captain Fireball, pray do you know any harm of that person there?

Fire. Harm of her! ay, and so doth my surgeon too. She came to me from Major Brazencourt. I kept her two months.

Hil. Sir, I beseech you to hear me.

Wor. By and by. You must not interrupt them.—Go on. Did you lose any thing by her too?

Fire. No, but I got something by her, which made my surgeon get something by me—I love to express myself in modest terms, but I believe you all know what I mean.

Squeez. Do you hear this, brother Worthy? I think you have nothing to do but to make her Mittimus.

Wor. And for what reason did you offer this?

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Hil. Oh! my father!

Pol. My poor child!——That ever I should live to see thee in such a misfortune!

Wor. Is it possible, Mr. Politic, that this young lady is your daughter?

Pol. Yes, Sir, it is as possible, as that the Turks may come into our part of Europe; and I wish this may not be as sure as that.

SCENE IX.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, STAFF,
Constables, Assistants, POLITIC, FAITHFUL, SOT-
MORE, CLORIS, RAMBLE, MRS. SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

Mrs. Squeez. Where is this glory of the bench? this gallant justice? this terror and example of sin? Do you know this hand, Sir? Did you write this assignation? You are a noble gentleman truly, to make an appointment with a fine lady, and then bring her before a magistrate.

Squeez. O my malignant stars!

Wor. Mrs. Squeezum, what is the matter?

Mrs. Squeez. You, Mr. Worthy, I am sure will pity one who hath the misfortune to be married to a man, who is as much a scandal to the commission he bears, as you are an honour to it; my conscience hath been too long burthened with conniving at his rogueries. He, Sir, he alone is guilty, and every one whom he hath accused is innocent.

Wor. I know not what to think!

Ramb. Sir, that fellow there, that butcher of justice, is the greatest villain that ever was born.—Being a little frolicsome last night with this lady, that constable seiz'd us. 'Tis to me she is indebted for all this trouble; though Mr. Constable may claim some share, in not suffering us to depart at her desire.

Hil. Oh! my father!

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Const. At your service.

Wor. Desire my sister to walk hither—I am more obliged to you than you know.

Squeez. Come, Sir, this is only losing time—I want the Mittimus.

SCENE X.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET, POLITIC, MRS. SQUEEZUM, QUILL, STAFF, FAITHFUL, &c. ISABELLA.

Wor. Sister, do you know this gentleman?

Isa. Captain Constant! It is happy for me that I do—I thank you, Sir, for your generous rescue last night, which my fright at that time prevented my acknowledging.

Const. And was it you, Madam?—

Ramb. My Isabella!

Isa. Ha!—it is, it is my Ramble—

Ramb. My touch deceives me not, it is my charming she, once more restored to my despairing hopes.

Isa. What lucky stars can have contrived this interview?

Ramb. Very lucky stars they appear now; but they had a confounded ugly aspect some time ago.

Isa. Surprising! Brother, let that fellow be secured. He was the person from whose hands this gentleman delivered me. [To Fireball.

Quill. I hope your worship will forgive me; but I hir'd these two men, by my master's command, to be evidences for him.

Wor. Surprising villany!—secure them instantly. And particularly that justice,—whom I shall no longer treat as a gentleman, but as his villany hath merited.—Constable, I charge you with them all—and let them be kept below in the parlour,

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Ramb. I am that very identical wild person, I assure you.

Pol. I don't know whether I'll give you my blessing or no, till I see how you are married.

Wor. Mr. Politic, I rejoice in the union of our families; this lady, your son's wife, is my sister—and if fourscore thousand pounds can make the match agreeable to you, it will be so.

Pol. Hath the wild rogue made his fortune at last! Well, son, I give you my blessing; and my dear daughter I give you joy, and I hope the boy will give it you, ay, and lasting, constant joy.—If he doth not make you a good husband, I'll not own him: if he doth not make you blessed, he shall have no blessing of mine.

Isa. Sir, I doubt him not.

Ramb. Well, father, I have nothing more to ask of you, but in favour of my friend Captain Constant, whose love I am certain will complete the happiness of my sister.

Wor. I think I have never been witness to such a complication of villany. Sir, [to Constant] I assure you, and all of you, you shall have sufficient reparation for the injuries you have suffer'd. And, Sir, by the character which I have had from my sister of that gentleman, I do not think your daughter can be better disposed of, let the difference of fortune be what it please.

Ramb. Besides, though his estate be not equal now, it may become so; for no man hath a better insight into politics.

Pol. Nay, if his studies bend that way, no man indeed can tell to what his estate may come.—Had I known this sooner, my doors should never have been shut against him. Sir, I shall be glad to confabulate with you at my house—and if you should set your heart on my daughter, I do not believe I shall do any thing to break it.

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Sot. No, but I have not——And you, Sir, will be drunk at your children's wedding-night.

Pol. I never drink any thing but coffee, Sir.

Sot. Damn your coffee——

Ramb. Sotmore, thou shalt have justice.——Mr. Worthy, I assure you, notwithstanding this humour, the world hath not an honester man.

Wor. It is pity he should besot himself so. Your character of him encourages me to employ some labour in advising him to quit so beastly a pleasure.—Come, gentlemen, I desire you would celebrate this day at my house. To-morrow, I will proceed to take all possible measures to your receiving satisfaction for your injuries, and making public example of so great a villain: for the crimes of a magistrate give the greatest sanction to sin.

No reverence that church or state attends,
Whose laws the priest or magistrate offends.

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P R E F A C E.

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Nor can we wonder at this dissension about its merit, when the learned world have not unanimously decided even the very nature of this tragedy. For though most of the universities in Europe have honoured it with the name of ‘Egregium & maximi pretii opus, tragœdiis tam antiquis quàm novis longè anteponendum;’ nay, Dr. B—— hath pronounced, ‘Citiùs Mævii Æneadem quàm Scribleri istius tragœdiam hanc crediderim, cujus autorem Senecam ipsum tradidisse haud dubitârim:’ and the great professor Burman hath styled Tom Thumb ‘Heroum omnium tragicorum facîle principem:’ Nay, though it hath, among other languages, been translated into Dutch, and celebrated with great applause at Amsterdam (where burlesque never came) by the title of Mynheer Vander Thumb, the burgomasters received it with that reverent and silent attention which becometh an audience at a deep tragedy. Notwithstanding all this, there have not been wanting some who have represented these scenes in a ludicrous light; and Mr. D—— hath

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But should any error of my pen awaken Clariss. Bentleium to enlighten the world with his annotations on our Author, I shall not think that the least reward or happiness arising to me from these my endeavours

I shall wave at present what hath caused such feuds in the learned world, whether this piece was originally written by Shakespear, though certainly that, were it true, must add a considerable share to its merit; especially with such who are so generous as to buy and commend what they never read, from an implicit faith in the author only: a faith, which our age abounds in as much, as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it suffice, that the TRAGEDY of TRAGEDIES, or, The LIFE and DEATH of TOM THUMB, was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Nor can the objection made by Mr. D——, that the tragedy must then have been antecedent to the history, have any weight, when we consider, that though the HISTORY of TOM THUMB, printed by and for Edward M——r, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, be of a later date, still must we suppose this history to have been transcribed from some other, unless we suppose the writer thereof to be inspired: a gift very faintly contended for by the writers of our age. As to this history's not bearing the stamp of second, third, or fourth edition, I see but little in that objection; editions being very uncertain lights to judge of books by: and perhaps Mr. M——r may have joined twenty editions in one, as Mr. C——l hath ere now divided one into twenty.

Nor doth the other argument, drawn from the little care our Author hath taken to keep up to the letter of this history, carry any greater force. Are there not instances of plays, wherein the history is so

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lessons, *viz.* That human happiness is exceeding transient; and, that death is the certain end of all men: the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal end of Tom Thumb; the latter, by that of all the other personages.

The Characters are, I think, sufficiently described in the *Dramatis Personæ*; and I believe we shall find few plays, where greater care is taken to maintain them throughout, and to preserve in every speech that characteristical mark which distinguishes them from each other. ‘But, (says Mr. D——) how well doth the character of Tom Thumb, whom we must call the hero of this tragedy, if it hath any hero, agree with the precepts of Aristotle, who defineth “Tragedy to be the imitation of a short, but perfect action, containing a just greatness in itself.” &c. What greatness can be in a fellow, whom history relateth to have been no higher than a span?’ This gentleman seemeth to think, with Serjeant Kite, that the greatness of a man’s soul is in proportion to that of his body; the contrary of which is affirmed by our English physiognomical writers. Besides, if I understand Aristotle right, he speaketh only of the greatness of the action, and not of the person.

As for the Sentiments and the Diction, which now only remain to be spoken to; I thought I could afford them no stronger justification, than by producing parallel passages out of the best of our English writers. Whether this sameness of thought and expression, which I have quoted from them, proceeded from an agreement in their way of thinking, or whether they have borrowed from our Author, I leave the reader to determine. I shall adventure to affirm this of the Sentiments of our Author; that they are generally the most familiar which I have ever met with, and at the same time delivered with the highest dignity of phrase; which brings me to

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set of big sounding words, so contrived together as to convey no meaning? which I shall one day or other prove to be the sublime of Longinus. Ovid declareth absolutely for the latter inn :

Omne genus scripti gravitate tragoedia vincit.

Tragedy hath, of all writings, the greatest share in the Bathos ; which is the profound of Scriblerus.

I shall not presume to determine which of these two styles be properer for tragedy.—It sufficeth, that our Author excelleth in both. He is very rarely within sight through the whole play, either rising higher than the eye of your understanding can soar, or sinking lower than it careth to stoop. But here it may, perhaps, be observed, that I have given more frequent instances of authors who have imitated him in the sublime, than in the contrary. To which I answer, first, Bombast being properly a redundancy of genius, instances of this nature occur in poets, whose names do more honour to our Author, than the writers in the doggrel, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty way of thinking. Instances whereof are most frequently to be found in authors of a lower class. Secondly, That the works of such authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, That it is a very hard task to read them, in order to extract these flowers from them. And lastly, it is very difficult to transplant them at all ; they being like some flowers of a very nice nature, which will flourish in no soil but their own : for it is easy to transcribe a thought, but not the want of one. The EARL OF ESSEX, for instance, is a little garden of choice rarities, whence you can scarce transplant one line so as to preserve its original beauty. This must account to the reader for his missing the names of several of his acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their works ; for which,

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King Arthur, a passionate sort of king, husband to Queen Dollalolla, of whom he stands a little in fear; father to Huncamunca, whom he is very fond of, and in love with Glumdalca, } MR. MULLART.

Tom Thumb the Great, a little hero with a great soul, something violent in his temper, which is a little abated by his love for Huncamunca, } YOUNG VERHUYCK.

Ghost of Gaffer Thumb, a whimsical sort of Ghost, } MR. LACY.

Lord Grizzle, extremely zealous for the liberty of the subject, very choleric in his temper, and in love with Huncamunca, } MR. JONES.

Merlin, a conjurer, and in some sort father to Tom Thumb, } MR. HALLAM.

Noodle, } Courtiers in place,
Doodle, } and consequently of } MR. REYNOLDS.
that party that is upper- } MR. WATHAN.
most,

Foodle, a courtier that is out of place, and consequently of that party that is under- } MR. AYRES.
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TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

DOODLE, NOODLE.

DOODLE.

SURE such a ¹day as this was never seen !
The sun himself, on this auspicious day,
Shines like a beau in a new birth-day suit :
This down the seams embroider'd, that the beams.
All nature wears one universal grin.

¹ Corneille recommends some very remarkable day wherein to fix the action of a tragedy. This the best of our tragical writers have understood to mean a day remarkable for the serenity of the sky, or what we generally call a fine summer's day : so that, according to this their exposition, the same months are proper for tragedy which are proper for pastoral. Most of our celebrated English tragedies, as Cato, Mariamne, Tamerlane, &c. begin with their observations on the morning. Lee seems to have come the nearest to this beautiful description of our author's :

The morning dawns with an unwonted crimson,
The flowers all odorous seem, the garden birds
Sing louder, and the laughing sun ascends
The gaudy earth with an unusual brightness,
All nature smiles.

CÆS. BORG.

Massinissa in the new Sophonisba is also a favourite of the sun ;

The sun too seems,
As conscious of my joy, with broader eye
To look abroad the world, and all things smile
Like Sophonisba.

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Are infant dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,
While Thumb, regardless of their noise, rides on.
So some cock-sparrow in a farmer's yard,
Hops at the head of an huge flock of turkeys.

Dood. When goody Thumb first brought this
Thomas forth,
The Genius of our land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, O Arthur! did thy Genius reign.

Nood. They tell me it is ⁵ whisper'd in the books
Of all our sages, that this mighty hero,
By Merlin's art begot, hath not a bone
Within his skin, but is a lump of gristle.

Dood. Then 'tis a gristle of no mortal kind;
Some God, my Noodle, stept into the place
Of Gaffer Thumb, and more than ⁶ half begot
This mighty Tom.

'But then, says Dr. B——y, if we place Tom Thumb in the court of king Arthur, it will be proper to place that court out of Britain, where no giants were ever heard of.' Spencer, in his *Fairy Queen*, is of another opinion, where, describing Albion, he says,

—————Far within a savage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants.
And in the same canto,
Then Elfar, with two brethren giants had,
The one of which had two heads——
The other three.

Risum teneatis, amici.

⁵ 'To whisper in books, says Mr. D——s, is arrant nonsense.' I am afraid this learned man does not sufficiently understand the extensive meaning of the word Whisper. If he had rightly understood what is meant by the 'senses whispering the soul,' in the Persian Princess, or what 'whisp'ring like winds' is in Aurengzebe, or like thunder in another author, he would have understood this. Emmeline in Dryden sees a voice, but she was born blind, which is an excuse Panthea cannot plead in Cyrus, who hears a sight.

—————Your description will surpass
All fiction, painting, or dumb shew of horror,
That ever ears yet heard, or eyes beheld.
When Mr. D——s understands these, he will understand whispering in books.

⁶ —Some ruffian stept into his father's place,
And more than half begot him.

MARY A. OF SCOTS.

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SCENE II.

KING, QUEEN, GRIZZLE, NOODLE, DOODLE,
FOODLE.

King. ² Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile Dollallolla——Ha! what wrinkled sorrow,
³ Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow?
Whence flow those tears fast down thy blubber'd
cheeks,

Like a swoln gutter, gushing through the streets?

Queen. ⁴ Excess of joy, my lord, I've heard
folks say,

Gives tears as certain as excess of grief.

King. If it be so, let all men cry for joy,
⁵ Till my whole court be drowned with their tears;

⁶ Phraortes in the Captives seems to have been acquainted
with king Arthur.

Proclaim a festival for seven days space,
Let the court shine in all its pomp and lustre,
Let all our streets resound with shouts of joy;
Let music's care-dispelling voice be heard;
The sumptuous banquet, and the flowing goblet
Shall warm the cheek, and fill the heart with gladness.
Astarbe shall sit mistress of the feast.

⁷ Repentance frowns on thy contracted brow. SOPHONISBA.
Hung on his clouded brow, I mark'd despair. Ibid.

—————A sullen gloom
Scowls on his brow.

BUSIRIS.

⁸ Plato is of this opinion, and so is Mr. Banks;
Behold these tears sprung from fresh pain and joy.

E. OF ESSEX.

⁹ These floods are very frequent in the tragic authors.
Near to some murmuring brook I'll lay me down.
Whose waters, if they should too shallow flow,
My tears shall swell them up till I will drown.

~ LEE'S SOPHONISBA.

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— LEE'S SOPHONISBA.

Queen. (Though I already ⁷ half seas over am)
 If the 'capacious goblet overflow
 With arrack punch——'fore George! I'll see it out;
 Of rum and brandy I'll not taste a drop.

King. Though rack, in punch, eight shillings be a
 quart,
 And rum and brandy be no more than six,
 Rather than quarrel you shall have your will.

[*Trumpets.*
 But, ha! the warrior comes; the great Tom Thumb,
 The little hero, giant-killing boy,
 Preserver of my kingdom, is arrived.

SCENE III.

TOM THUMB *to them with officers, prisoners, and attendants.*

King. ⁸ Oh! welcome most, most welcome to
 my arms.
 What gratitude can thank away the debt
 Your valour lays upon me?

Queen. ————⁹ Oh! ye gods! [*Aside.*
Thumb. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd
 enough.

¹ I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

Queen. Was ever such a godlike creature seen?
 [*Aside.*

King. Thy modesty's a ² candle to thy merit,

⁷ Dryden hath borrowed this, and applied it improperly;
 I'm half seas o'er in death. CLEOM.

⁸ This figure is in great use among the tragedians;
 'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis. VICTIM.

I long, repent, repent, and long again. BUSIRIS.

⁹ A tragical exclamation.

¹ This line is copied verbatim in the Captives.

² We find a candlestick for this candle in two celebrated
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⁵ With much ado, have made a shift to hawl
Within the town; ⁶ for she is by a foot
Shorter than all her subject giants were.

Glum. We yesterday were both a queen and wife,
One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway.
Twenty whereof were married to ourself.

Queen. Oh! happy state of giantism——where
husbands,
Like mushrooms grow, whilst hapless we are forc'd
To be content, nay, happy thought with one.

Glum. But then to lose them all in one black day,
That the same sun, which rising, saw me wife
To twenty giants, setting should behold
Me widow'd of them all.——⁷ My worn out heart,
That ship, leaks fast, and the great heavy lading,
My soul, will quickly sink.

Queen. ——Madam, believe
I view your sorrows with a woman's eye;
But learn to bear them with what strength you may,
To-morrow we will have our grenadiers
Drawn out before you, and you then shall choose
What husbands you think fit.

Glum. ——⁸ Madam, I am
Your most obedient, and most humble servant.

⁵ It is impossible, says Mr. W——, sufficiently to admire
this natural easy line.

⁶ This tragedy, which in most points resembles the an-
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MITHRID.

My soul is like a ship.

INJUR'D LOVE.

⁸ This well-bred line seems to be copied in the Persian
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To be your humblest, and most faithful slave.

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foot, is as wonderful a sight
as a man of nine.

⁷ My blood leaks fast, and the great heavy lading
My soul will quickly sink.

MITHRID.

My soul is like a ship.

INJUR'D LOVE.

⁸ This well-bred line seems to be copied in the Persian
Princess:

To be your humblest, and most faithful slave.

And waits its answer there.—Oh! do not frown,
 I've try'd to reason's tune to tune my soul,
 But love did overwind and crack the string.
 Though Jove in Thunder had cry'd out, YOU SHAN'T,
 I shou'd have lov'd her still—for oh strange fate,
 Then when I lov'd her least I lov'd her most!

King. It is resolv'd—the princess is your own.

Thumb. ⁵ Oh! happy, happy, happy, happy
 Thumb!

Queen. Consider, Sir, reward your soldier's merit,
 But give not Huncamunca to Tom Thumb.

King. Tom Thumb! Odzooks, my wide extend-
 ed realm

Knows not a name so glorious as Tom Thumb.
 Let Macedonia Alexander boast,
 Let Rome her Cæsars and her Scipios show,
 Her Messieurs France, let Holland boast Mynheers,
 Ireland her O's, her Macs let Scotland boast,
 Let England boast no other than Tom Thumb.

Queen. Though greater yet his boasted merit was,
 He shall not have my daughter, that is pos'.

King. Ha! sayst thou Dollallolla!

Queen. ————I say he shan't.

King. ⁶ Then by our royal self we swear you lie.

Queen. ⁷ Who but a dog, who but a dog

Love to his tune my jarring heart would bring,
 But reason overwinds, and cracks the string. D. OF GUISE.

—————I shou'd have lov'd,
 Though Jove in muttering thunder had forbid it.

NEW SOPHONISBA.

And when it (*my heart*) wild resolves to love no more,
 Then is the triumph of excessive love. Ibidem.

⁸ Massinissa is one fourth less happy than Tom Thumb.

Oh! happy, happy, happy. Ibidem.

⁹ No by myself. ANNA SULLEN.

¹⁰ —————Who caus'd

This dreadful revolution in my fate.

Ulamar. Who but a dog, who but a dog?

LIBERTY ASSERTED.

And waits its answer there.—Oh! do not frown,
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LIBERTY ASSERTED.

SCENE IV.

GRIZZLE, *solus*.

* Where art thou, Grizzle! where are now thy glories?
 Where are the drums that waken thee to honour?
 Greatness is a lac'd coat from Monmouth-street,
 Which fortune lends us for a day to wear,
 To-morrow puts it on another's back.
 The spiteful sun but yesterday survey'd
 His rival high as Saint Paul's cupola;
 Now may he see me as Fleet-ditch laid low.

SCENE V.

QUEEN, GRIZZLE.

Queen. * Teach me to scold, prodigious-minded Grizzle.

Mountain of treason, ugly as the devil,
 Teach this confounded hateful mouth of mine
 To spout forth words malicious as thyself,
 Words which might shame all Billingsgate to speak.

Griz. Far be it from my pride to think my tongue
 Your royal lips can in that art instruct,
 Wherein you so excel. But may I ask,
 Without offence, wherefore my queen would scold?

Queen. Wherefore? Oh! blood and thunder!
 han't you heard
 (What ev'ry corner of the court resounds)
 That little Thumb will be a great man made?

* Mr. Banks has (I wish I could not say too servilely) imitated this of Grizzle in his Earl of Essex.

Where art thou, Essex, &c.

* The Countess of Nottingham in the Earl of Essex is apparently acquainted with Dollallolla.

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Where art thou, Essex, &c.

‘The Countess of Nottingham in the Earl of Essex is apparently acquainted with Dollallolla.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the match, but hurt him not;

For, though I would not have him have my daughter,
Yet can we kill the man that kill'd the giants?

Griz. I tell you, Madam, it was all a trick,
He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them;
As fox-hunters bring foxes to the wood,
And then with hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! have you seen no giants? Are there not

Now, in the yard, ten thousand proper giants?

Griz. ¹ Indeed, I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one.

Queen. Hence! from my sight! thou traitor,
hie away;
By all my stars! thou enviest Tom Thumb.
Go, sirrah! go, ² hie away! hie!—thou art
A setting-dog, be gone.

more difficult to be imagined is the property of reason, and
than a flying fish. Mr. Dryden is of opinion, that smiling smile.

Smiles not allowed to beasts from reason move.

STATE OF INNOCENCE.

¹ These lines are written in the same key with those in the Earl of Essex.

Why sayst thou so, I love thee well, indeed
I do, and thou shalt find by this, 'tis true.

Or with this in Cyrus;

The most heroic mind that ever was.

And with above half of the modern tragedies.

² Aristotle, in that excellent work of his, which is very justly styled his Master-piece, earnestly recommends using the terms of art, however coarse or even indecent they may be. Mr. Tate is of the same opinion.

BRU. Do not like young hawks, fetch a course about,
Your game flies fair.

FRA. Do not fear it.

He answers you in your hawking phrase.

INJUR'D LOVE.

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INJUR'D LOVE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The street.*

BAILIFF, FOLLOWER.

BAILIFF.

COME on, my trusty follower, come on,
 This day discharge thy duty, and at night
 A double mug of beer, and beer shall glad thee.
 Stand here by me, this way must Noodle pass.

Follow. No more, no more, Oh Bailiff! every
 word

Inspires my soul with virtue———Oh! I long
 To meet the enemy in the street—and nab him :
 To lay arresting hands upon his back,
 And drag him trembling to the spunging-house.

Bail. There when I have him, I will spunge upon
 him.

¹ Oh! glorious thought, by the sun, moon, and stars,
 I will enjoy it, though it be in thought!
 Yes, yes, my follower, I will enjoy it.

Follow. Enjoy it then some other time, for now
 Our prey approaches.

Bail. Let us retire.

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SCENE II.

TOM THUMB, NOODLE, BAILIFF, FOLLOWER.

Thumb. Trust me, my Noodle, I am wonderous
 sick ;
 For though I love the gentle Huncamunca,

¹ Mr. Rowe is generally imagined to have taken some hints from this scene in his character of Bajazet; but as he, of all the tragic writers, bears the

least resemblance to our author in his diction, I am unwilling to imagine he would condescend to copy him in this particular.

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Nood. Oh, Sir! this purpose of your soul pursue.

Bail. Oh! Sir! I have an action against you.

Nood. At whose suit is it?

Bail. At your taylor's, Sir.

Your taylor put this warrant in my hands,
And I arrest you, Sir, at his commands.

Thumb. Ha! dogs! Arrest my friend before my face!

Think you Tom Thumb will suffer this disgrace!
But let vain cowards threaten by their word,
Tom Thumb shall shew his anger by his sword.

[Kills the bailiff and his follower.]

Bail. Oh, I am slain!

Fol. I am murdered also,
And to the shades, the dismal shades below,
My bailiff's faithful follower I go.

Nood. ⁵ Go then to hell like rascals as you are,
And give our service to the bailiffs there.

Thumb. Thus perish all the bailiffs in the land,
Till debtors at noon-day shall walk the streets,
And no one fear a bailiff or his writ.

Mr. Banks makes the sun . . . and therefore not likely to be
perform the office of Hymen; . . . disgusted at such a sight.

The sun sets forth like a gay brideman with you.

MARY Q. OF SCOTS.

⁶ Neurmahal sends the same message to heaven;

For I would have you, when you upwards move,
Speak kindly of us to our friends above. AURENGZEBE.

We find another to hell, in the Persian Princess;

Villain, get thee down

To hell, and tell them that the fray's begun.

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body.—If you had fallen in love with a grenadier, I should not have wonder'd at it.—If you had fallen in love with something; but to fall in love with nothing!

Hunc. Cease, my Mustacha, on thy duty cease.
The Zephyr, when in flow'ry vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as Thummy's breath.
The dove is not so gentle to its mate.

Must. The dove is every bit as proper for a husband.—Alas! Madam, there's not a beau about the court looks so little like a man.—He is a perfect butterfly, a thing without substance, and almost without shadow too.

Hunc. This rudeness is unseasonable, desist;
Or I shall think this railing comes from love.
Tom Thumb's a creature of that charming form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

Must. Madam, the king.

SCENE IV.

KING, HUNCAMUNCA.

King. Let all but Huncamunca leave the room.

[*Exeunt Cleora and Mustacha.*]

Daughter, I have observ'd of late some grief
Unusual in your countenance——your eyes,
° That, like two open windows, us'd to shew
The lovely beauty of the rooms within,
Have now two blinds before them.—What is the
cause?

Say, have you not enough of meat and drink?
We've given strict orders not to have you stinted.

Hunc. Alas! my lord I value not myself,
That once I eat two fowls and half a pig;

° Lee hath improv'd this metaphor.

Dost thou not view joy peeping from my eyes,
The casements open'd wide to gaze on thee?
So Rome's glad citizens to windows rise,
When they some young triumpher fain would see.

GLORIANA,

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GLORIANA,

TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

Your eyes spit fire, your cheeks grow red as beef.

Hunc. O, there's a magic-music in that sound,
Enough to turn me into beef indeed!

Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your word,
I'll own Tom Thumb the cause of all my grief.
For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my sheets.

King. Oh! thou shalt gnaw thy tender sheets no
more.

A husband thou shalt have to mumble now.

Hunc. Oh! happy sound! henceforth let no one
tell

That Huncamunca shall lead apes in hell.

Oh! I am overjoy'd!

King. I see thou art.

⁴ Joy lightens in thy eyes, and thunders from thy
brows;

Transports, like lightning, dart along thy soul,
As small-shot through a hedge.

Hunc. Oh! say not small.

King. This happy news shall on our tongue ride
post,

Ourself we bear the happy news to Thumb.

Yet think not, daughter, that your powerful charms
Must still detain the hero from his arms;

Various his duty, various his delight;

Now in his turn to kiss, and now to fight;

And now to kiss again. So, mighty ⁵ Jove,

When with excessive thund'ring tir'd above,

Comes down to earth, and takes a bit——and then

Flies to his trade of thund'ring back again.

⁴ Mr. Dennis, in that excellent tragedy, call'd Liberty Asserted, which is thought to have given so great a stroke to

the late French king, hath frequent imitations of this beautiful speech of king Arthur;

Conquest light'ning in his eyes, and thund'ring in his arm.

Joy lighten'd in her eyes.

Joys like light'ning dart along my soul.

⁵ Jove with excessive thund'ring tir'd above,

Comes down for ease, enjoys a nymph, and then

Mounts dreadful, and to thund'ring goes again. GLORIANA.

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⁸ Then while in joys together lost we lie,
I'll press thy soul while gods stand wishing by.

Hunc. If, Sir, what you insinuate you prove,
All obstacles of promise you remove;
For all engagements to a man must fall,
Whene'er that man is prov'd no man at all.

Griz. Oh! let him seek some dwarf, some fairy
miss,

Where no joint-stool must lift him to the kiss!
But by the stars and glory you appear
Much fitter for a Prussian grenadier;
One globe alone on Atlas' shoulders rests,
Two globes are less than Huncamunca's breasts;
The milky way is not so white, that's flat,
And sure thy breasts are full as large as that.

Hunc. Oh, Sir, so strong your eloquence I find,
It is impossible to be unkind.

Griz. Ah! speak that o'er again, and let the
⁹ sound

From one pole to another pole rebound;
The earth and sky each be a battledoor,
And keep the sound, that shuttlecock, up an hour;
To Doctors Commons for a licence I,
Swift as an arrow from a bow will fly.

Hunc. Oh no! lest some disaster we should meet,
'Twere better to be marry'd at the Fleet.

Griz. Forbid it all ye powers, a princess should
By that vile place contaminate her blood;
My quick return shall to my charmer prove
I travel on the ¹ post-horses of love.

¹ Traverse the glitt'ring chambers of the sky,
Borne on a cloud in view of fate I'll lie,
And press her soul while gods stand wishing by.

HANNIBAL.

² Let the four winds from distant corners meet,
And on their wings first bear it into France;
Then back again to Edina's proud walls,
Till victim to the sound th' aspiring city falls.

ALBION QUEENS.

¹ I do not remember any tragic poets, as those bor-
metaphors so frequent in the row'd from riding post;
The gods and opportunity ride post.

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Hunc. ⁴ Oh! what is music to the ear that's deaf,
Or a goose-pye to him that has no taste?
What are these praises now to me, since I
Am promis'd to another?

Thumb. Ha! promis'd?

Hunc. Too sure; 'tis written in the book of fate.

Thumb. ⁵ Then I will tear away the leaf
Wherein it's writ, or if fate won't allow
So large a gap within its journal-book,
I'll blot it out at least.

SCENE VII.

GLUMDALCA, TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

Glum. ⁶ I need not ask if you are Huncámunca,
Your brandy-nose proclaims——

Another of flint;

Sure our two souls have somewhere been acquainted
In former beings, or struck out together,
One spark to Afric flew, and one to Portugal. SEBASTIAN.

To omit the great quantities modern authors—I cannot
of iron, brazen and leaden omit the dress of a soul as
souls which are so plenty in we find it in Dryden;

Souls shirted but with air. KING ARTHUR.

Nor can I pass by a parti- cular sort of description, in
cular sort of soul in a parti- the New Sophonisba.

Ye mysterious powers,
——Whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on the mountains walk, give me the calm,
The steady smiling soul, where wisdom sheds
Eternal sunshine, and eternal joy.

⁴ This line Mr. Banks has plunder'd entire in his *Anna Bullen*.

⁵ Good heaven! the book of fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of that day.
Or if the order of the world below,
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that minute when she made her vow.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

⁶ I know some of the com- Mr. Dryden in the altercative
mentators have imagined, that scene between Cleopatra and

Hunc. * Oh! what is music to the ear that's deaf,
Or a goose-pye to him that has no taste?
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Another of flint;

Sure our two souls have somewhere been acquainted
In former beings, or struck out together,
One spark to Afric flew, and one to Portugal. SEBASTIAN.

To omit the great quantities modern authors—I cannot
of iron, brazen and leaden omit the dress of a soul as
souls which are so plenty in we find it in Dryden;

Souls shirted but with air. KING ARTHUR.

Nor can I pass by a parti- cular sort of description, in
cular sort of soul in a parti- the New Sophonisba.

Ye mysterious powers,
——Whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on the mountains walk, give me the calm,
The steady smiling soul, where wisdom sheds
Eternal sunshine, and eternal joy.

* This line Mr. Banks has plunder'd entire in his *Anna Bullen*.

⁵ Good heaven! the book of fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of that day.
Or if the order of the world below,
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that minute when she made her vow.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

⁶ I know some of the com- Mr. Dryden in the altercative
mentators have imagined, that scene between Cleopatra and

Tom Thumb, I'm yours, if you with me will go.

Glum. Oh! stay, Tom Thumb, and you alone shall fill

That bed where twenty giants us'd to lie.

Thumb. In the balcony that o'erhangs the stage,
I've seen a whore two 'prentices engage;
One half a crown does in his fingers hold,
The other shews a little piece of gold;
She the half guinea wisely does purloin,
And leaves the larger and the baser coin.

Glum. Left, scorn'd, and loath'd for such a chit as this;

⁹ I feel the storm that's rising in my mind,
Tempests, and whirlwinds rise, and roll and roar.
I'm all within a hurricane, as if

¹ The world's four winds were pent within my carcase.

² Confusion, horror, murder, guts and death!

SCENE VIII.

KING, GLUMDALCA.

King. ³ Sure never was so sad a king as I,
⁴ My life is worn as ragged as a coat
A beggar wears; a prince should put it off;
⁵ To love a captive and a giantess.

—————Then does
Your majesty believe that he can be
A traitor!

EARL OF ESSEX.

Every page of Sophonisba gives us instances of this excellence.

⁹ Love mounts and rolls about my stormy mind.

AURENGZEBE.

Tempests and whirlwinds thro' my bosom move. CLEOM.

¹ With such a furious tempest on his brow,
As if the world's four winds were pent within
His blustering carcase.

ANNA BULLEN.

² Verba Tragica.

³ This speech has been terribly maul'd by the poet.

⁴ ———My life is worn to rags;
Not worth a prince's wearing.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

⁵ Must I beg the pity of my slave?

Must a king beg! But love's a greater king,

Tom Thumb, I'm yours, if you with me will go.

Glum. Oh! stay, Tom Thumb, and you alone shall fill

That bed where twenty giants us'd to lie.

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Must a king beg! But love's a greater king,

SCENE IX.

TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA, PARSON.

Parson. Happy's the wooing that's not long a doing;

For, if I guess right, Tom Thumb, this night
Shall give a being to a new Tom Thumb.

Thumb. It shall be my endeavour so to do.

Hunc. Oh! fy upon you, Sir, you make me blush.

Thumb. It is the virgin's sign, and suits you well:

² I know not where, nor how, nor what I am;

³ I'm so transported I have lost myself.

² Nor know I whether

What am I, who or where.

BUSIRIS.

I was I know not what, and am I know not how.

GLORIANA.

³ To understand sufficiently two selfs. I shall not attempt
the beauty of this passage, it to prove this from philosophy,
will be necessary that we com- which the poets make so
prehend every man to contain plainly evident.

One runs away from the other;

—Let me demand your majesty,

Why fly you from yourself?

DUKE OF GUISE.

In a 2d, one self is a guardian to the other;

Leave me the care of me.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

Again,

Myself am to myself less near.

Ibid.

In the same, the first self is proud of the second;

I myself am proud of me.

STATE OF INNOCENCE.

In a 3d, distrustful of him;

Fain I would tell, but whisper it in my ear,
That none besides might hear, nay not myself.

EARL OF ESSEX.

In a 4th, honours him;

I honour Rome,

And honour too myself.

SOPHONISBA.

In a 5th, at variance with him;

Leave me not thus at variance with myself.

BUSIRIS.

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I honour Rome,
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Leave me not thus at variance with myself.

BUSIRIS.

All things are so confus'd, the king's in love,
The queen is drunk, the princess married is.

Griz. Oh! Noodle, hast thou Huncamunca seen?

Nood. I've seen a thousand sights this day, where
none

Are by the wonderful bitch herself outdone,
The king, the queen, and all the court are sights.

Griz. ⁶ D——n your delay, you trifler, are you
drunk, ha?

I will not hear one word but Huncamunca.

Nood. By this time she is marry'd to Tom Thumb.

Griz. ⁷ My Huncamunca!

Nood. Your Huncamunca.

Tom Thumb's Huncamunca, every man's Hunca-
munca.

Griz. If this be true, all womankind are damn'd.

Nood. If it be not, may I be so myself.

Griz. See whereshe comes! I'll not believe a word
Against that face, upon whose ⁸ ample brow
Sits innocence with majesty enthron'd.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

Griz. Where has my Huncamunca been? See
here. The licence in my hand!

Hunc. Alas! Tom Thumb.

Griz. Why dost thou mention him?

Hunc. Ah me! Tom Thumb.

Griz. What means my lovely Huncamunca?

Hunc. Hum!

Griz. Oh! speak.

Hunc. Hum!

Griz. Ha! your every word is hum:

⁶ D——n your delay, ye torturers proceed,
I will not hear one word but Almahide.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

⁷ Mr. Dryden hath imitated this in All for Love.

⁸ This Miltonic style abounds in the New Sophonisba.

——And on her ample brow
Sat majesty.

All things are so confus'd, the king's in love,
The queen is drunk, the princess married is.

Griz. Oh ! Noodle, hast thou Huncamunca seen?

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Sat majesty.

⁴ So have I seen, in some dark winter's day,
A sudden storm rush down the sky's highway,
Sweep through the streets with terrible ding dong,
Gush through the spouts, and wash whole clouds
along.

The crowded shops, the thronging vermin skreen,
Together cram the dirty and the clean,
And not one shoe-boy in the street is seen. }

Hunc. Oh, fatal rashness! should his fury slay
My hapless bridegroom on his wedding-day;
I, who this morn of two chose which to wed,
May go again this night alone to bed.

⁵ So have I seen some wild unsettled fool,
Who had her choice of this and that joint-stool;

but not so to those who con- Banks makes one soul to
sider the great expansion of , be so expanded, that heaven
immaterial substance. Mr. could not contain it;

The heavens are all too narrow for her soul.

VIRTUE BETRAY'D.

The Persian Princess hath a passage not unlike the author
of this;

We will send such shoals of murder'd slaves,
Shall glut hell's empty regions.

This threatens to fill hell even
though it was empty; lord
Grizzle, only to fill up the
chinks, supposing the rest
already full.

⁴ Mr. Addison is generally
thought to have had this simile

in his eye, when he wrote that
beautiful one at the end of the
third act of his Cato.

⁵ This beautiful simile is
founded on a proverb, which
does honour to the English
language;

Between two stools the breech falls to the ground.

I am not so well pleased
with any written remains of
the ancients, as with those
little aphorisms which verbal
tradition hath delivered down
to us, under the title of Pro-
verbs. It were to be wished,
that instead of filling their

pages with the fabulous theo-
logy of the pagans, our mo-
dern poets would think it
worth their while to enrich
their works with the prover-
bial sayings of their ancestors.
Mr. Dryden hath chronicled
one in heroic;

Two ifs scarce make one possibility.

CONQUEST OF GRANAD.

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A sudden storm rush down the sky's highway,
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Two ifs scarce make one possibility.

CONQUEST OF GRANAD.

Th' immortal ghosts dread croakings counterfeit,
 All hail !——Ye dancing phantoms, who by day,
 Are some condemn'd to fast, some feast in fire ;
 Now play in church-yards, skipping o'er the graves,
 To the ² loud music of the silent bell,
 All hail !

SCENE II.

KING *and* GHOST.

King. What noise is this—What villain dares,
 At this dread hour, with feet and voice profane,
 Disturb our royal walls ?

Ghost. One who defies
 Thy empty power to hurt him ; ³ one who dares
 Walk in thy bedchamber.

King. Presumptuous slave !
 Thou diest.

Ghost. Threaten others with that word,

⁴ I am a ghost, and am already dead.

King. Ye stars ! 'tis well ; were thy last hour to
 come

² We have already given instances of this figure.

³ Almanzor reasons in the same manner ;

—————A ghost I'll be,
 And from a ghost, you know, no place is free.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

⁴ 'The man who writ this
 wretched pun (says Mr.D.)
 would have picked your poc-
 ket :' which he proceeds to
 shew not only bad in itself, but
 doubly so on so solemn an oc-

casion. And yet in that excel-
 lent play of Liberty Asserted,
 we find something very much
 resembling a pun in the mouth
 of a mistress, who is parting
 with the lover she is fond of ;

UL. Oh, mortal woe ! one kiss and then farewell.

IRENE. The gods have given to others to fare well.

O miserably must Irene fare.

Agamemnon, in the Victim, is
 full as facetious on the most

solemn occasion, that of sa-
 crificing his daughter ;

Th' immortal ghosts dread croakings counterfeit,
 All hail !——Ye dancing phantoms, who by day,
 Are some condemn'd to fast, some feast in fire ;
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⁷ For I feel thee, whilst thou dost not feel me.

King. But say, ⁸ thou dearest air, Oh! say what
dread,

Important business sends thee back to earth?

Ghost. Oh! then prepare to hear——which but
to hear,

Is full enough to send thy spirit hence.

Thy subjects up in arms, by Grizzle led,

Will, ere the rosy-finger'd morn shall ope

The shutters of the sky, before the gate

Of this thy royal palace, swarming spread:

⁹ So have I seen the bees in clusters swarm,

So have I seen the stars in frosty nights,

So have I seen the sand in windy days,

So have I seen the ghost on Pluto's shore,

So have I seen the flowers in spring arise,

So have I seen the leaves in autumn fall,

So have I seen the fruits in summer smile,

So have I seen the snow in winter frown.

King. D——n all thou hast seen!——dost thou
beneath the shape

Of gaffer Thumb, come hither to abuse me

With similes to keep me on the rack?

Hence—or, by all the torments of thy hell,

¹ I'll run thee through the body, though thou'st none.

⁷ The ghost of Lausaria in Cyrus, is a plain copy of this,
and is therefore worth reading.

Ah, Cyrus!

Thou may'st as well grasp water, or fleet air,

As think of touching my immortal shade.

CYRUS THE GREAT.

⁸ Thou better part of heavenly air.

CON. OF GRANADA.

⁹ 'A string of similes (says one) proper to be hung up in
the cabinet of a prince.'

¹ This passage hath been under- part, I find it difficult to un-
derstood several different ways derstand it at all. Mr. Dryden
by the commentators. For my says,

I've heard something how two bodies meet,

But how two souls join I know not.

So that till the body of a spirit difficult to understand how it is
be better understood, it will be possible to run him through it.

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Queen. Think, Oh think!

What a surprise it must be to the sun,
Rising, to find the vanish'd world away.
What less can be the wretched wife's surprise
When, stretching out her arms to fold thee fast,
She found her useless bolster in her arms,
³ Think, think on that—Oh! think, think well on
that!

I do remember also to have read

⁴ In Dryden's Ovid's *Metamorphosis*,
That Jove in form inanimate did lie
With beauteous Danae: and trust me, love,
⁵ I fear'd the bolster might have been a Jove.

King. Come to my arms, most virtuous of thy sex;
Oh, Dollallolla! were all wives like thee,
So many husbands never had worn horns.
Should Huncamunca of thy worth partake,
Tom Thumb indeed were blest—Oh fatal name!
For didst thou know one quarter what I know,
Then wouldst thou know—Alas! what thou
wouldst know!

Queen. What can I gather hence? Why dost
thou speak

Like men who carry rareeshows about?

'Now you shall see, gentlemen, what you shall see.'
O tell me more, or thou hast told too much.

SCENE V.

KING, QUEEN, NOODLE.

Nood. Long life attend your majesties serene,
Great Arthur, king, and Dollallolla, queen!

³ Think well of this, think that, think every way.

SOPHONISBA.

⁴ These quotations are more usual in the comic, than in the tragic writers.

⁵ 'This distress (says Mr. D—) I must allow to be extremely beautiful, and tends to heighten the virtuous character of Dollallolla, who is so exceeding delicate, that she is in

the highest apprehension from the inanimate embrace of a bolster. An example worthy of imitation for all our writers of tragedy.'

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Queen. He is, indeed, a⁷ helmet to us all,
 While he supports we need not fear to fall;
 His arm dispatches all things to our wish,
 And serves up ev'ry foe's head in a dish.
 Void is the mistress of the house of care,
 While the good cook presents the bill of fare;
 Whether the cod, that northern king of fish,
 Or duck, or goose, or pig, adorn the dish,
 No fears the number of her guests afford,
 But at her hour she sees the dinner on the board.

SCENE VII. *A Plain.*

LORD GRIZZLE, FOODLE, and *Rebels.*

Griz. Thus far our arms with victory are
 crown'd;
 For though we have not fought, yet we have found
⁸ No enemy to fight withal.

⁷ 'I have heard of being supported by a staff (says Mr. D.) but never of being supported by a helmet.' I believe he never heard of sailing with wings, which he may read in no less a poet than Mr. Dryden;

Unless we borrow wings, and sail through air.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

What will he say to a kneeling valley?

——— I'll stand

Like a safe valley, that low bends the knee

To some aspiring mountain.

INJUR'D LOVE.

I am asham'd of so ignorant a carper, who doth not know that an epithet in tragedy is very often no other than an expletive. Do not we read in the new Sophonisba of 'grinding chains, blue plagues, white occasions, and blue serenity?'

Nay it is not the adjective only, but sometimes half a sentence is put by way of expletive, as, 'Beauty pointed high with spirit,' in the same play—— and, 'In the lap of blessing, to be most curst,' in the *Revenge*.

⁸ A victory like that of Almanzor:

Almanzor is victorious without fight.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

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——— I'll stand

Like a safe valley, that low bends the knee

To some aspiring mountain.

INJUR'D LOVE.

I am asham'd of so ignorant a carper, who doth not know that an epithet in tragedy is very often no other than an expletive. Do not we read in the new *Sophonisba* of 'grinding chains, blue plagues, white occasions, and blue serenity?'

Nay it is not the adjective only, but sometimes half a sentence is put by way of expletive, as, 'Beauty pointed high with spirit,' in the same play—— and, 'In the lap of blessing, to be most curst,' in the *Revenge*.

⁸ A victory like that of *Almanzor*:

Almanzor is victorious without fight.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

Thumb. What voice is this I hear?

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Again it calls.

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Glum. It calls again.

Thumb. Appear, whoe'er thou art, I fear thee not.

Merl. Thou hast no cause to fear, I am thy friend,

Merlin by name, a conjurer by trade,
And to my art thou dost thy being owe.

Thumb. How!

Merl. Hear then the mystic getting of Tom Thumb.

⁵ His father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milk'd the cow ;
And yet the way to get a son,
This couple knew not how ;
Until such time the good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him in great distress,
In secret manner shows,
How in his heart he wished to have
A child, in time to come,
To be his heir, though it may be
No bigger than his thumb :
Of which old Merlin was foretold,
That he his wish should have ;
And so a son of stature small,
The charmer to him gave.

Thou'st heard the past, look up and see the future.

Thumb. ⁶ Lost in amazement's gulf, my senses sink ;

⁵ See the history of TOM THUMB, page 2.

⁶ —Amazement swallows up my sense,
And in th' impetuous whirl of circling fate
Drinks down my reason.

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Thumb. Are you the man, whom men fam'd
Grizzle name?

Griz. ² Are you the much more fam'd Tom
Thumb?

Thumb. The same.

Griz. Come on, our worth upon ourselves we'll
prove ;

For liberty I fight.

Thumb. And I for love.

[*A bloody engagement between the two armies
here ; drums beating, trumpets sounding,
thunder and lightning.—They fight off
and on several times. Some fall. Grizzle
and Glumdalca remain.*

Glum. Turn, coward, turn, nor from a woman
fly.

Griz. Away—thou art too ignoble for my arm.

Glum. Have at thy heart.

Griz. Nay, then I thrust at thine.

Glum. You push too well ; you've run me through
the guts,

And I am dead.

Griz. Then there's an end of one.

Thumb. When thou art dead, then there's an end
of two,

³ Villain.

And gave him liberty the salt of life.

LIBERTY ASSERTED.

The understanding that can digest the one, will not rise at the
other.

² *Han.* Are you the chief, whom men fam'd Scipio call?

Scip. Are you the much more famous Hannibal?

HANNIBAL.

³ Dr. Young seems to have copied this engagement in his
Busiris :

Myr. Villain !

Mem. Myron !

Myr. Rebel !

Mem. Myron !

Myr. Hell !

Mem. Mandane !

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Her, to make haste, her husband does implore,
 And cries, ' My dear, the coach is at the door.'
 With equal wish, desirous to be gone,
 She gets into the coach, and then she cries—' Drive
 on!'

Thumb. With those last words ⁹he vomited his
 soul,
 Which ¹ like whipt cream, the devil will swallow
 down.
 Bear off the body, and cut off the head,
 Which I will to the king in triumph lug.
 Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to breakfast.

SCENE X.

KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, and *Courtiers*.

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free,
 And bid our treasurer disburse six pounds
 To pay their debts.—Let no one weep to-day.
 Come, Dollallolla ; ² curse that odious name !
 It is so long it asks an hour to speak it.
 By heavens ! I'll change it into Doll, or Loll,
 Or any other civil monosyllable,
 That will not tire my tongue.—Come, sit thee down.
 Here seated let us view the dancers' sports ;
 Bid 'em advance. This is the wedding-day
 Of Princess Huncamunca and Tom Thumb ;

⁹ And in a purple vomit pour'd his soul. CLEOMENES.

¹ The devil swallows vulgar souls
 Like whipt cream. SEBASTIAN.

² How I could curse my name of Ptolemy !
 It is so long it asks an hour to write it.
 By heaven ! I'll change it into Jove or Mars !
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Nood. Her majesty the queen is in a swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a swoon, but I have still
Strength to reward the messenger of ill news.

[*Kills Noodle.*

Nood. Oh! I am slain.

Cle. My lover's kill'd, I will revenge him so.

[*Kills the Queen.*

Hunc. My mamma kill'd! vile murderess, beware.

[*Kills Cleora.*

Dood. This for an old grudge to thy heart.

[*Kills Huncamunca.*

Must. And this

I drive to thine, Oh Doodle! for a new one.

[*Kills Doodle.*

King. Ha! murderess vile, take that.

[*Kills Mustacha.*

⁶ And take thou this.

[*Kills himself, and falls.*

⁶ We may say with Dryden, ⁷

Death did at length so many slain forget,
And left the tale, and took them by the great.

I know of no tragedy which curtain covers five principal
comes nearer to this charming characters dead on the stage.
ing and bloody catastrophe These lines too,
than Cleomenes, where the

I ask'd no questions then, of who kill'd who?

The bodies tell the story as they lie—

seem to have belonged more gining they were originally
properly to this scene of our his. The Rival Ladies too
author.—Nor can I help ima- seem beholden to this scene.

We're now a chain of lovers link'd in death;

Julia goes first, Gonsalvo hangs on her,

And Angelina hangs upon Gonsalvo,

As I on Angelina.

No scene, I believe, ever received greater honours than this. It was applauded by several Encores, a word very unusual in tragedy.—And it was very difficult for the actors to escape without a second slaughter. This I take to be

a lively assurance of that fierce spirit of liberty which remains among us, and which Mr. Dryden, in his essay on Dramatic Poetry, hath observed—
'Whether custom (says he) hath so insinuated itself into our countrymen, or nature

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